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THE
LYON IN MOURNING

OR A COLLECTION OF SPEECHES LETTERS
JOURNALS ETC. RELATIVE TO THE AFFAIRS
OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

BY THE REV. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.
BISHOP OF ROSS AND CAITHNESS

1746-1775

Edited from his Manuscript, with a Preface by
HENRY PATON, M.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES

II

EDINBURGH
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THE LYON IN MOURNING

Copy of a Letter from Norman Macleod,[1] Esquire, to Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh.[2]

His royal highness, the Duke of Cumberland, has now *fol.* 701. certain information of the young Pretender's skulking in the Long Island. You know the danger of protecting or aiding him by any of our friends. I have warned my people of it, and everbody knows the reward of putting the laws in execution. I am persuaded he will pay you a visit in expectation of your protection. It will then be in your power (I hope you will use it) to aggrandize your family beyond many in Scot- *fol.* 702. land. I need not enlarge on this. I know Sir Alexander's writing to you would have greater weight with you than anything I can say, which he will probably do. But be assured that his sentiments and mine are the same on this head. You know your reward, and I hope you will do your duty to yourself, your family and country.—I am, etc.

Copy of a Letter by post to me, Robert Forbes, *fol.* 703. which reached me upon Thursday, January 28th.

Rasey, January 13, 1748. 13 Jan. 1748

My dear Sir,—I 'm very much obliged to you for your kind letters, which is great comfort to me. I have not got any

[1] Laird of MacLeod.—F.

[2] Upon Monday's evening, January 4th, 1748, John Bleau of Castlehill made me a visit when he was pleased to shew me a copy of this noted letter, which he had brought along with him from London, where he told me it was common enough. He allowed me to take a transcript of it, which I did immediately in his presence. His copy had no place or date, which I found fault with, upon which he told me that none of the copies he ever saw had any date at all. [See ff. 793, 837, 1631-4.] If Kingsburgh is pleased to favour me with his correspondence, then will I know if the above be a genuine copy, which I took exactly word for word, as Mr. Bleau's copy had it here.——Robert Forbes, A.M.

13 Jan. letters from a friend or acquaintance since I came home, but from you and onest Doctor Burton who, I understand, was with you letly, and I 'm exceedingly glad that he is very weel.

About what you was writing to me in your letter I assure you I was not idle since I came home, and I got a great deal that you never heard as yet, and will get more in a little time. But how to send that to you I cannot tell since money are so scarce with use that I cannot go myself. The tow[1] letters you send by Donald M'Leod, one for me and one for Kingsborrow, it was last day we got them, for he did not come home himself as yet. Kingsborrow and I was to meet tow or three days ago had not that Rasay's second son, the officer, is dying, who be all apearance cannot live but few days, which
fol. 704. I 'm sory for it. The rest of the family offers there kind service to Lady Bruce and you. I have not time to writ to Doctor Burton. Be you so good as to give him my service, and to his lady, and tell hime that he did pass a great complement to me, that is when I got a letter from him. I beg of you to be always writing to me.

If ever I 'll see you I 'll tell many a thing you woud wonder att. Mind me most kindly to the worthy old lady, not forgeting yourself and all freinds that will ask for me. I 'm your most affectionatly humble servantt,

(*Sic subscribitur*) MAL. MACLEOD.

P.S.—I thank you most kindly for the complement you sent me by Rasay's servant.[2] I got all the letters you sent me in due time. Whenever I 'll see a sure hand I 'll send you what I have for you.

N.B.—The original of the preceding letter is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 705. Upon Saturday's afternoon, January 9th, 1748, Captain
9 Jan. Donald MacDonald, *alias* Donald Roy, brother of Hugh MacDonald of Balishair (late captain of militia), in North Uist, of the family of Sleat, favoured me with a visit; Captain Alexander MacDonald, and James MacDonald, joiner in

[1] See ff. 320, 323.

[2] See f. 476.

Leith, having come along with him, because he was altogether a stranger to me.[1] But though I had never seen him before, yet I had heard much of him from others, particularly about the wounded foot. After the usual complements the said Captain Donald Roy MacDonald told me that he came to visit me at the express desire of Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who had informed him about my endeavouring to make up as compleat a collection as possible of papers, etc., relative to the Prince's dangers and distresses, and withal had advised him to give me all he knew about these matters. With this view, he said, in his journey to Edinburgh he had visited MacDonald of Belfinlay, who had given him a remarkable narrative in his own handwriting upon the back of an old letter, and taking the paper out of his pocket-book he delivered it to me. After reading it I desired to know if I might have the liberty of transcribing it in my collection. He told me I might dispose of it as I pleased, for that he had got it from Belfinlay on purpose that I might preserve the narrative in Belfinlay's own handwriting. I then begged leave to observe an omission, which was that Belfinlay had forgot to fix a date to his handwriting, and therefore I desired Captain Roy MacDonald to inform me (if he could) at what time he received the manuscript from Belfinlay. After recollecting himself a little the Captain answered that he was in the country of Arisaig about December 20th, 1747, and (to the best of his remembrance) he was upon that very day with MacDonald of Belfinlay, and saw him write the narrative with his own hand in the very shape in which he had just now delivered it to me.

9 Jan.

fol. 706.

Here follows an exact copy of the Narrative, the original of which, in Belfinlay's handwriting, is to be found among my papers.[2]

That there was a vast number of the Highlanders killed in cold blood the next morning after Culloden battle is a fact that can't be denyed, and that can be likewise attested by Mr. Ranald MacDonald of Belfinlay (a cadet of Clanranald's

fol. 707. 17 April

[1] See ff. 233, 576, 589.

[2] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 243, 244.

16 April family) who was an eyewitness to that tragedy.[1] This gentleman who was an officer (a captain) in the Highland army, had the misfortune to be shott through the two leggs in that action, which rendered him uncapable to make his escape. He lay in a field after he received his wounds, and was betwixt the fire of the English army and that of the few French troops that made some resistance after the Highlanders were routed, where showers of balls pass'd by him. He remained likewise in the field all that night after he was stript of all his cloaths, his very shirt and breeches being taken from him. But as he was young and of a robust constitution he lived till next morning, when he
fol. 708. saw that cruell command coming to execute their bloody orders, and saw many of his unhappy companions putt to death in cold blood. They were just presenting their firelocks to his own breast when he was saved through the clemency of Lieutenant Hamilton who, if he remembers, belonged to Cholmondly's regiment,[2] and who took him to a neighbouring country house. Next day he was brought along with wounded redcoats to Inverness, they cursing and abusing him all the way for a damn'd rebellious rascal. He lay a prisoner at Inverness, not being able to be transported with the broken bones in his legs till the indemnity which set him free. He lives, and can walk about.

After talking for some time upon the contents of the preceding narrative, and upon other like subjects, I desired to know if Captain Donald Roy MacDonald would favour me with his company by nine o'clock upon Tuesday, January 12th, with a resolution to spend the day with me, that so I might have the opportunity
fol. 709. of taking down in writing from his own mouth all that he had to give me. The Captain frankly agreed to the proposal, and accordingly came to my room in the Citadel of Leith upon the day appointed, and precisely at the hour prefix'd, when he gave me what follows:[3]—

[1] See ff. 375, 421, 908, 1171, 1212, 1323, 1376.

[2] Here ended Belfinlay's handwriting, and what follows I took from the mouth of Captain Donald Roy MacDonald.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 423-468.

Captain Donald MacDonald, *alias* Donald Roy, was in the Isle of Skye at Mouggistot with Sir Alexander MacDonald when the Prince landed upon the continent of Scotland. Sir Alexander detained the Captain for about a month with him, being all that time in a state of suspence about raising his men; but the Captain was always upon the wing, and wanted much to be gone to repair to the standard. July

At that time the Laird of MacLeod being in the north,[1] Sir Alexander writ several letters to him, to which he every day expected answers encouraging him to join the Prince; for in the event of his having proper assurances that MacLeod was to raise his clan, and that the chieftains in the north (viz. Seaforth, Lord Lovat, etc.) had agreed to raise their men, Sir Alexander was determined immediately to raise his following. *fol.* 710. At last when Captain Roy MacDonald found that Sir Alexander got no encouragement at all from the Laird of MacLeod (Sir Alexander being pleased to signifie as much to him), he then took leave and went off single to the continent, Sir Alexander not pretending in the least to hinder him.

When the Captain was at the house of MacDonald of Scottos in Knoydart he got notice of the battle of Gladesmuir, and forthwith set out for the low country, and overtaking MacKinnon and his men at the Bridge of Ardoch, five miles below Crieff, he came to Edinburgh along with them, where he entred voluntier in Keppoch's regiment, who gave him a lieutenant's pay, in which situation he continued till after the battle of Falkirk, where the MacDonalds of Keppoch had the right hand, their Major having the misfortune that day by a mistake he committed to be made a prisoner.[2] After the battle of Falkirk young Clanranald took a liking for Donald Roy MacDonald and made him a Captain in his own regiment. Sept.

At the battle of Culloden in the retreat[3] Captain Roy MacDonald saw Keppoch fall twice to the ground, and knows no more about him, but that upon the second fall, looking at Donald Roy MacDonald, he spoke these words: 'O God, have mercy upon me. Donald, do the best for yourself, for I am gone.' In walking off the field the Captain received a musket *fol.* 711. 1746 16 April

[1] See ff. 255, 713, 885, 929. [2] See f. 64. [3] See f. 779.

16 April bullet in at the sole of the left foot and out at the buckle, and yet that day he walked five miles without stopping (the foot bleeding all the time and the wounds being altogether without any dressing or so much as a rag about them) to a place two miles beyond Inverness called Bunchraobg, in Erse, or Bunchrive in the vulgar spelling, where he got a horse and rode eight miles the same day, always pushing his way toward the Isle of Sky, where he was very desirous to be. He durst not put the wounded foot into a stirrup, it was swelled so big, and he had no shoe upon it, for he had lost the shoe when he got the wound.

17 April Next day, Thursday April 17th, he luckily fell in with one Balfour,[1] a young man (who had been surgeon to the Mac-
fol. 712. Gregors in the Prince's service) at the house of MacKenzie of Kirnag, having by that time travelled no less than fifteen miles, but not keeping the high road, which is by the ferry. This Balfour dressed the foot by only putting some dry tow upon the hole beneath and the hole above and rolling a bandage above all. The foot got no more dressing till he
23 April came upon the Isle of Sky, being Wednesday, April 23rd, eight days after the battle. Malcolm MacLeod and his wife and Murdoch MacLeod, Rasay's third son, were at Kirnag when Captain Roy MacDonald came there, Mr. Balfour being along with them taking care of the said Murdoch MacLeod, who had received a musket bullet in at the one shoulder, and which had made its way under the skin by the root of the neck to the other shoulder where it lodged.[2] At Kirnag Mr. Balfour made incision upon the shoulder and took the bullet out. Malcolm MacLeod and his wife and Murdoch MacLeod accompanied Donald Roy MacDonald to the ferry at the head
fol. 713. of Loch Terirtan, where they parted, they sailing for the Isle of Rasey and he for the Isle of Sky, where he took up his quarters in the house of John MacLean, surgeon in Troternish, and had the foot dressed for the second time upon the Wednesday as already mentioned ; and by this time it had such a stink that one could scarce enter the room where he was. The

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[1] Brother to James Balfour of Baith [Beath], near Dunfermline, who escaped the clutches of his enemies.

[2] See ff. 228-879.

cripple Captain continued in the surgeon's house without any molestation till Sunday, June 29th, when the Prince landed in the Isle of Sky with Miss Flora MacDonald, all which will be more fully explained hereafter.[1] 29 June

About a week before the Prince landed in Sky, Hugh MacDonald of Balishair in North Uist had sent a boat with a letter to his brother, in which letter there was another inclosed to Lady Margaret MacDonald from the Prince's own hand, Balishair expressly enjoining his brother to deliver the inclosed letter to no other person but Lady Margaret, and that too out of his own hand. The skipper had orders from Balishair, in case of being attacked by any of the sloops or ships of war, to have the letters tied to a stone that so he might sink them in an instant. At this time Lady Margaret was in use of sending the newspapers to Balishair in North Uist, who took care to have them delivered to the Prince, he being exceedingly desirous to have them.[2] The purport of the letter from Balishair to his brother was that the Prince intended soon to quit the Long Isle (such a strict search being there), and to land upon a small grass-island called Fladdachuan, belonging to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and having only one tenant upon it, and lying to the north of Troternish, about two leagues distant, that therefore he should be careful to keep a sharp look-out (the Captain's quarters being near the place, for by going a musket-shot from the door where he lodged, he had a view of the island), and to meet the Prince upon Fladdachuan and to provide him with necessaries, but especially the newspapers from Lady Margaret. In the letter Balishair complained that the Prince wanted almost all necessaries,[3] particularly shirts, and therefore he desired his brother might do his best to procure him some shirts and blankets, for that the Prince had lain hitherto only in his plaid. In a postscript Balishair ordered that how soon Lady Margaret should peruse Donald's own letter he should instantly throw it into the fire, and that her ladyship should do the like with the Prince's letter to herself after perusal of it. The letter from the Prince to Lady Margaret was one of compliment, thanking her for the 22 June *fol.* 714. *fol.* 715.

[1] See ff. 205, 530, 599, 924. [2] See f. 913. [3] See f. 925.

22 June kindness in sending him the newspapers, that he was very sensible of her favours and hoped she would continue them.

According to orders, Captain Roy MacDonald delivered the letter out of his own hand to Lady Margaret (having got the use of Dr. MacLean's horse to Mouggistot, the wound in the foot being still open), burning his own letter after perusal, and begging Lady Margaret to do the same with hers. Upon this *fol.* 716. Lady Margaret rose up and kissing the letter said, 'No, I will not burn it, I will preserve it for the sake of him who writ it to me. Although King George's forces should come to the house, I hope I shall find a way to secure the letter.' Then stepping into a closet she carefully laid it up. However, when she heard that red coats were about the house at the time when Captain John Ferguson came to search for the Prince she became afraid that the letter might be found and thereby a discovery would ensue, and therefore she immediately threw the letter into the fire, as her ladyship has since acknowledged to Captain Roy MacDonald, to whom at the same time she declared her concern for doing any such thing after she had seen that there was no search at all for papers, and said she would have given anything that she had preserved the letter.

After perusal of the letter, immediately Lady Margaret and the Captain began to contrive the most feasible reason they *fol.* 717. could for his going to the Isle of Fladdachuan, which is three quarters of a mile in length and one quarter in breadth.

Meantime, Lady Margaret ordered six of Sir Alexander's best shirts for the Prince's use, but the shirts she designed for him being dirty, she ordered a chambermaid to have them speedily washed and dressed, her ladyship telling the chambermaid that she was to give these few shirts in a present to Donald Roy MacDonald, he having lost all his shirts and baggage at Culloden, and therefore she pitied him, poor man, very much. Lady Margaret likewise delivered into the Captain's hands twenty guineas for the Prince's use when he should meet with him. The gold being all broad pieces such as Joannes's, etc., Lady Margaret was at pains to send off several persons through the island to have the gold changed into guineas and half guineas, which accordingly (with difficulty) she got done. At the same time she told the Captain that a new recruit of

money should be at the Prince's service when he pleased to ask it. In changing the gold Lady Margaret was very desirous to have as much of it as possible in silver, but she could make out no more than about a guinea and half in that way. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus. *fol.* 718. 22 June

The scheme for Captain Roy MacDonald's going to the island of Fladdachuan (and Lady Margaret proposed it) was that the Captain should go to the island Troday, belonging to Sir Alexander, about a mile from the point of Troternish, to one Alexander Cameron, to whom she thought the Captain might with safety reveal his mind, as the clan Cameron had been out with the Prince. The Captain, taking along with him the twenty guineas, the shirts being to be sent after him by a proper hand, set out back again to Troternish that very same day on which he had come to Mouggistot, and in the evening he made a fire on the point of Troternish, opposite to Troday, where Alexander Cameron is the only tenant (that being the ordinary sign in the Highlands to procure a boat from one isle to another), upon which Alexander Cameron *fol.* 719. and another man immediately came to the place where the fire was ; and when Cameron saw the Captain he beckoned to him to come down to the boat, imagining he designed to sail to Troday. But the Captain crying to him that he desired to speak with him first, immediately Allaster came on shore alone, when the Captain told him he wanted that he should ferry him to the island Fladdachuan. Cameron desired to know what the Captain was about to do there. To which he answered that he was to divert himself there for some time at fishing. Cameron said he would do as well at Troday for that purpose and that he should be very welcome to his house as long as he pleased. Troday is somewhat larger than Fladdachuan. Upon this the Captain found himself obliged to reveal the secret to Cameron, hoping the importance of the case would induce him to be as ready and chearful to consult the safety of the Prince as he himself was. Cameron, upon hearing of the Prince designing to be upon Fladdachuan, looked like one in a surprize and earnestly begged that the Captain would not insist upon his going there upon any account, for that every step he (Cameron) made was well and nicely viewed, and that such *fol.* 720.

22 June a measure might prove the ruin of his poor family as too many of his name were already ruined in that affiair. The Captain finding he could not prevail immediately drew his dirk and desired Cameron to swear upon it that he would not ever reveal what he had told him; which oath he frankly swore and kept it with the utmost fidelity.

It is to be remarked here that swearing upon the naked dirk is called by the commons amongst the Highlanders the taking an oath upon the Holy Iron, and is as sacred among them as swearing upon the Bible. That night Captain Roy MacDonald went to Aird and took up his quarters in the house of Captain James MacDonald, and next day he went back to Mouggistot where he gave Lady Margaret an account of the disappointment he had met with from Allastar Cameron.

fol. 721. A new scheme behoved now to be devised for the Captain's going to Fladdachuan according to orders, and none more rational could be thought upon than that Lady Margaret should dispatch a boat to said island in order to gather shells for making lime (the inhabitants of Sky being in use of making most of their lime of shells) and that the Captain should go along under a pretence of superintending the gathering of the shells, and of taking his diversion for some time at fishing, for which end he had got some fishing-lines from one of Sir Alexander MacDonald's tenants.

This scheme being agreed upon as by far the best to cover the real design, Lady Margaret importuned the Captain to take along with him some bedding, blankets, brandy, etc., as things necessary to make the Prince's situation somewhat comfortable. But the Captain absolutely refused to do any such thing, as being imprudent, for that carrying along baggage and provisions might make people suspect, and would particularly

fol. 722. raise a jealousy in the boatmen that the reason given out for sailing to Fladdachuan was a mere pretence to cover the real design, which behoved to be a matter of great consequence, as such preparations were made for it. The Captain said as the shirts were now ready he could easily take them along with him tied up in a pocket-napkin, and tell the boatmen that he did so lest they should happen to be wind-bound after landing upon the island.

The Captain, taking with him only the twenty guineas and the six shirts, set out for Fladdachuan, and after landing he went directly to the tenant's house before any of the boatmen could come to it, expecting to find the Prince there that so he might warn him and those with him to keep out of sight of the boatmen; but when he came to the house, to his great disappointment, he found none there but the tenant and his family. After sitting a while and the boat's crew coming in, Captain Roy MacDonald said to the landlord he wanted much to see the island as he had never been upon it before, and desired the landlord to go along with him. They went out both together, and after walking a little the Captain said to the landlord: 'This seems to be a pretty secure place. Do never any of the rebels make you a visit here?' The landlord answered that never any of them had been there, alleging the place was rather too narrow for such a design. Then the Captain asked if ever any of the ships or sloops of war sent their boats to search the island. The landlord replied, 'Not.' Still the Captain insisted that no doubt some of the distressed gentlemen had come there, for that he had pretty good information that some had been forming a design of coming to Fladdachuan from the Long Isle. The landlord still denied and asked who the persons were that he expected to land there from the Long Isle. The Captain replied, 'Some of Kinlochmoidart's brothers.' The landlord assured him that no such persons were upon the island as yet, and withal remarked that if these gentlemen should come at all to that corner, it would rather be to the island Troday, where they would be near their sister who is married to James MacDonald of Aird, captain of an Independent Company—Troday being only about a mile from Sky. Captain Roy MacDonald would still be positive that certainly some gentlemen were skulking upon the island and that he was sure they wanted to see him, for that he could be of use to them; and that if the landlord would not discover the whole matter he would equally disoblige both them and him. The landlord persisted in his denial, upon which the Captain took an oath of him, and accordingly the landlord swore that he knew of no persons whatsomever that had landed upon Fladdachuan. The Captain, not yet satisfied, would go round

June

fol. 723.

fol. 724.

June the isle and view all the creeks and caves of it, which accordingly he did, but found no person. He stayed there all night, and next day got the shells on board.

There is a remarkable rock about a mile from Fladdachuan
fol. 725. called Bord Cruinn, *i.e.*, the round table, from its shape, where the Captain supposed the Prince might happen to be, this being a very strong safe place, and therefore he said he had a great curiosity to see that rock as he had never been upon it, and then desired the boatmen to row directly for it as it would not hinder them long in their return to Sky. This rock is very high and of a very difficult ascent, and is the place whither Sir Donald MacDonald sent his charters for safety in the year 1715. All this put together made the Captain still the more firmly persuaded that the Prince might be there, not doubting but it might come into the mind of some good friend to direct the Prince to go thither as a place of security. There is no house on the rock at all, for in 1715 Sir Donald MacDonald made up a small low hut for one man only to be there with his valuable papers, who received all his provisions at different appointed times from Troternish in Sky, about five miles distant.

To the rock they steered their course, the landlord being
fol. 726. along with them, who, as he had some business in Sky, took the opportunity of their boat (his own boat having been broke to pieces some time before that). Captain Roy MacDonald still was jealous that the landlord knew of some persons being upon the rock Bord Cruinn, but that he would not discover it, for he had examined him upon that point before they set out from Fladdachuan. By the time they came to the rock the landlord was in a pett at the Captain for not believing him, and therefore he only pointed out the way of ascending the rock, telling the Captain that he would not be at the pains to climb the rock as he had no curiosity about seeing the top of it, but that he (the Captain) might go up if he pleased. The Captain (notwithstanding the cripple foot, which was covered only with a cloath shoe) found means to crawl up the rock, not any one attending him: but he found no body upon it. From the rock they rowed to Sky and landed at Mouggistot. The Captain informed Lady Margaret of all that had

passed and delivered back the shirts and the twenty guineas. *fol.* 727. From Mouggistot the Captain returned to his old quarters, the surgeon's house, at the distance of four miles.

Next Sunday (June 29th, 1746) a letter was brought *per* 29 June express to Captain Roy MacDonald[1] from Lady Margaret in her own handwriting; but the direction upon the back of the letter was in the handwriting of the lady of Captain John MacDonald of Kirkibost, which lady delivered the letter to the bearer as if it had been from herself. The purport of the letter was desiring Captain Roy MacDonald forthwith to repair to Mouggistot without loss of time, for that Lady Margaret had some matters of the greatest moment to communicate to him, and that she wanted to have his advice about them. Immediately the Captain set out upon the surgeon's horse, and when near Mouggistot he spied Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh walking together, and talking in a serious way, above the garden. When he came near them he dismounted, and Lady Margaret, upon seeing him, stept aside from Kingsburgh to *fol.* 728. meet the Captain and to speak with him, spreading out her hands and saying, 'O Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever.' Upon this, he asked what was the matter? Her ladyship answered that the Prince was landed about half a quarter of a mile from the house, and that if he should have the misfortune to be seized there they would be affronted for ever, mentioning a circumstance that distressed her much, because it made the case the more perplexed, and made her altogether at a loss how to behave in the matter, which was that Lieutenant Mac-Leod was at that very instant in the dining room with Miss Flora MacDonald (she having left the Prince in women's cloaths on the spot where he had come ashore);[2] and, which still rendered the case worse and worse, that the Lieutenant had three or four of his men about the house with him, the rest of his command being only at a small distance from the house, as he was employed to guard that part of the coast of *fol.* 729. Sky, particularly to enquire at every boat that should come from the Long Isle if there were any rebels on board, etc. Kingsburgh coming directly up to them, they began to project

[1] See f. 713.

[2] See ff. 533, 737.

29 June what was fittest to be done, all of them agreeing that Lieutenant MacLeod's presence, with the whole of his command so near, threw a number of difficulties in their way, and made the case full of dangers, if not desperate.

Captain Roy MacDonald declared whatever they would agree upon as best for the safety of the Prince he would undertake (God willing) to accomplish at the hazard of his life. Kingsburgh asked his opinion of the matter; but the Captain refused to do that, begging Kingsburgh to give his opinion first. Kingsburgh said his opinion was that the Prince should sail about by the point of Troternish to the Island of Rasay,
fol. 730. because that in the Isle of Sky he could not possibly (as things appeared to him) be in any safety at all, considering the many parties that were scouring up and down throughout the Isle. Against this measure Lady Margaret did remonstrate, as being very hazardous, because there was a party posted near Boriniskittag, by which place they behoved to sail in their course to Rasay, and if upon seeing them the party should launch out a boat (as they had always one ready at hand) and take the Prince, then it might be said that he had been designedly thrown into the hands of the party. And therefore she said her opinion was that if he was at all to sail for Rasay it were better he should stay till night and then set out, when he would not be seen.

In a word, all choices were bad, the Prince's situation having a most dismal aspect. However, Captain Roy MacDonald ventures to give his opinion at last, and says, 'What would you think, Kingsburgh, if the Prince should run the risque of making his way overland to Portree?' The distance from
fol. 731. Mouggistot to Portree is fourteen long Highland miles. Kingsburgh was afraid the attempt was desperate enough. But, however, he said it might be tried, and then he desired the Captain to go to the Prince and to inform him of the scheme agreed upon; for that as he had been in the scrape, he was the fitter to manage that point; and no doubt the Prince would be much pleased to see one that had followed his fortunes, and would be more ready to confide in him than in another. To this the Captain answered, as the Prince he was sure would make a monstrous appearance in women's cloaths,

so his talking with him, if they should happen to be seen together, would make the matter the more suspicious, and might prove a means of ruining the Prince altogether. Besides, the Captain begged that Kingsburgh himself might not go to the Prince, for that too might be of fatal consequence, he (the Captain) imagining that Kingsburgh might be of much more service to the Prince by not seeing him at all. And therefore he advised as the wisest expedient that Miss Flora MacDonald should be the only person to be sent to the Prince with messages (he still sitting upon the shore where he had landed) to let him know the result of their counsels with the greater safety, for that everything ought to be managed at present (considering the great risque) with the utmost wariness and caution. 29 June *fol.* 732.

After this they began to devise some scheme for the future safety of the Prince in the event of his going to Portree and Rasay. Kingsburgh proposed that the Captain should go and seek out Rona, *i.e.* the young Laird of Rasay, in order to learn from him where his father was to be found (it being agreed upon that Rasay, senior, should undertake the protection of the Prince), and that the Captain, after conversing with young Rasay, should go to Portree, there to wait the coming of the Prince, who was to set out as soon as possible for that place, overland, as had been agreed upon, though afterwards the resolution happened to be changed in some circumstances, as will appear hereafter. *fol.* 733.

The scheme concerted by the unanimous consent of all the three with respect to the Prince's going into the hands of Rasay, senior, was this: that Rasay and Captain Roy MacDonald should go with the Prince into Seaforth's country amongst the MacKenzies (all the forces being at a distance from that corner), because there could be no suspicion about his being amongst them; and that therefore he might safely remain there in one place without any fear, as he was to pass for a private gentleman under a borrowed name. To this the Captain objected that he was not in the least acquainted among the MacKenzies. But in this Kingsburgh made him easy by informing him that Rasay, senior, was exceedingly well known amongst the MacKenzies, and therefore was at no

29 June loss to know whom to trust and whom not to trust in that
fol. 734. country. When this scheme was afterwards proposed to the Prince, he did not agree to it, chusing rather to shift from place to place (as the safest way in the present distress) than to set up in any one particular corner.

In the course of the conversation Lady Margaret explained herself as to the great strait she was in whom to trust, saying that she knew not any other person at that time in all the Isle of Sky amongst the MacDonalds to trust but only Kingsburgh and the Captain, for that the rest of the following, from Sir Alexander's not joining the Prince at all, imagined that he was altogether upon the side of the Government, though she said she could appeal to them that this was far from being the case.[1] But then, so it was that the rest of the clan then in the Isle, from the opinion they entertained of things, would certainly think they were doing a service highly obliging to Sir Alexander if they should happen to find out the Prince and to seize
fol. 735. him; and therefore this persuasion of theirs exposed the Prince to the greater danger should it once blow that he was upon the Isle of Sky.

After discoursing upon the subject and concerting measures as already mentioned (the Prince still remaining upon the rock at the shore all the time, within a gunshot of the foot of the garden of Mouggistot, patiently waiting his fate), the Captain set out in quest of young Rasay, Kingsburgh telling him that he was to be found (as he thought) at Tottrome.

Here ends what I got from the mouth of Captain Donald Roy MacDonald upon January 12th, a friend having come to visit me in the afternoon, which interrupted us for some time. The Captain went from me betwixt 6 and 7 o'clock at night, when I made an appointment with him to return to me upon Friday, January 15th, by 10 o'clock, which appointment he kept exactly, and then we proceeded as follows:

fol. 736. After the Captain was gone, Kingsburgh took a great longing

[1] See f. 929.

to see the Prince, and was resolved to see him at all hazards, 29 June
and after providing himself in a bottle of wine and some bread, he went accordingly to the Prince, who was still sitting upon the shore, but had [1] gone at some distance from the place where he landed. Kingsburgh was in great difficulty to find out the Prince, which made him afraid of the worst, till he spied a flock of sheep running, which he imagined to happen

[1] As truth is my only aim in making this collection, so I gladly embrace every opportunity of correcting any mistake in the accounts I receive, or any error I myself may happen to commit, in the marginal notes. Particularly I acknowledge here my mistake in the marginal note, vol. iii. p. 532 [see f. 532], for it is true that Kingsburgh sent one to direct the Prince to remove from the place where he had landed, and also that he had great difficulty to find the Prince at the place whither he had ordered him to be conducted. Upon Saturday, January 23rd, 1748, Captain Donald Roy MacDonald and Miss Flora MacDonald dined with my Lady Bruce in her own house at the Citadel of Leith, when I took the freedom to ask particular questions at Miss MacDonald in presence of the Company about the Prince's landing with her at Sky, whether or not the Prince had gone from the particular spot where he had landed to any other creek or corner before Kingsburgh came to him, how this came about, etc. Miss MacDonald was pleased to give me an exact account of all this by telling me that Neil MacKechan was the person sent by Kingsburgh to the Prince in order to inform him that Kingsburgh was to come to him at a proper time, and to conduct the Prince from the spot where he landed to another place (somewhere about the back of a hill * farther down the shore), where he was to remain till Kingsburgh should come to him. And there it was where Kingsburgh met with him, and had no small difficulty to find him out by his not being at the precise spot where Kingsburgh imagined him to have been. She told me likewise that Neil MacKechan went so often to the Prince upon the shore that at last she became angry with him lest the frequency of his going should be remarked, and thereby become the means of making a discovery. However, she owned that in the event, his going so often proved serviceable, as no observation happened to be made of it. Miss MacDonald said that when at Mouggistot she could not help observing Lady Margaret going often out and in as one in great anxiety, while she in the meantime endeavoured all she could to keep up a close chit chat with Lieutenant MacLeod, who put many questions to her, which she answered as she thought fit. She acknowledged she knew nothing at that time of Donald Roy MacDonald being at Mouggistot, as he had not come into the house, or of the conference he had had with Lady Margaret (in the open air) and Kingsburgh about the safety of the Prince. I likewise asked at Miss MacDonald what that Mrs. MacDonald was who was with her at Mouggistot [see f. 532] and how they happened to meet there. She told me that she was wife to John MacDonald of Kirkibost, in North Uist, a captain of an Independent Company, and that she had crossed from the Long Isle only the day before (when her boat was most strictly searched for rebels), and brought word to Lady Margaret that probably the Prince would come to Sky soon (if not next day) to sue for protection. This is the same Mrs.

* Called Bulodinghabor.

29 June from their seeing some body thereabouts.[1] This accident brought him to the place where the Prince was sitting. After
fol. 737. the Prince had taken some refreshment, Kingsburgh took him along with himself to his own house instead of sending him to Portree, as had been formerly agreed upon.

fol. 738. Captain Roy MacDonald (as is above hinted) rode off to Tottrome in quest of young Rasay, one of whose sisters is married with MacQueen of Tottrome, a lieutenant among the militia under the command of Hew MacDonald of Armadale,
fol. 739. who had been ordered to South Uist (a part of the Long Isle) to seek for the Prince, and to prevent his escape.[2] When the Captain was within two miles of Tottrome he overtook a man, who told him that young Rasay was at a village called Tott, near the Water of Snisord. Upon this the Captain lighted from his horse, and writ a few lines upon the back of an old letter to young Rasay,[3] begging him forthwith to meet him at Portree, upon express business, which he delivered to the said man, ordering him to leave that short line at Tottrome, lest he should miss Rona, who probably might chance to call at Tottrome. The Captain accordingly missed Rona at Tott, and then went directly to Portree, where he found young Rasay, who had called at Tottrome, and received the open line there. They took a walk out into the fields, and then the Captain began to enquire at Rona where his father was to be
fol. 740. found. Rona denied that he knew anything where his father was to be found. Upon this the Captain said he had matters of very great consequence to communicate to his father, and

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MacDonald who, together with her man-servant and her maid-servant, went along with Miss MacDonald from Mouggistot, etc., when the comical observations were made upon the Prince in his walking along in women's cloaths, which observations Miss MacDonald repeated to be exactly as they are recorded [see f. 534]. Miss MacDonald likewise owned she knew nothing at all (when at Portree with the Prince) that Malcolm MacLeod was thereabouts, or about what course the Prince was to take. Only she had a suspicion that he might be going to Rasay, as Portree is opposite to it. She remarked how the Prince fell briskly to his victuals, at Portree, in his shirt, what a great desire he had to have Donald Roy MacDonald along with him, etc., and that his farewel to her was in these words: 'I hope we shall meet in St. James's yet, and I will reward you there for what you have done' [see ff. 747-755].—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[1] See f. 145. [2] See f. 524. [3] See f. 858.

therefore he earnestly begged to know where he was. Rona still persisted in his denial, and would not own that he knew anything about where his father was to be found. Upon this the Captain found there was a necessity for speaking out, and therefore he plainly told Rona that the Prince was now in the Isle of Sky, and that it was requisite his father should be found out; for that his father and he (the Captain) were pitched upon to go with the Prince into Seaforth's country among the MacKenzies. The Captain said he hoped he might trust him, and therefore it was that he had so openly declared the matter to him. Rona was rejoiced to hear that the Prince was still in safety, notwithstanding the many strict searches that had been made, and were still making for him, and now frankly own'd that his father was upon the continent in Knoidart, whither, he said, he would as soon as possible send an express for him; because he was sure his father would run any risque, and be glad of an opportunity to serve the Prince, especially in his distress. Then the Captain said, 'I expect the Prince this night at Portree, and as there is no right boat on this side, you must in the meantime, Rona, do your best to get over to Rasay in order to fetch a right boat from thence to ferry the Prince over to Rasay, for thither he designs to set from Portree.' Rona undertook this piece of service, but was quite unwilling to leave Portree till he should see the Prince, for he had not been out in his service, and therefore he stayed some hours in hopes to see him. The Captain was always pushing him to be gone, and at last he set out in an old shred of a boat, which he found in a fresh water loch near Tottrome. So crazy it was, that one man could not possibly keep it dry in the passage without an assistant to help him to lave, though the distance from Portree to Rasay be but small—about three miles. Before Rona went off, the Captain had received a short line from Kingsburgh, importing that Miss Flora MacDonald was so fatigued, that she behoved to stay all night in his house, and could not come to Portree so soon as she had designed, and ordering the Captain to provide a boat to ferry Miss about to Strath, because it would be easier for her to make it out by sea than to go over land. The Captain took the hint, and then Rona went off.

29 June

fol. 741.

fol. 742.

30 June Upon Monday's evening (June 30th) Rona and his brother (Murdoch MacLeod), and Malcolm MacLeod, arrived within half a mile of Portree, and Malcolm went towards the house, leaving Rona and his brother in the boat. In his walking from the shore, Malcolm spied three persons making towards the house, who happened to be the Prince, Neil MacKechan, and a little boy who had guided them the way from the side of a wood where they had parted with Kingsburgh, not far from
fol. 743. his own house. Malcolm MacLeod, through the darkness of the night (for it was raining excessively), not knowing who these persons might be that he had seen, did not advance any farther, but lurked at some distance, and sent a little boy to the house, desiring Donald Roy MacDonald to come out and speak with a friend. By this time the Prince was in the house. Donald Roy went out to Malcolm, and took along with him a half-mutchin stoup full of whiskie. Captain Malcolm MacLeod asked who they were that he had spied going towards the house; for that he had been near them, but had hid himself, not knowing who they might happen to be. Captain Roy MacDonald told him that the Prince was one of them. Malcolm then begged dispatch, because Rona and his brother were in the open air upon the shore with the boat, and it was still raining very heavily, the Prince having got his share of it as
fol. 744. he walked along, for he was wet in to the skin. Rona and his brother did not chuse to be seen by any of the people thereabouts, lest a discovery should result from it. Donald Roy MacDonald soon parted from Malcolm MacLeod, promising all possible dispatch, and returning to the house, Malcolm waiting to receive the Prince.

In the journey from Kingsburgh, Miss Flora MacDonald on horseback came first to Portree, and immediately notified to Donald Roy MacDonald privately that the Prince was on his way in such a road; upon which he stept out to meet him, and staying about twenty minutes, could not see him. He then chused to come again into the house, as the rain was exceedingly heavy, and dangerous to the wound in his foot, which was still open, and was not quite healed up till sometime in

[1] See f. 861.

November 1746, it continuing all that time (now and then) to throw out small bones. He now walks as cleverly as ever without any the smallest pain or halt, and made out his late journey from Sky to Edinburgh in twelve days on foot, and as he came along visited several friends and acquaintances. 30 June

The Captain had not been long in the house till the boy that came along with the Prince and Neil MacKechan, as guide, called for the landlord, and desired to know if Donald Roy MacDonald was there, and to have a word of him. Upon which the Captain stept out, and a little from the door found the boy MacQueen, who told him there was a gentleman a little above the house that desired to speak with him. The Captain desired the boy to go into the kitchen, and he himself went away to the place where the Prince was, who no sooner saw him than he took him in his arms, and by way of salutation put his head over one shoulder of the Captain, and then over the other, expressly forbidding the Captain to use any ceremony, they then not knowing who (under cloud of night) might be near them to make observations. When the Captain happened to express his concern that he had got such a stormy night, the Prince said, 'I am more sorry that *our Lady*' (for so he used to name Miss MacDonald) 'should be all abused with the rain.' Then they went into the house, the Captain stepping in first, the people of the house (an inn) not knowing anything of the matter at all. The Prince no sooner entred the house than he asked if a dram could be got there, the rain pouring down from his cloaths, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift and put on a dry shirt, Captain Roy MacDonald giving him his philabeg. The Prince refused to shift, as Miss Flora MacDonald was in the room; but the Captain and Neil MacKechan told him it was not a time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt. By this time they had brought some meat into the room (the Prince having called for it before he would think of shifting), which consisted of butter, cheese, bread, and roasted fish. The landlord's name is Charles MacNab. *fol.* 745. *fol.* 746. *fol.* 747.

Before the Prince got on his coats, just in his shirt, he fell heartily to the meat, and made good use of his time, having

30 June travelled on foot from Kingsburgh to Portree, being seven good Highland miles. He brought along with him four shirts, a cold hen, a bottle of brandy, and a lump of sugar, in one of his pockets; all which small stock of provisions (adding to them a bottle of whiskie he bought from the landlord of Portree) he took along with him to the Island of Rasay. When the Prince fell heartily to the meat in his shirt, Captain MacDonald could not help smiling, though he was in deep enough concern about the Prince's situation, and said, 'Sir' (having observed the Prince looking at him), 'I believe that is the English fashion.' 'What fashion do you mean?' says the Prince. 'Why' (replied the Captain), 'they say the English, when they are to eat heartily, throw off their cloaths.' The Prince, smiling, said, 'They are in the right, lest anything should incommode their hands when they are at work.' The Prince asked if any drink could be had? He was answered
fol. 748. that he could have no other drink but whiskie or water, for there is no such thing as beer or ale of any kind to be got in all the Isle of Sky, but only in gentlemen's houses, all the publick houses there being mere whiskie houses. Then the Prince desired to have some milk, but there was none in the house. Captain Roy MacDonald told him he behoved to drink water, of which there was plenty in the room in an ugly cog, which the landlord ordinarily made use of for throwing the water out of his boat, and thereby all the mouth of it was beat in, and made rough enough. The Captain had been taking a drink out of the cog, and he reached it to the Prince, who took it out of his hand, and after looking at the cog, he stared the Captain in the face, who upon this made up to him (the landlord being in the room), and whispered him softly in the ear to drink out of it without any ceremony; for though the cog looked ill, yet it was clean, and if he should shew any nicety, it might raise a suspicion about him in the landlord's mind. The Prince said, 'You are right,' and took a hearty draught
fol. 749. of water out of the rough cog, and then he put on his coats.

The Captain was still urging him to be gone in as discreet a manner as possible, but the Prince was desirous to stay all night in Portree as the rain was still heavy. The Captain suggested to him (the landlord having been gone out of the room) that as

it was a public-house it was frequented by all sorts of folks, and 30 June
therefore it was not safe for him to stay any time there: for if they saw a stranger it would make them curious to inquire who he was, and this might prove of dangerous consequence to him especially.

The Prince called for some tobacco that he might smoke a pipe before he should go off. The Captain told him there was no tobacco to be got there but what was very coarse. The Prince asked what kind of tobacco they had. 'Only roll tobacco,' said the Captain. The Prince said it would serve the present turn very well, and desired to have some of it. The Captain ordered the landlord to fetch a quarter of a pound, *fol.* 750.
which he did in the scales, at fourpence halfpenny. The Prince gave a sixpence, but the landlord was desired by the Captain to bring in the change. The Prince smiled at the Captain's exactness, and would not be at the pain to take the three halfpence. The Captain insisted he should take them, because in his present situation he would find bawbees very useful to him, and said perhaps he would find a different partition in his purse which he had hanging before him. The Captain opend the purse, and finding an empty partition put the bawbees into it. The Prince, the Captain, and Neil MacKechan drank a bottle of whiskie while at Portree.

The landlord going again out of the room, the Prince began to importune the Captain to go along with him, speaking softly, lest the landlord should be near the door and overhear them, and saying that Kingsburgh had assured him that Donald Roy would attend him. The Captain begged him to consider it was not in his power to be useful to him, considering the open *fol.* 751.
wound in his left foot, unless he could fix in one place; for otherwise he would only prove a burden and distress upon him, seeing he could not skulk from place to place, and any little journey he could make behoved to be always on horseback, which was far from being proper for one in the Prince's company, because it would be a means of descrying him at a distance to some of the ranging parties. The Prince said he had always found himself safe in the hands of the MacDonalds,[1] and so long as he could have a MacDonald along

[1] See ff. 600, 925.

30 June with him he still would think himself safe enough. And therefore he persisted in urging the Captain to attend him. Here the Captain took the opportunity of suggesting to him the scheme about his going to Seaforth's country attended by himself and old Rasay, and that in this event he could go along
fol. 752. with him, because they were to fix in one place how soon they should come among the MacKenzies. The Prince asked the Captain if he knew any of the MacKenzies. He said—Not. But that Rasay, senior knew them well, whom to trust and whom not to trust. The Prince said little more about this scheme; but seemingly was pleased with it, and still insisted upon the Captain's going with him to Rasay. To this the Captain answered that (all things considered) it was far better and more for the Prince's safety that he should return and be a spy for him in Sky, making enquiry if the Prince's going to Portree and from thence to Rasay was in the least known in the Isle of Sky, and after doing this he promised to follow him to Rasay and to inform him what discoveries he had made. The Prince could not think of parting with him at all.

In paying the reckoning the Prince got change for a guinea, upon which he desired to have silver for another guinea, but the landlord having no more than eleven shillings, the Prince
fol. 753. was for giving him the guinea for them, for that (he said) eleven shillings would be much more useful to him than a guinea in gold could be. But the Captain would not hear of this at all, as this piece of generosity might tend to raise a suspicion in the breast of the landlord about the real character of one who had been so liberal in paying a small reckoning, and therefore the Captain made a shift to change the guinea for him.

At last the Prince says to the Captain, 'Are you afraid to go along with me? I can assure you so long as I have you shall not want. I still am anxious to have a MacDonald along with me.' The Captain once more represented to him the case of the cripple foot, which rendered him incapable of fatigue or of any real service to the Prince. From his expressing such a liking for the MacDonalds, the Captain took occasion to ask his opinion of Sir Alexander MacDonald and his following,
fol. 754. saying 'Though Sir Alexander and his following did not join

your royal highness, yet you see you have been very safe amongst them; for though they did not repair to your standard they wish you very well.' The Prince said he was sensible enough of all that.[1] 30 June

In giving this account Captain Roy MacDonald declared more than once what great concern it gave him that he could not attend the Prince in his distress, especially as he urged it so much. But considering the condition of the lame foot, he behoved to foresee that his going along would expose the Prince more and more to new dangers and difficulties, of which he had too, too many to struggle through at any rate.

In the course of the conversation the Captain begged to know how the Prince was provided in money, for that he knew of a friend in that country ready and willing to supply him. The Prince asked who that friend was. The Captain replied, 'Lady Margaret MacDonald.'[2] The Prince said he was much obliged to that lady for the favours she intended him, but he did not incline to be troublesome to any friend in that way, *fol.* 755. seeing at present he had a sufficiency to carry him to the mainland, where he hoped he would get credit, or perhaps get some of his own money.

The Prince now began to bid farewel to Miss MacDonald and Neil MacKechan (the Captain being always begging him to depart), and, turning to Miss, he said, 'I believe, Madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money.' She told him it was only half-a-crown, which accordingly he paid her with thanks. He then saluted her, and expressed himself in these or the like words, 'For all that has happened I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet.'[3] He then bad farewel to honest MacKechan, who stayed that night with Miss MacDonald at Portree, and attended her next day to the place she intended to go to. This MacKechan found the way afterwards to get off to France with the Prince.[4]

When the Prince was about going off from Portree he tied the bottle of whiskie to his belt at one side, and the bottle of *fol.* 756. brandy, the shirts, and the cold hen in a napkin at the other side. When they were going out at the door the Captain

[1] See ff. 776, 928. [2] See f. 925. [3] See f. 738. [4] See ff. 150, 228.

30 June happened to spy the landlord looking after them, upon which they turned another way quite opposite to what they had designed to go till they were out of his view, and then, making a circle, came to the place where they found Malcolm MacLeod, and went directly to the boat. In their way to the boat the Prince was still pressing Captain Roy MacDonald to go along with him, and when in the boat would have the Captain to come aboard. The Captain then communicated his scheme to young Rasay, Murdoch and Malcolm MacLeods, who all approved of it as the best service at present that could be done to the Prince; for that it was far better and more for the Prince's safety that the Captain should continue in Sky,[1] and make inquiry if the Prince's motions were known in that island or any way suspected. The Prince insisted upon a particular day *fol.* 757. when the Captain should follow him to Rasay. It was agreed that young Rasay should come to Sky, Thursday next (July 3d) and meet with the Captain at Tottrome and take him over the day after (Friday) to Rasay. The Prince taking the lump of sugar out of his pocket gave it to the Captain, and said, 'Pray, MacDonald, take this piece of sugar to *our lady*, for I am afraid she will get no sugar where she is going.' The Captain refused to take it, begging the Prince to keep it for his own use for that he would stand in need of it yet. The Prince would not take it again. Upon which the Captain slipt it privately into Malcolm MacLeod's hands, desiring him to preserve it for the Prince's use. The Prince enjoined the Captain a strict silence in these or the like words, 'Tell nobody, no, not *our lady*, which way I am gone, for it is right that my course should not be known.'

1 July The Prince then took leave of the Captain (about the dawning of the day, Tuesday, July 1st), the boat steering away for *fol.* 758. Rasay, and the Captain returning to the landlord at Portree, where the Captain slept all night, or rather a part of the day, daylight coming quickly in. Upon the Captain's return the landlord was mighty inquisitive about the gentleman that had been in his house, who he was, and where the Captain had parted with him. The Captain in a very unconcerned way told

[1] See f. 862.

him he had only shewed the gentleman a little of the way he had a mind to go, and that he was only a brother rebel,[1] Sir John MacDonald, an Irish gentleman, who, having luckily got free of his enemies, had been skulking among his friends, the MacDonalds of Sky, but wearying of being long in one place, and suspecting he might be discovered, he had set out for the continent to skulk among the MacDonalds there. Meantime the Captain earnestly begged the landlord to keep all this to himself as a great secret. The landlord said he had entertained a strong notion that the gentleman might happen to be the Prince in disguise, for that he had something about him that looked very noble.[2] 1 July *fol.* 759.

The Captain left Portree the same day (July 1st) and went directly to Kingsburgh, informing him and his lady how the Prince had got off in a very private way to Rasay, and likewise giving them an account of the concert about his returning and being again with the Prince. Kingsburgh and his lady said they had reason to think it was not known that the Prince had been in their house; only there was a suspicion among their servants that yon person might be a man in women's cloaths, because so monstrous and tall. From Kingsburgh the Captain went to Mouggistot and informed Lady Margaret how safely and privately things had been managed. There he met with Lieutenant MacLeod (son of Donald MacLeod of Balmeanagh, and the very person that had been in the dining-room with Miss Flora MacDonald [3] when the Prince was sitting upon the shore) who was very fond to see Donald Roy MacDonald as they were very well acquainted together. The Lieutenant would not part with the Captain that night, but would needs carry him to his quarters about a long mile from Mouggistot. The Captain most chearfully embraced the opportunity of passing that night with him, as he had intended, however, to have called at the Lieutenant and his command (because he well knew he was in absolute safety with them), and to pass some short time among them in order to pump them with wariness and at a distance if they knew anything at all about the Prince and his motions; and upon trial he found to his *fol.* 760.

[1] See f. 861. [2] See f. 241. [3] See ff. 533, 737.

1 July great comfort they knew nothing about him at all. He lay in the same bed with the Lieutenant that night. In their conversing together they happened to talk of Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, upon whom the Lieutenant was pleased to bestow abusive language in great plenty, calling him knave, villain, etc. Captain Roy MacDonald very seriously asked him how he came to give such names to Donald MacLeod, who was well known to have behaved himself throughout all his life in a very
fol. 761. honest and neighbourly way; and not only so, but likewise it was remarkable that Donald was one of a gentlemanny temper, and that if he had a fault it was that he was rather too gentlemanny, for that he had frequently gone beyond one in his circumstances to keep the best company? To this the Lieutenant replied that Donald MacLeod behoved to be nothing else but a knave, etc., that would offer to desert his chief and clan and to go over and join the rebellion. At this the Captain smiled and said, 'If this be all that you have to say against honest Donald, good troth, he will keep his character still and will find many good folks to like him for all that.'

The Captain, finding that the Lieutenant by his expressions knew nothing at all of the Prince's late motions, began to be afraid that he had been only dissembling the matter with him; and therefore he got up pretty early in the morning and went to the guardhouse to pump the common fellows, for he was well acquainted with some of the command. In a joking way they
fol. 762. called him rebel and he again called them rebels. Then he asked if they knew anything about his young master, for that he longed much to hear something about him, and they could not fail to know somewhat of him, as the army was so extraordinarily diligent, both by sea and land, to find out and watch his motions. With an air of assurance they told him that the young Pretender was still somewhere in the Long Isle, and that certainly he would be very soon catched, if he was not in the hands of the army already. This gave great inward pleasure to the Captain, as it was a plain proof that they knew nothing about the Prince's being in or about the Isle of Sky at all. They were still keeping sentry on a rising ground at the shore. The Captain asked what they meant by all that extraordinary exactness? They told him it was to watch if any boat sailed

thither from the Long Isle, and if one happened to appear to search it for rebels, but more especially for the young Pretender. 1 July

It is here to be observed that Captain Roy MacDonald upon coming to the Isle of Sky from Culloden battle had made a sham surrendry of his arms to the said Lieutenant MacLeod, which had made them have the more freedom and familiarity together, the Captain having purchased some very indifferent arms to give up for his own good arms, which he took care to have safely conveyed to his brother, Balishair, in North Uist, for the preservation of them; and upon the sham surrendry Kingsburgh (then a captain of militia) had ventured to give him a kind of a protection which made him easy till his having been with the Prince at Portree began to be known, and that strangers were landing upon the Isle of Sky for a more strict and narrow search for the Prince. *fol.* 763.

From Lieutenant MacLeod's quarters the Captain went to his own old quarters, the surgeon's house, very well satisfied with the result of his enquiries. After settling accompts with the surgeon, the Captain set out again next day for Mouggistot, where he provided himself in a pocket-pistol and a good dirk, being all he could get there, thinking he might have use for arms, being on his way to attend the Prince as he had reason to imagine. He had walked to Mouggistot on foot from the surgeon's house, four miles, which had fatigued him much, as the wound in the foot was still open, and having only a cloath shoe upon it. Lady Margaret writ a letter to the Prince, which she sent by Captain Roy MacDonald, in which she wished the Prince all happiness, and told him she was ready to serve him in any thing he wanted that she could furnish him with.[1] From Mouggistot the Captain travelled on horseback to Kingsburgh, where he got a boy to go along with him to Tottrome to fetch back the horse. At Tottrome he called if young Rasay was there,[2] who jumped out of bed and came to him directly, informing him privately that he had left the Prince in a cow-byre at Nicolson's rock, near Scorobreck, attended by Murdoch and Malcolm MacLeod,[3] and that *fol.* 764.

[1] See ff. 925. [2] See f. 867. [3] See ff. 232, 866, 871, 1564.

3 July *fol.* 765. the Prince was exceedingly desirous to see Donald Roy MacDonald. The Captain, being very much fatigued, declared it was not in his power to make it out at present, especially as it was under night (Thursday, July 3d), but that he would set out when it was daylight and after he had taken some rest. Accordingly he set out with young Rasay to the palace of a cow-byre, where they found only Murdoch MacLeod, the Prince and Malcolm MacLeod having gone off together, and the Prince leaving orders with Murdoch to tell Donald Roy MacDonald that he would meet him at Cammistinawagg on Sunday's night or Monday's morning at farthest. This serves to correct a mistake in Captain Malcolm MacLeod's Journal,[1] for it is plain that Donald Roy (he being the same Donald MacDonald, *alias* Donald Roy, there mentioned) was the person appointed to *fol.* 766. meet the Prince at Cammistinnawagg, and to whom the letter was written from the boat-side, when the Prince was on board 6 July with old MacKinnon, etc., as will appear hereafter.

According to the orders left by the Prince with Murdoch MacLeod, Captain Roy MacDonald came to Cammistinnawagg and went to the house of Peter MacQueen upon Sunday, July 6th. In the evening (when dark) a stranger came stepping into the house, whom Peter MacQueen put several questions to, about where he dwelt, whither he was going, etc. At last the Captain began to suspect the stranger might be one employed to bring some message to him, and therefore he stept out, the man following him directly. When they had gone a little from the door, the stranger (who knew the Captain, though the Captain did not know him) told him that he had come from the Island of Rasay, and his errand was to him, and that he had a letter to him, delivering it into his hand. The Captain asked from whom the letter was? The stranger said he believed it was from Malcolm MacLeod, for that he had got it from him, and he knew no more about it. The Captain desired his service to be given to Malcolm MacLeod, and then the *fol.* 767. bearer went off. As it was dark, the Captain could not know the contents of the letter till he returned into the house. It was without any address whatsomever upon the outside, and

[1] See ff. 247, 253.

had no place or date[1] on the inside, and it was to this purpose: 6 July

'Sir,—I have parted (I thank God) as intended. Make my compliments to all those to whom I have given trouble.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, James Thomson.'[2]

Here I asked Captain Roy MacDonald if he remembered any thing about the particular day when the Prince set sail from the Isle of Sky to the continent along with old MacKinnon. He said to the best of his remembrance it was upon Friday, July 4th,[3] that he set out. *fol.* 768.

Till the day upon which Miss Flora MacDonald was made prisoner, Captain Roy MacDonald carefully kept the short letter the Prince had honoured him with, being mighty desirous to preserve it as a token of his young Master; but on the foresaid day he destroyed it, as he plainly foresaw that dangers would increase upon him. The Captain happened to be at Armadale when the message came to Miss Flora MacDonald from Donald MacDonald of Castleton (by the contrivance of Taliskar MacLeod), inviting her to come to his house. The Captain was of opinion that Miss should not venture upon complying with any such message at any rate, for that he was afraid there might be a snare laid for her.[4] But when he found her resolved to go, he desired her to deliver up to him the letter which Armadale had sent along with her to his wife in the way of a passport, and in favour of Bettie Burk, alleging it was to no purpose (except a bad one) to carry that *fol.* 769.

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[1] I remember well that Captain Malcolm MacLeod told me the very same thing; but then he agreed that I might set down a date to the letter as he gave me it, the better to ascertain the time when the Prince set out from the Isle of Sky. See f. 247.—F.

[2] See f. 871.

[3] This is the precise day about which Captain MacLeod was so positive, and perhaps he is still in the right. I hope to get more insight into this particular from Captain John MacKinnon's account of things, when I am favoured with it; for I have a particular attention to the fixing of dates, and the discovering the names of persons and of places as exactly as possible. However at any rate there will be no material errour in saying that the Prince set out with old MacKinnon on Friday the 4th or Saturday the 5th of July, though I would chuse far rather to have the precise day [see f. 262].—Robert Forbes, A.M.

[4] See ff. 538, 879.

July along with her whatever might turn out to be the matter. She acknowledged the wisdom of the advice, and accordingly delivered up the letter to him, which was to the following purpose:[1]

'I HAVE sent your daughter from this country lest she should be anyway frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Bettie Burk, an Irish girl, who as she tells me is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spin all your lint; or if you have any wool to spin you may employ her.—I am, Your dutyful husband,

HUGH MACDONALD.'

The day after Miss MacDonald was made prisoner Captain Roy MacDonald was careful to deliver up the above letter into Armadale's own hands, who immediately destroyed it. By this time Donald Roy had destroyed the Prince's letter to himself, and Lady Margaret's letter to the Prince, not knowing what
fol. 770. might happen. Armadale, immediately upon Miss MacDonald's being made prisoner, began a skulking, because a report had gone about[2] that he had given a pass to her, though it consisted with his knowledge that the young pretender was in company with her in disguise as a woman-servant. General Campbell upon this account was much in search of honest and brave Armadale, being not a little chagrined that Armadale should have outwitted him, to say no more of it.[3]

I took an opportunity of asking Captain Roy MacDonald whether or not it was true that Armadale had the Prince's pistols in keeping?[4] He told me it was a fact that might be depended upon, Armadale having received them from MacDonald of Milton, Miss MacDonald's full brother. Donald Roy said he saw the pistols in Armadale's house, and had them in his hands, but he could not inform me certainly who the person was that delivered them into Milton's hands, whether
fol. 771. it was the Prince himself, O'Sullivan, or O'Neille.

When Miss MacDonald was made the captive-lady, Donald Roy MacDonald was obliged likewise to go a skulking, the cripple foot notwithstanding, information having been given against

[1] See f. 805. [2] See f. 193. [3] See f. 458. [4] See ff. 304, 305.

him that he had been with the Young Pretender at Portree. July
His greatest danger proceeded from the captains of the ships and sloops of war when they landed with their marines upon the Isle of Sky, and from General Campbell who, when in Sky, made great enquiry after him, as he had got his character (in a disadvantageous light) from some of the Campbells in Argyleshire with whom he had had an old quarrell. The Captain had three different caves, where by turns he made his abode for eight weeks, and during that time Lady Margaret furnished him with provisions and necessaries, and the surgeon used to send dressings to him for the wounded foot, by a proper hand. In the caves he had beds only of ferns or heath, and wrapped himself in his tartan plaid. The midges and flies from the *fol.* 772.
heat of the season (part of July and August)[1] proved very uneasy companions to him, which obliged him frequently to retire into the inner parts of the caves, where the coolness kept them from him. He behoved to be very wary how he stept out of any of his solitary retirements lest the country people should spy him, and be talking about him, which might make a discovery of him. He used to walk out either early in the morning before people got up, or late at night after they were in bed, to some neighbouring fountain with his bottle to supply himself with water. Having got notice that the Independent Companies were to be broke he sent to Sir Alexander MacDonald for his opinion what he should do, who advised him to appear by little and little, but to keep quite free of those in the Independent Companies, till they should be broke, and then he appeared publickly in Sky. At last the indemnity set him altogether free to go where he pleased. As to his principal entertainment while he wandered *fol.* 773.
among the rocks and caves of Sky it will hereafter appear.

Captain Roy MacDonald and another are the only persons of Sir Alexander MacDonald's following that joined the Prince. The other person's name is James MacDonald, son of John MacDonald, late tenant upon Hiskir, a small isle about eight miles distant to the westward of North Uist. The said James MacDonald being upon the continent when the

[1] See f. 782.

Prince landed there he joined him directly. He still lives, and is in health.

It is worth observing that Captain Roy MacDonald in the retreat from Stirling was dispatched with a letter to Sir Alexander MacDonald, subscribed by all the Highland chiefs in the Prince's army, desiring him forthwith to join the Prince's standard with his following. The said letter was given in trust to the Captain, with proper orders by Cluny
fol. 774. MacPherson. The Captain accordingly made his way to Sky, and delivered the letter into Sir Alexander's own hands, and at the same instant letters were delivered to Sir Alexander by another from Lord Loudon,[1] President Forbes, and the Laird of MacLeod, desiring him to raise his men and join them. Sir Alexander read one of these letters to Captain Roy MacDonald which contained accounts that the young Pretender's army had deserted him except only five hundred. The Captain, not being allowed to know who had writ the letter, said it was a shame and a disgrace for any of them to write so. 'For,' said he, 'why do not they, with their fifteen or seventeen hundred, attack the Prince, seeing he has such a small number?' This assertion in the letter, by the bye, was a downright falshood, and the author of the letter could not fail to know as much.
fol. 775. Sir Alexander would give no return in writing to any of the subscribers, but only Keppoch, to whom he writ some few lines, the Captain not knowing the contents till he delivered the letter to Keppoch, who allowed him to know them, and they were to the following purpose:

'Seeing I look upon your affairs as in a desperate way I will not join you; but then I assure you I will as little rise against you. If any misfortune shall happen to yourself I desire you may leave your son, Ranald, to my care, etc.'

Sir Alexander intreated Captain Roy MacDonald not to be in any hurry in returning to the Prince's army, for he did not doubt but there would be an engagement betwixt the Highland army and Lord Loudon's men; and, therefore, it was unwise for the Captain to run the risque of killing or being killed by any of his own blood relations, he having several near

[1] See ff. 885, 929.

cousins in Lord Loudon's command. However, the Captain did not listen to the advice, but as soon as possible took leave and went off to Kyle, the short ferry betwixt the continent and Sky, at which place his brother Balishair had the command of a company of militia. There the Captain remained three days drinking and making merry with his friends, and eating plentifully of King George's beef and provisions, with the white cockade in his bonnet, his several friends of the militia heartily wishing and drinking success to the Prince's arms.[1] When he was on his journey to the Isle of Sky, Lord Loudon and his men were in possession of Inverness, but when he returned he found the Prince and his army in possession both of the town and castle.[2] When the Captain came into Inverness the first man he met with was Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, of whom he says most excellent things. *fol.* 776.

Here endeth the Journal of Captain Donald MacDonald, *alias* Donald Roy, who parted from me upon Friday, January 15th, betwixt 7 and 8 at night. He is a tall, sturdy man about six foot high, exceedingly well shaped, and about forty years of age. *fol.* 777.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—When Captain Roy MacDonald honoured me with his first visit (January 9th, 1748) he was pleased to inform me that in his melancholy hours he had scribbled a Latin poem, the wounded foot being the subject of it. I begged to be favoured with a sight of it, and that he would leave it with me for some few days, which he granted. When he returned to me (January 12th) I told him I was exceedingly well pleased with the performance, and that I would take it as a very great favour if he would give me a fair transcript of it in his own handwriting. He then told me that he had writ another poem in Latin as his lament after the battle of Culloden, and that he would make me a present of copies of both the poems in his own handwriting, but he insisted that the poems should first be examined and corrected. To this 9 Jan. *fol.* 778.

[1] See f. 928.

[2] See ff. 273, 649.

15 Jan. I replied that for my own part I had far rather have them just as they had come from his own hands. When he returned to me (January 15th) he presented me with the copies as he had promised, which are to be found among my papers, and of which follow exact transcripts. Meantime the Captain still insisted that they should be examined and have their blemishes pointed out and corrected. I told him I had much rather have them in that very dress in which he had scribbled them, when skulking and wandering among the mountains, the rocks, and caves of Sky, than to have them put into the hands of the most judicious critic in Europe for his animadversions and corrections. I asked the Captain at which of the Universities he had studied. He told me he had never been at any University, but had read only under the direction of one Mr.
fol. 779. John MacPherson, a noted schoolmaster in the Isle of Sky, who died about fifteen years ago. The Captain brought to Edinburgh that Latin poem which is printed in the *Scots Magazine* for December 1747 from the hands of the author, Mr. John MacPherson, Presbyterian preacher at Sleat in Sky, and nephew to the foresaid schoolmaster.

Let the performances of Donald Roy MacDonald in his cripple and skulking condition speak for themselves.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

DE PEDE D——DI M——D IN PROELIO CULODDINO PLUMBEA GLANDE VULNERATO:—ODE.

Heu! quot heroes nimis at cruentâ
In Culoddinâ periere pugnâ,
Sub dio quorum spoliata verte
Corpora restant?

Filium[1] colli (referens tremisco)
Ad latus vidi cecidisse nostrum,
Nemo cui palmam rapuisset æquo
Marte lacessens.

[1] Keppoch cujus pater Collus erat nominatus.

Hi sepulturæ vice sunt relicti, *fol.* 780.
Bestiis campi rabidis vorandi,
Ictibus sævis quot adhuc supersunt
Dilacerati.

Vi pedem vasta mihi perforavit
Dira glans plumbi sibilans[1] per auras
E cavo sclopo, simul evomente
Fulmina, et ignes.

Non modo carnes, gracilesque fibras,
Tendines, verum laceravit ossa,
Calceo secta[2] ligula repente
Me spoliavit.

Altero claudus pede nunc meabo
Principi[3] nigro similis fabrorum,
Vix pede infirmo feriens virentis
Gramina campi.

Non velut quondam juvat occupatum
Esse venando, saliendo, nando,
Nec puellarum tumidas papillas
Tangere curo.

Cum peto lectum cupidus quietis
Nocte perrarus brevis atque somnus,
Præ pedis læsi nimio dolore
Lumina[4] condit.

Mane cum nidum tepidum relinquo, *fol.* 781.
Confluunt circum vetule senesque,
Multa de bello Caroli rogantis
Et lanionis.

Assidens totâ foculo corusco
Luce per curo varios libellos,
Bella præsertim modulata vati[5]
Lumine casso.

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[1] Melius 'volitans' ut ait author ipse [See f. 1566].
[2] Qua vice fibulæ calcearіæ usus est.
[3] Vulcano.
[4] Oculos.
[5] Homero

Interim curat medicus mederi
Sedulus partem mihi vulneratam,
Et precor cœptis faveat benignus
Conditor orbis.

D——DI M——D POST PRŒLIUM CULODDINUM LATENTIS, LAMENTATIO.

Ah! quantam tolero solicitudinem
Per prærupta vagans culmina montium,
Per saltus varios, per cava rupium,
Ericeta per aspera.

In silvis comites nunc mihi Dorcades
Se præbent, cuculi nunc cuculando me,
Solantur, minuunt nunc mea tædia
Blando murmure turtures.

fol. 782. Ingens persequitur copia militum,
Quod nollem Carolum prodere principem
At molitus eram, quomodo pergeret
Salvus tela per hostium.

Formicæ culices innumerabiles
Et vespæ, cale et frigora per vices
Infestant nimium cum Duce Cumbriæ
Sanscissunt quasi fœdera.

Non est terribilis tam mihi Georgius,
Cui paret Domino magna Britannia,
Quam parvi culices Dux lanio quibus
Vix immitior hostis est.

Hi semper latebras inveniunt meas
In vultum volitant, dilacerant cutem
Rostris vulnificis et saturant sua
Nostro sanguine viscera.

Ex utraque diu parte viriliter
Pugnamus, culicum multa cadavera
Prosternuntur humi vultus et est meus
Multo vulnere saucius.

Postremo numeris obrutus hostium
Verto terga, petens ardua montium,
Confestim sequitur turba sed invida
Me quocunque fero gradum.

Haud sum pestifero liber ab hoc grege,
Donec me miserans advenit Æolus
Et fusos culices trans Stygias aquas
Flatu mittit anhelitus.

Vix speranda dies lætior usque dum *fol.* 783.
Extinctus fuerit Georgius, et novus
Succedat solio rex populo suo
Qui clementior esse vult.

Aut hæc eveniat candida lux cito,
Noctes atque dies ex animo precor,
Aut bellum veteri sanguinolentius
Vexat regna Britanniæ.

O si contigerit tempus id aureum,
Audebo latebras linquere, Georgii
Et parvi faciens arma minacia
Mundo me dare publicum.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. Hugh MacDonald of Balishair in North Uist. *fol.* 784.

Sir,—You may be justly surprized at the receipt of a letter from one whom you know nothing about. But the happiness I have lately met with of being introduced to your brother's acquaintance, and of conversing with him easily and freely upon some certain subjects, will, I hope, be sufficient to apologize for me at your hands, especially as he is pleased to take the trouble of covering this with one from himself. 18 Jan. 1748

For some time past I have been using my poor endeavours to make up a collection of Journals and other papers relative to the important and extraordinary occurrences of life that

18 Jan. happened within a certain period of time, and which will serve to fix a distinguishing mark upon that period as a most
fol. 785. memorable æra to all posterity. I thank God my endeavours in that way have already been bless'd with a success even beyond my expectations, as your brother can inform you. As I have a great anxiety to make the collection as compleat and exact as possible for the instruction of future ages in a piece of history the most remarkable and interesting that ever happen'd in any age or country, so I gladly embrace every seasonable opportunity of making my addresses to such whose situation in life has at any time of the æra (so full of wonders!) rendered them capable of knowing or discerning the true state of facts, and thereby of being useful in the cause of truth.

For this reason it is, Sir, that I give you this trouble, beg-
fol. 786. ging the favour of you to transmit to me in writing, by any sure private hand that comes in your way, all that you either know or can have well vouched from others anent the uncommon dangers and distresses, and the surprizing escapes of a CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN. Your name is already made mention of in my collection with respect, and if this, my request, be liable to the imputation of indecency or presumption, let your own good character bear the blame. For if you had not a place in the List of the never enough to be admired HIGHLAND WORTHIES I should never have attempted to solicit your correspondence. I know that Clanranald and his lady and Boisdale (who are all frequently mentioned in my collection, much to their honour), can be very useful in promoting
fol. 787. the good design by giving a full and plain account of all that they know; and I hope you will employ your good offices with them in particular to comply with a request that affords them an opportunity of doing such a remarkable service to the cause of truth. Most respectfully I salute them and all the other worthies in the Long Isle who had the courage and the integrity of heart bravely to despise the tempting bait of *thirty thousand pounds sterling*! May they live and be happy, and enjoy all they wish and all they want, for never was there a more amiable instance of heroic virtue.

If you honour me with a return, please direct for me at the
fol. 788. house of my Lady Bruce of Kinross in the Citadel of Leith

near Edinburgh. With much respect and veneration, I am, 18 Jan.
Sir, a constant admirer of HIGHLAND HEROISM, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, January 18th, 1748.

Copy of a LETTER to Mr. MALCOLM MACLEOD of Brea in Rasay. *fol. 789.*

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I could not have thought that you 18 Jan. 1748
would have allowed the opportunity of Donald Roy MacDonald's coming here slip you without writing me some few lines, if it had been but only to inform me anent your own welfare and that of the worthies in Rasay and Sky.

Herewith I send you six Edinburgh Almanacks as small tokens of my respect for those to whom they are to be given,[1] and whose names you 'll find written upon the first leaf of each *fol. 790.* copy as a direction for you how to dispose of them. I wish it were in my power to give them more valuable instances of my sincere regard for them and all such as they are.

Suffer me, my friend, to put you in mind of the several commissions I have so often mentioned both in conversation and in writing. I hope you 'll forget none of them, but will exert your utmost endeavours to satisfy my desires in an affair you have so much at heart.

You are always remembered here with much esteem.

My best wishes attend the worthy family of Rasay, your nearest friend, and all those worthies to whom I have sent the small presents. Sincerely, I am, Dear Sir, your most affec- *fol. 791.* tionate friend and very humble servant, ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, January 18th, 1748.[2]

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[1] The Laird of Rasey, Malcolm MacLeod of Brea, Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, and John MacKinnon of Elighuill.

[2] See f. 856.

fol. 792. 18 Jan. 1748

Copy of a Letter to Mr. Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh in the Isle of Sky.

My very dear sir,—I gladly embrace this opportunity to offer you my most hearty thanks for the singular favour you have done me in desiring Donald Roy MacDonald to honour me with a visit. He has been with me several times, and has given me some excellent narratives well worth the remarking. He is a very sensible, clever, pretty fellow, and my worthy patroness is much pleased with him.

I hope long before this time my memorandum by Malcolm MacLeod and my letter by Donald MacLeod have reached you, and I would fain flatter myself with the expectation of your
fol. 793. giving a ready and chearful compliance to my requests, which will lay me under particular obligations to you, and will be doing an inexpressible service to the cause of truth and justice.

I should not act the part of a sincere friend did I not remark to you that there is a paper handed about as a matter of great curiosity both in London and Edinburgh, which is given out to be an exact transcript of that remarkable letter[1] which the Laird of MacLeod is said to have written to you on a certain subject. I am persuaded a thousand copies of it (if not more) are in London, and as many in and about Edinburgh. A gentleman who came lately from London and brought a copy of it along with him was pleased to make me a
fol. 794. visit and to allow me to take a copy for myself, but I can assure you I have all along positively refused to give copies of it even to my best friends, who have taken care upon my refusal to procure copies from other hands. Your friend, James MacDonald, can well vouch this for me. I have been and am still so scrupulous in this (which I deem a point of great delicacy) as not to shew my copy at all, that so it may not be said that I have had any, the smallest, hand in spreading it. When I declared my surprize to the gentleman who allowed me to take a transcript from his copy how such a

[1] See f. 701.

thing should be so common, he told me that it was so far from being a secret in London that on the contrary it was as public there as anything in writ could be, and he doubted not but it might soon appear in print. For your satisfaction, dear Sir, and my own information, I have thought fit to send you inclosed an exact copy of it as it is handed about, for none of them has any date or place. Be so good as to inform me if the copy be really in the same words with the original, and if it be so to let me know the date of the letter. If the copy be false and forged I would earnestly beg once more to have a faithful copy under your own hand, that so it may not only be preserved carefully, but likewise that I may have it in my power to destroy the credit of the spurious copy which every body looks upon as genuin. To make you easy and secure as to the correspondence I so earnestly desire, I do solemnly declare upon the sacred word of a Christian and a clergyman that whatever discoveries (either upon this or any other point) you are pleased to favour me with, they shall be a dead secret untill a proper season comes about, and shall not be communicated to any (as matters stand now) without your particular allowance. 18 Jan. *fol.* 795. *fol.* 796.

I am glad it is in my power to inform you from good authority that Bettie Burk frequently makes mention in her conversing with friends of MacDonald of Kingsburgh with great respect and warm affection. But you must not let Mrs. MacDonald know this, lest jealousy should arise in her breast.

With the utmost sincerity I heartily wish you and Mrs. MacDonald a happy and comfortable New-Year with large amends; and that all things good and happy may ever attend you and all your concerns is the earnest prayer of, Dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant, *f l.* 797.

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, January 18*th*, 1748.

P.S.—You and your family are always remembered here with the greatest regards. If you would send me a bit off one of the lugs of the brogs you would do me a very great favour.

Adieu.

18 Jan. *fol.* 798. *N.B.*—The above letters I sent off by James MacDonald, an officer amongst the Scots Hollanders, who was going a recruiting to Sky and the Long Isle. He is son to honest Armadale, and thereby brother to Miss Flora MacDonald only by the mother. He set out from Leith on his journey to the Isle of Sky upon Friday, January 22nd, 1748.[1]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 799.

Copy of a LETTER to Mr. JOHN MACPHERSON of Stramashie in Badenoch.

25 Feb. 1748 SIR,—Your mentioning my name in a letter to your friend[2] (who is pleased to be the bearer of this), and your desiring him to call for me, opens a door, I hope, for a friendly correspondence betwixt you and me, which I shall be exceedingly glad to be honoured with. I am using my endeavours to make up a collection of papers relative to the affairs of a CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN and of those who followed his fortunes, and it affords me no small pleasure when I happen to find out any person who can be useful in promoting the good design of establishing the truth both as to facts and men; and that you are such a one I am well informed. Some very extraordinary *fol.* 800. events of different kinds have happened in this island of late; events that truly may be termed PRODIGIES, and which loudly call upon the attention of every honest man for a strict and impartial examination, that so they may be carefully recorded and transmitted to posterity according to truth and justice.

Among the several enquiries I have made I have been particularly mindful to ask about the action at Clifton, but have never yet been so lucky as to meet with any person that could give me a true and exact account of it. And, therefore, it is that this subject is not so much as mentioned in my collections as yet, for I chuse not to take things imperfectly and at second hand when I have any the least probability of getting them from those who were engaged in them. What makes me the

[1] See ff. 851, 1631.

[2] A young gentleman of the name of MacPherson.

more desirous to have an exact history of this affair is that the printed accounts of it are but very lame and imperfect, to say no more of them. To you, therefore, sir, I beg leave to apply as a proper person to furnish me with what I so much desire. Be so good then as to converse with those that were immediate actors in the affair of Clifton, and to favour me with as full and circumstantial an account of it as possible, that so justice may be done to the brave CLUNY MACPHERSON and his Clan, who behaved themselves in that attempt with so much resolution and with such a sogerly spirit. There is one circumstance I beg to be particularly informed about, which is that either CLUNY himself or one of his following did take a fine broad-sword belonging to the Duke of Cumberland; for this particular is always mentioned when the action at Clifton happens to be the topick of conversation. 25 Feb. *fol.* 801.

May I likewise importune you, sir, to exert your endeavours to procure me as exact an account as you can of the several pillagings and plunderings, the burnings and other cruelties committed in the Highlands of Scotland after the 16th of April, 1746? In doing of this be particularly inquisitive about the names of places and of persons, whether perpetrators or sufferers; but where the names cannot be got (as indeed it is not an easy matter to discover all these exactly in such a confusion), still let the facts be impartially narrated. The burning of Cluny's house has been often mentioned to me, but I have never yet taken any account of it in writing, as all I could have about it was only at second hand and repeated sometimes with different circumstances. I could wish to have the true account of this. Let me know what number of men might be in the party who executed the fiery orders and under whose command they were, etc. *fol.* 802. *fol.* 803.

I earnestly beg that every narrative you favour me with may be well vouched, for I would not wish to advance a falsehood upon any subject, no, not even on WILLIAM THE CRUEL himself, for any consideration whatsomever. It is a most bare and flagitious device, and can proceed only from the father of lies to endeavour to promote even the best of causes by wrong meanes; and therefore let who will take up with this fashionable way of managing matters, it will always be the constant

25 Feb. care of every truly honest man to scorn the dirty employment.

Whatever accounts you favour me with please transmit them to me by some sure private hand that comes in your way and *fol.* 804. not by post, and hereby I assure you that a wise and right use shall be made of them.

You see I have writ to you with the utmost freedom and openness, the method I always chuse when I am doing myself the honour of corresponding with any of the HIGHLAND WORTHIES; and therefore I must rely upon your prudence and good sense to make a discreet use of this letter. When you have read it over and communicated the contents of it to any WORTHIES that may be living in your neighbourhood, I wish you would commit it to the flames.

I esteem and revere your character, and sincerely am, Sir, a constant admirer of HIGHLAND HEROISM, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.[1]

Citadel of Leith, February 25th, 1748.

fol 805. *Saturday, March 12th*, 1748.

12 March Miss Flora MacDonald being in my room in the Citadel of Leith I took an opportunity of reading to her Armadale's letter to his wife (in this volume page 769)[2] as given me by Captain Donald Roy MacDonald, and of asking her whether or not it was exact enough. She answered that Donald Roy MacDonald was right enough as to the substance of the letter, but that he had forgotten to mention that Armadale had likewise these words in his letter, viz. :—'I have sent Neil MacKechan along with your daughter and Bettie Burk to take care of them.' At the same time Miss MacDonald assured me that her brother, MacDonald of Milton, was the person who delivered the Prince's pistols into Armadale's hands.[3]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

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[1] See ff. 854, 890, 937. [2] See f. 769. [3] See f. 770.

A true NARRATIVE of CAPTAIN ANDREW WOOD'S conversion to the true Church, in a letter to a friend.[1]

fol. 806.

DEAR SIR,—At your request I have put down in writing the substance of what passed between Captain Wood and me the day before he was put to death at Kennington Common, which is as follows:

November 27, 1746. Being this day called to the new goal in Southwark upon a very solemn and aweful occasion, and after having, as I thought very much to my satisfaction, finished the great business I went about, while I was preparing to take my leave, a worthy gentleman came up to me and told me poor Mr. Wood was below in great distress on account of some very hard and unkind usage he had met with from a Presbyterian minister, who had greatly disappointed him in refusing to give him the holy sacrament, and begged I would come and endeavour, if possible, to minister some relief to him in his present melancholy circumstances.

27 Nov. 1746

fol. 807.

Accordingly I went down to him; and when we were retired together into a room by ourselves, with eyes full of tears, he related to me the conference he had just then had with this minister (whose name I think is Partington), complaining very pathetically of his cruel and unchristian treatment.

'Being born and brought up,' said he, 'a Presbyterian, I was recommended to this man by my friends for his assistance in order to prepare myself the better for the great change just now approaching, and, having thereupon had the help of his prayers for two or three times before, I expected this day to have had the comfort of receiving the sacrament from him, when, to my great surprize, instead of that he set upon me with great vehemence, charged me with the most horrid crimes, of impiously embruing my hands in Christian blood, murdering his majesty's subjects, and of rebelling against the wisest, most just, most pious and best of kings in favour of a Popish Pretender, with a great deal more of such unbecoming rant; bidding me repent and ask God's pardon for what I had done, otherwise he

fol. 808.

[1] See f. 123.

27 Nov. should not give me the sacrament nor have anything more to do with me.'

To this, without more ado (says Mr. Wood), I made answer before several bystanders (a dozen at least, what with those in the room and those looking in at the windows) 'that I was not more surprized than confounded at his talking in such a manner at this time when I thought he was come to me on another very different errand. But since you have thought fit
fol. 809. to oblige me to it,' says Mr. Wood, 'I shall be free enough to tell you that I abhor the most detestable and impious sin of rebellion as much as you or any man living, and that I am not conscious of having done anything in taking up arms upon this occasion but what I am convinced was my bounden duty to God, my king, and my country; and what I should certainly do again, should it ever please God to give me another opportunity, and what you yourself too and every honest man and good subject ought to have done.

'And to prove this to him,' says Mr. Wood, 'I alleged that the Revolution was both contrary to the laws of our Church and the State, and I put him in mind of the 23rd article of the Westminster Confession, which Confession we hold, and that tells us that *no difference in religion, no, not even infidelity itself in the Prince, can absolve us from our allegiance to him*
fol. 810. *nor take away his right of dominion over us.* I desired him also at the same time to reflect what our poor country had got by the Revolution besides beggary and slavery, with almost the entire loss of all virtue and good principles. I bid him remember the Massacre of Glencoe, the destruction of the Scots in Darien, the base and scandalous Union, the articles of which had constantly been violated as often as ever it served the wicked purposes of the usurpers and their infamous tools; and particularly on the present occasion with regard to us poor prisoners who are brought here, out of our own country, the ancient kingdom, to be tried, condemned, and murdered by strangers and foreigners who most inhumanely thirst after our blood. And last of all I added farther what I myself had been witness to in the murders and massacre in cool blood after the battle of Culloden, so barbarous and unchristian that
fol. 811. I verily believe the like had never before been heard of in any

civilised, much less Christian country. But here,' said he, 'the 27 Nov.
minister bade me take care what I said, for, if I went on to talk at this rate, I should not only endanger my own safety, but perhaps that of my fellow-prisoners also. But I answered I could not help that, for I thought myself obliged before God and men to declare the truth to which I hoped I should nether be ashamed nor afraid to bear testimony to my latest breath, whatever might be the event. When I had said this the minister got up and went away without making me one word of answer.'

Poor Captain Wood (Captain, I call him, because he told me he had a Captain's commission in his pocket), having ended his account of this extraordinary interview with his pretended pastor, who had now most uncharitably forsaken and left him *fol.* 812.
destitute of all the spiritual assistance he had depended on receiving from him, appeared to me (and which was indeed really the case) as a person in the utmost distress, quite bewildered, not knowing whither to turn, where to apply for relief, or what course to take. Seeing this, I confess I was very much moved and felt for him very much. I bid him, however, take heart and be of good comfort, for I trusted there was still mercy reserved in store for him, and a passage yet open for his entering into the joy of his Lord; and that, too, even by means of this very incident, how grievous and discouraging soever it might be to him for the present. And in my opinion, said I, Captain Wood, it would be a piece of the most gross and inexcusable inattention in you not to consider this event as a signal instance of God's goodness, and also as an earnest of his farther most gracious intentions towards you in putting you in *fol.* 813.
a way of discovering and making proof of the want of charity and the bad principles of the Sect you have unhappily been brought up in, and by this means to lead you to the truth and bring you to the gates of the true Church of Christ, which I trust will speedily be opened to you, in whose communion you may indeed find true comfort and peace, for to her and her only do the promises belong. And, for my part, I cannot help thinking this great grace in an especial manner bestowed upon you for your steady adherence to, and the honest and noble confession you have just now been making of the truth. And

27 Nov. let us not cease then to admire and adore God's wisdom and mercy, and goodness herein, who out of the painful and grievous disappointment occasioned by the minister's uncharitable behaviour towards you is, I trust, bringing you by sure
fol. 814. steps to everlasting peace and comfort.

You tell me, Mr. Wood, you expected this minister should have given you the sacrament this morning. But, pray, did you ever ask or examine by what authority he or any of his brethren does take upon him to administer this most holy ordinance? Is he called of God, as was Aaron? No, surely, he has no lawful commission for the valid and effectual administration of Gospel ordinances. 'Tis all sacrilegious presumption, and nothing less than the sin of Core. Hence I took occasion to speak to him of the nature of Christ's kingdom here upon earth, of the powers given by Him to His apostles, and by them to their successors, the bishops, and so handed down regularly without opposition or contradiction from age to age, through a continued series of 1500 years and upwards, till the time of John Calvin, the false apostle of your Kirk. To all this he listened very patiently, and only once said, 'Are
fol. 815 not the secret internal call and the external qualifications of a minister a sufficient authority?' By no means, said I, for to these might any man pretend, and hence nothing but confusion and disorder would ensue.

Having now pretty well satisfied Mr. Wood of the absolute necessity of a lawful commission for the valid administration of Gospel ordinances, and that the pretended Church or communion he had been brought up in had no manner of title or shadow of authority to the dispensing of such commissions, but that, on the contrary, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and her sister, the Church of England, were fully invested with all competent power and authority, derived by an uninterrupted succession from Christ, the head, and His apostles; I then proceeded to speak of baptising, which from what had been
fol. 816. already said, he saw plainly could only be validly and savingly administered by the lawfully commissioned officers of the Church of Christ. I turned then to the office itself as it stands in our Liturgy, read it with him and explained it, where I thought he might be at a loss, with all which he seemed per-

fectly well satisfied, earnestly desiring the benefit of my office in that great and holy mystery, which accordingly in the presence of proper witnesses I most chearfully and joyfully administred to him; giving withal most hearty thanks to Almighty God and our Lord Jesus Christ in that He had been most graciously pleased to make me, though unworthy, yet happily the instrument of bringing home a poor lost and wandering sheep to Christ's fold. This done, we proceeded immediately to the next Divine institution, and after that perfected and consummated all in the truly divine and heavenly worship, the Christian sacrifice, wherein we are in mercy permitted to plead before God, the Father Almighty, the benefits of the great and all-sufficient atonement, in shewing the Lord's death till He come. 27 Nov. *fol.* 817.

To whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, the everblessed and adorable Trinity, for this and all other His unspeakable mercies, be all glory, and honour, and adoration, by angels and men, and all rational natures, now and to all eternity, Amen! Amen!

P.S.—After what hath been above related concerning the happy conversion of poor Captain Andrew Wood, I must not forget to add that all his future behaviour was (while I continued with him) easy and chearful, like a person indeed thoroughly satisfied in his mind; and this ease and chearfulness, I have good reason to believe, continued with him to the last moment of his life. *fol.* 818.

N.B.—*Saturday, March 12th*, 1748.—I received from the hands of the right reverend Bishop Keith in the Canongate a copy of the Narrative of Captain Wood's conversion, from which I made out the preceding transcript. I asked at Bishop Keith if he could inform me who the clergyman was that had converted Captain Wood; to which he answered that he had reason to assure me that Bishop Gordon was the clergyman. This is the same Mr. Gordon mentioned by my Lord Balmerino in his speech [f. 14]. Mr. Gordon is a Scotsman and a nonjurant bishop. He resides in London. 12 March

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 819. *The Blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh is taken off.*

Said Isr'el's king, divinely wise and mild,
Make nature's voice proclaim whose is the child.
Bring forth the sword, with it decide the strife;
The mother must be tender of the life.

Learn, Britons, hence your judgment how to frame,
By nature's standard, which is still the same,
To save ev'n prodigals gives fathers joy.
Who is not father says—'Go, sword, destroy!'

The Sequel, etc.

1.

Ye whigs sing *Te Deum*; ye Jacobites fret;
There 's excellent news in the London Gazette;
That stripling invader, the young Chevalier,
Is gone back to the north with a flea in his ear.

2.

Great William advances, the rebels retreat;
Had the dastards stood still, they had surely been beat.
Such wonders were never perform'd in this Isle;
The illustrious youth has retaken Carlisle!

3.

He his courage derives from a valorous stock,
And is a true chip of the German old Block;
For so noble a siege all that 's needful he got,
And they wanted for nothing but powder and shot.

4.

What muse with such glory shall dare to keep pace!
Strike a medal in gold and reflect his sweet face.
We never deserv'd such a Prince of our own,
Prepare, ye great artists, your canvass and stone.

5.

With green laurels crown'd and immortal renown, *fol.* 820.
In triumph return'd, he revisits the town;
All his battles refights, all his labours renews,
And of mighty exploits brings himself the first news.

6.

When the Scots, like Artæus, retouch'd their own earth,
Their courage and vigour reviv'd to new birth;
Unconscious of flight, they redoubled such blows,
As proclaim'd they were only ashamed of their foes.

7.

The flanel-cloath'd troops were so stunn'd with surprize,
With the rain, and the hail, and the wind in their eyes,
They fled, with great fear and the weather struck blind,
And left all their cannon and baggage behind.

8.

O Hawly! O Falkirk! confusion and shame,
Is the fault in the troops, or is Heav'n to blame?
Prestonpans led the van says that surly old blade,
And Clifton, too, boasts of a late ambuscade.

9.

Great William, who is of his army the soul
To govern, direct, guide and actuate the whole,
On whose crest sits fell terror and horrid dismay,
Dispatches his name and recovers the day.

10.

Again they retreat, again Brunswick pursues,
Pray tell me, ye whigs, is not this joyful news?
Had you trusted in Heaven, you 'd been left in the lurch,
Then e'en discontinue the prayers of the Church.

11.

With the speed of a stag to the mountains they hye,
But rumour 's a jilt that delights in a lye;
Like the Parthian they fly, then with caution pursue, *fol.* 821.
For a Scotchman dare fight—give the devil his due.

12.

Now, sing not a triumph till victory 's got,
Nor make a new law for the hanging a Scot;
Many things may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip,
And no mortal knows where a hero may slip.

The Gazette of January 23d, 1745/6. *Versified.*

Veniunt ad classica venti.

1.

I 'll tell you a tale for a groat,
That highly advances our glory,
Of a battle so gallantly fought
As not to be equall'd in story.
To Scotland repairs Chiftain Hawly,
The fiercest of British commanders,
He promis'd the King he would maul ye,
O ye cowardly rebel Highlanders!

2.

And now all so brave on the green
This hero his army assembled.
Were ever such myrmidons seen?
O how the blue-bonnet men trembl'd!
But scarce had your fears drove you back,
When aid from the welkin was sent you,
And all on a sudden, Alack!
En veniunt ad classica venti!

3.

fol. 822. Resistance and courage were vain,
The South wind blew louder and louder,
Then down fell a deluge of rain,
Which spoil'd in a trice all our powder.
'Twas time to give over the fight,
And prudently make a retreat;
So to Lithgow we came in wet plight,
Where we found not a morsel to eat.

4.

From thence by mere hunger drove out,
To Edinburgh strait we ran on,
The Gen'ral look'd sharply about,
And swore he miss'd all his cannon.
Some fancy in traps they were caught.
The Highlanders stole them we say.
But others more justly have thought
By the wind they were blown away.

5.

But think not on what 's left behind,
Since our chief, when his army had burn'd all,
That the rebels no shelter might find,
Commanded his tents to be burn'd all.
Now my tale ye rightly shall ken,
That we kept the field can't be doubted
So that by a handful of men,
The whole Highland army was routed.

A genuin Dialogue between a gentlewoman at Derby and her maid Jenny, in the beginning of December 1745. *Taken from the Chester Journal.* *fol.* 823.

GEN. Jenny, Come here: I 'm told that you have been To see this man. JEN. What man? GEN. Why you have seen
The young Pretender, hussy, at his lodgings.
Is it not so? Come tell me without dodging.
JEN. Why really, Madam, I was passing by
Thinking no harm—not in the least—not I,
And somebody or other that I met.
GEN. What somebody? JEN. Indeed now I forget—
Said what a handsome man he was—And so,
Begging your pardon, Madam, I did go,
But had no ill intention in the thing,
A cat may look—as folks say—at a king.
GEN. King—do you call him? Ye rebellious slut.

Dec. 1745

Dec. JEN. I did not call him so, good madam, but—
GEN. But me! no butting! Not another day
Shall any rebel in my service stay.
I owe you twenty shillings, ther 's a guinea,
Pack up—And go about your business, Jenny.
Matters indeed are come to a fine pass,
The next thing, I suppose, you 'll go to Mass.
JEN. To Mass! What road? For I don't know the place,
Nor could I tell which way to turn my face.
GEN. Turn! You 'll turn Papist, and believe black 's white.
JEN. Why, bless me, Madam, I han't lost my sight.
GEN. And then the priests will bid you cut my throat.
JEN. Dear, loving Mistress, how you talk by rote.
I would not hurt a hair of your dear head
Were all the priests in Mass to kill me dead;
And I don't say it with design to brag,
Since I 've been with you, you han't lost a rag.
I cut your throat! because I saw the Prince,
And never thought of black or white e'er since.
fol. 824. GEN. Good! this is you that did not call him king.
And is not Prince, ye minx, the selfsame thing?
JEN. You are so hasty, Madam, with your snarles,
Wou'd you ha' me call the gentleman plain Charles.
GEN. Prince Charles again! Speak out your treason-tales,
His Royal Highness, Charles, the Prince of Wales.
JEN. Oh! Madam, you say more of him than me,
For I said nothing of his pedigree.
GEN. Pedigree! Fool! What would the wench be at?
What pedigree has any bastard brat?
JEN. Nay—I 'm no Harold. Be he what he will,
He is a charming man to look at still.
When I was got in there amongst the throng
His Royal Highness—— GEN. Hussey, hold your tongue.
JEN. You call'd him so yourself but just e'en now.
GEN. Yes, so I did. But then the manner how.
JEN. And will you turn a servant out of doors,
Because her manners ben't so fine as yours?
GEN. Jenny, I say you had no business neither
To see the creature, or go near him either.

JEN. Creature! Nay, pardon, Madam, he is no creature, Dec.
But a sweet comely Christian, ev'ry feature.
GEN. No creature! Would you *worship* him, you dunce?
JEN. I would you were to see his *worship* once.
GEN. How can the girl cross questions like a fool;
Or think that I should go and see the tool?
Jenny, tho' you have done so far amiss,
I pity such an ignorance as this;
If you 'll go mind your work as heretofore,
And keep at home, I 'll pass the matter o'er.
JEN. Ah! Madam, you 're so good. Let me but speak
My simple mind, or else my heart will break,
I 've such a strange foreboding in my heart.
If you but saw him once, we should not part.
Do see him once. What harm is there in seeing?
If after that there be not an agreeing—
Then call me twenty rebel sluts, if you, *fol.* 825.
When you have seen him, ben't a rebel too.

Now whether Jenny did persuade her dame
Has not as yet been trumpeted by fame.
Sometimes there happens to be secret views
That are not put into the publick news.
But by report that private rumor gives,
She 'll never part with Jenny while she lives.

COPY of a LETTER from Dr. JOHN BURTON of York to me, ROBERT FORBES.[1]

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid you 'll think me ungrateful in not writing to you sooner to return thanks for the many favours I have received from the good ladies at your house and from yourself. But I hope you will excuse me when I tell you that I have not been a month returned, having been detained longer than I expected, a full account of which I have given 24 March 1747-8

[1] See ff. 490, 519, 524, 547.

24 March Dr. Drummond, who can tell you my travels at large, for I am afraid of filling this too full lest there should not be room for the letter of the Prince to his father, which I promised to send.
fol. 826. As I have forgot which letter it is that you have I may chance to send you that. But if that should happen, upon informing me right, I shall afterwards send the other. I would send 'em both now, but that they will be too much for my frank cover, which goes to Miss Flora MacDonald. If I don't mistake, the copy you have is of the letter after the battle of Prestonpans,[1] so this I send is from Perth in the Prince's way to Edinburgh, as follows:[2]

10 Sept. 1745 *Perth, September* 10, 1745.

Sir,—Since my landing everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto even beyond my expectations. I have got together 1300 men, and am promised more brave, determin'd men who are resolved to die or conquer with me. The enemy marched a body of regular troops to attack me; but when they came near they chang'd
fol. 827. their mind, and, by taking a different rout, and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders. But I am not at all sorry for it. I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous and supported by their dragoons.

I have occasion every day to reflect on your Majesty's last words to me—That I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. One who observes the discipline I have established would take my little army to be a body of pick'd veterans, and to see the love and harmony that reigns
fol. 828. amongst us he would be apt to look upon it as a large well-ordered family in which every one loves another better than himself.

I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used

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[1] See f. 365. [2] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, ff. 32, 35, footnote.

to do in the Campagnie Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the ground than I used to do in the palaces at Rome. 10 Sept.

There is one thing, and but one, in which I had any difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about the price upon my kinsman's head, which, knowing your Majesty's generous humanity, I am sure, will shock you, as it did me, when I was shown the proclamation setting a price upon my head. I smil'd, and treated it with the disdain I thought it deserved; upon which they flew into a violent rage, and insisted upon my doing the same by him. As this flowed solely from the poor men's love and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to temper by representing that it was a mean, barbarous principle among princes, *fol.* 829. and must dishonour them in the eyes of all men of honour; that I did not see how my cousin's having set me the example would justify me in imitating that which I blame so much in him. But nothing I could say would pacify them. Some went even so far as to say: 'Shall we venture our lives for a man who seems so indifferent of his own.' Thus have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself.

Your Majesty knows that in my nature I am neither cruel nor revengeful; and God, who knows my heart, knows that if the Prince who has forced me to this (for it is he that has forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be treating him as the Black Prince treated his prisoner, the King of France, to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing *fol.* 830. whom he himself (if he had any spirit) would despise for not attempting.

I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God's protection. If I die it shall be, as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and rescue my injur'd country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued) makes life more indifferent to me. As I know and admire the fortitude with which your Majesty has supported your misfortunes, and the generous disdain with which you have rejected all offers of forcing assistance on terms which you thought

10 Sept. dishonourable to your self and injurious to your country; if bold but interested friends should at this time take advantage
fol. 831. of the tender affection with which they know you love me, I hope you will reject their proposals with the same magnanimity you have hitherto shown, and leave me to shift for myself, as Edward the 3d left his brave son when he was in danger of being oppress'd by numbers in the field. No, Sir, let it never be said that to save your son you injur'd your country. When your enemies bring in foreign troops, and you reject all foreign assistance on dishonourable terms, your deluded subjects of England must see who is the true father of his people. For my own part, I declare once for all that while I breathe I will never consent to alienate one foot of land that belongs to the Crown of England, or set my hand to any treaty inconsistent with its sovereignty and independency. If the English will
fol. 832. have my life, let them take it if they can. But no unkindness on their part shall ever force me to a thing that may justify them in taking it. I may be overcome by my enemies, but I will not dishonour myself. If I die it shall be with my sword in hand fighting for the liberty of those who fight against me.

I know there will be fulsome addresses from the different Corporations of England; but I hope they will impose upon none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will no doubt endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of, and has so often considered the fatal errors of your father, would with your eyes open go and repeat them again?

Notwithstanding the repeated assurance your Majesty has
fol. 833 given in your declaration that you will not invade any man's property, they endeavour to persuade the unthinking people that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed, as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe and all the kingdoms you hope to reign over, poor at home and insignificant abroad. They no doubt try to frighten the present possessors of Church and Abbey lands with vain

terrors as if your Majesty's intention was to resume them all, 10 Sept.
not considering that you have lived too long in a Catholick country and read the history of England too carefully not to have observed the many melancholy monuments to be seen there of the folly of those pious princes, who, thinking to honour religion, have lessened it by keeping superstitious rites in the Church, whereby they have insensibly rais'd up a power which has too often proved an overmatch for their successors. *fol.* 834.

I find it a great loss that the brave Lord Mareshall is not with me. His character is very high in this country, and it must be so where ever he is known. I had rather see him than 1000 French, who, if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders.

There is one man in this country whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyle, who I find is in great credit amongst them on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependents by his large fortune; but I am told I can hardly flatter my self by the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours has sunk deep into his mind. What have these princes to answer for, who by their cruelties have raised enemies not only to themselves but to their innocent children? *fol.* 835.

I must not close this letter without doing justice to your Majesty's Protestant subjects, who I find are as zealous in your cause as the Roman Catholicks, which is what Dr. Wagstaff has often told me I should find when I came to try them. I design to march to-morrow, and hope my next shall be from Edinburgh.—I am, your Majesty's, etc. etc. etc.

We have no news here; I shall be glad to hear what news 24 March 1747-8
you have. I doubt not but you have had the account of rivers Kirtle, Lyddle, Esk, and some others which run cross the Island into both seas, and divide Scotland and England, stopping their course for several hours, leaving fishes upon the dry ground, etc. Upon the Borders, near the River Esk, there was also the appearance of an army drawn up in proper order, consisting of both horse and foot to the amount of 20,000. One of the corps was very gaily dressed. These were seen by *fol.* 836.

24 March numbers of people, some in front, some in flank and in the rear, for above half an hour, being a clear sun-shining day about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Another appearance of the like kind was seen on Whinmore, betwixt Leeds and this place. Both before at and after these armies disappeared great noises were heard in the air.

Pray give my compliments to Mr. Carmichael, and tell him if he has got any of Betty Burk's gowns ready he may send me 6, and I shall remit the money by some safe hand to him.

Pray pay kindest respects to Lady Bruce and the other ladies with her and to all friends, and believe me to be sincerely, Dear Sir, your wellwisher and obliged humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) J. Burton.

York, March 24th, 1747-8.

P.S.—If that clergyman be returned with the Account of
fol. 837. the cruelties, etc. etc., I should be glad of a copy which I should pay for, taking with pleasure. I am preparing for the press. If you have got the Laird MacLeod's letter to Kingsborough, pray favour me with a copy of it. I had forgot to tell you that the rivers above mention'd did not all run dry on the same day; but at different times, some three weeks after the others. I am surprized I have heard nothing from Malcolm since I wrote to him from Edinburgh. I beg you will burn this as soon as you have copied the Prince's letter. I here send you a few lines wrote by a country farmer near this place upon the last Fast day, which are better for the turn of thought than for the versification.

1.

Look down on us, poor Whigs, O Lord,
For we are full of trouble.
Thou knows we never pray to thee,
But when afflicted double.

2.

The Gauls with mighty armies great
All Flanders have o'erspread.
fol. 838. Some of our men are run away,
The rest are knocked o' th' head.

3. 24 March

Behold how we do fast and pray,
Expecting some relief.
With fasting we are full of woe,
Not bellies full of beef.

4.

But if thou will not hear us, Lord,
And by the French we fall,
We 'll either get another God,
Or have no God at all.

You see what opinion the poet has of their religion, which like other things they make subservient to their interest. I expect something from Dr. Drummond soon, so if you have anything to send it may come at the same time.[1]

Copy of a Return to the preceding Letter. *fol.* 839.

Dear Sir,—Your kind letter of March 24th reached me in due course. Your long silence made me at a loss what to think. Sometimes I was afraid of your being laid up in the gout, and at other times I figured you much engaged in the business of your profession, so that in either case you could not be writing letters to friends at a distance; but I never once imagined ingratitude to be the case with you. However, at last you have made a sufficient atonement by your long and obliging letter. I return you my most hearty thanks for the copy of a letter you sent me, which I had never so much as heard of before; for the copy you promised to send me was of a letter written after the battle of Falkirk. If you have such a one, be so good as send me a transcript of it. 18 April 1748

Mr. Carmichael remembers you kindly, and bids me inform you that the gowns cannot be ready till about the end of May *fol.* 840.

[1] *N.B.*—The original of the above in Dr. Burton's own handwriting is to be found among my papers.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

18 April or the beginning of June, but that your commission is to be minded first.

The clergyman you mention lives not hereabouts. His dwelling-place is at a great distance from this in the Highlands of Scotland. I know nothing as yet as to what discoveries he may have made.

As to your preparing for the press, suffer me, Dear Sir, to tell you my opinion plainly and honestly. I am persuaded your collection is not full enough for that purpose. Besides, since I had the happiness of seeing you I have been making a strict inquiry into these matters, and after a leisurely and impartial examen I can assure you that some facts will not stand the test in every particular. I say not this with any intention to discourage you in the attempt, but to suggest wariness and deliberation. I need not hint to one of your
fol. 841. judgment and experience in the affairs of life that to render one capable of narrating facts exactly (the proper business of a historian), especially where many secret interesting incidents come in the way, must be a work of time and of a long repeated enquiry. In a word, things must be sifted to the bottom and weighed in the ballance of sober reason, that so the historian may proceed upon sure grounds, and be able to withstand all the attacks of a partial and criticizing world. However, if you are determined to appear soon in print, I must earnestly beg that you would blank some certain names, the giving of which plainly would tend only to expose those WORTHIES who had the courage and virtue to despise the gilded dust to the enfuriate rage of, etc. etc. etc. And surely no honest man would wish to have the remotest hand in their ruin and destruction.—*Verbum sapienti sat est.*

The copy handed about of MacLeod's letter to Kingsborrow
fol. 842. (thousands of which are in London and Edinburgh) is not genuin, and I have not a true and exact copy of it to send to you. I lately saw a letter under Kingsborrow's own hand,[1] wherein he declares that the copy handed about is not genuin.

You need not be surprized that Malcolm MacLeod has never writ to you, when I tell you that Rasay's second son has

[1] See f. 851.

been long in a dying condition, which gives great concern to all his friends. In every letter I have from Malcolm he remembers you most affectionately and particularly in one of date January 13th he complains for want of time to write to you, and desires me to give his service to you and your lady, which I could never do till now, that you have afforded me an opportunity of corresponding with you. He received the letter you sent him from Edinburgh, which he looks upon as a great compliment. 18 April

You please me much by sending me a copy of the country farmer's performance which, indeed, is rough and plain enough. *fol.* 843.

All here join with me in wishing all things good and happy to you, your lady and young master. Sincerely I am, Dear Sir, Your friend and humble servant, R. F.

April 18*th*, 1748.

P.S.—I am sorry I cannot return the compliment of a frank. I endeavoured to procure one, but could not have it, and I have not yet seen our friend D——d, since the receipt of your letter. Forgive me then for putting you to the charge of postage. Adieu.

Copy of a Letter to the Reverend Mr. John MacLauchlan in Argyleshire.[1] *fol.* 844.

Reverend Dear Brother,—I gladly embrace this opportunity to congratulate you upon your safety after being exposed to so much distress and so many dangers. God be thanked that you are still preserved to do more good. 19 April 1748

For some time past I have been doing my best to make up as compleat a collection as possible of Journals and other papers relative to the history, but more particularly the Dangers, Distresses, and Escape of a certain young gentleman, and I thank God I have been so successful in my attempts as to have collected already about fifty sheets. I am well

[1] See f. 1129 for the answer.

19 April apprized that you have been employing your laudable endeavours in that way. And would you be so good as to *fol.* 845. transmit to me the fruits of your labours by any sure private hand (for I chuse not to correspond with WORTHIES by post), I should acknowledge the extraordinary favour with thanks, and be careful to return your papers with safety.

I am glad it is in my power to desire you to keep up a good heart. *Verbum sapienti sat est.*

That God Almighty may always have you in His holy care and protection, and may give you *all you wish and all you want*, is the hearty and earnest prayer of, Reverend Dear Sir, Your most affectionate brother and humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, April 19*th*, 1748.

N.B.—The letter (whereof the above is a copy) I sent off by the hands of Miss Peggie Callandar who was going into Argyleshire with Miss Flora MacDonald. I desired Miss Callandar to burn the letter if she did not meet with Mr. MacLauchlan, or did not find a sure way for conveying it to him. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 846. *COPY OF A LETTER TO WILLIAM.*

Drumossie, June 10*th*, 1746.

10 June 1746

William, to thee this letter comes.
Read, impious man, and say,
Don't thy foul doings rack thy breast,
And tear thy rest away?
All ages yet to come will curse,
Tyrant! thy hated name.
Rome had some heroes such as you,
Like theirs shall live thy fame.
Didst thou not, base and Nero-like,
Laugh o'er the bloody scene?
How could'st thou with a savage joy,
Behold the pris'ners slain?

Thus, Vulturine, thou gav'st the word, 10 June
Raze, raze, root out, destroy.
'No pity show to either sex,
Kill man, maid, wife, and boy.
Make bay'nets wean the sucking child
(Who dares controul my will?),
Hear, Hally! Husk! my orders are—
Go burn, spoil, waste, and kill;
Break down their altars, slay their priests,
To eternize my name,
Let those in child-bed laid be burnt,
And ravish'd ev'ry dame.'

Obsequious bow'd the minion pair; *fol.* 847.
Crowds crowded to obey;
And some 'gainst conscience madly strove,
And sinn'd as fast as they.
The hills, the heaths, the woods were scour'd;
Swept were the glens below;
The paths they took they mark'd with blood,
And march'd in clouds of woe.
Shrieks piteous, desolation spread
Those that escap'd the sword,
Mothers and babes hid beneath straw
Were by fierce fire devour'd.
Horror of horrors! the poor maids
(O vile detested scene!)
To shun what 's worse than thousand deaths
Rushed 'midst the crackling flame.
The frighted young that screaming stray'd
To mountain, moss, or wood
Starving, dropt down, and death's cold sleep
Gave them a restful bed.
Those whom great weight of years had bow'd,
Grey hairs, to holes retir'd,
With uplift hands and eyes to Heav'n
Just groan'd, and then expir'd.
What eyes so dry that would not weep *fol.* 848.
Amidst these various woes?

10 June

What breast so steel'd that cou'd approve
Of such unsparing foes?
A cannibal could well approve,
Or he, whose harden'd heart
Drove wretches on (his will their law)
To act the killing part.

Proud boaster! think of Babel's king.
Repent e'er 'tis too late,
Lest thou, like him, be made to roam,
Or meet severer fate.
If with a curse thou shalt be sent
To feed 'mongst hoof and horn,
No herd, no flock, will take thee in,
But drive thee off with scorn.
Bereft of owner's care, these flocks,
Now stray from hill to glen,
And mourn, but want the tongue of man,
To speak their loss and pain.
Their lords, alas! no more are seen;
No pastor them to guide;
The one half's banish'd far away,
The other half lie dead.

fol. 849.

In field of battle those that fell
(Men for fair fame renown'd),
To witness 'gainst thee, there their bones,
Lie still above the ground.
Forbid was sepulture to them
Who stood for the just cause,
For king, for country—all that 's dear,
For liberty, for laws.

Remember, William, thou must die.
Dread what may be thy doom,
When God shall make these dry bones live
And cover'd be with skin.
View, cruel savage, view thy guilt!
Read what's decreed by Heav'n,
'To those that will no mercy show,
No mercy will be given.'

Judgment belongs to God alone, 10 June
Nor is it man 's to say
Where, how, or when, 'tis fit for God,
With vengeance to repay.

Direful Drummossie ! Charles, o'ercome !
Base William, victor thou !
Albion's true sons to quit the field ! *fol.* 850.
It kept by William's crew !
Is mystery all. And what the cause
Lies hid from human ken.
Perhaps the darken'd why may clear,
Charles, at thy return.
Weak mortals do in vain attempt
The ways of Heav'n to scan,
Our twilight reason sees small part
Of the Almighty's plan.
Who knows, but Heav'n has will'd it thus,
The blood, by ill men spilt,
Shall heal those sores for which it stream'd,
And wash away our weight.[1]

Copy of a Letter from Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh to me, Robert Forbes. *fol.* 851.

Reverend Dear Sir,—I received your kind and oblidgeing 25 March 1748
letters,[2] and lykewise the Almanack, for which I give you thanks. You may easily beleiv I would be glad of ane opertunity to oblidge you and doe my freinds justice. But it happens that I am att such distance from them, except Malcome MacLeod in Brea, that I can be of no use to you for some tyme, tho' I have your comands prety much at heart. The copy you sent me is not genuine, tho' it bears a good deall of the substance of the originall, which, upon honour, I have not, otherwise a right coppy should be sent you. I cannot express how much I am *fol.* 852.
obliged to you for your discretion about that foolish letter,

[1] 'Guilt' is the word one would expect here.

[2] See ff. 327, 701, 792.

25 March which I wish had been let allon, since such proceedings may hurt me, which serves no end that I can think off but mear idleness. If you knew how I am made the mark of people's malice, which the bearer can inform you, you would think as I doe. Mind me in the kindest maner to your worthy patroness. Long may she live to do good in her generatione. Mrs. MacDonald joins with me in the offer our dutifull respects to her and Mrs. Raterry. And ever am, Reverend Dear Sir, your affectionat humbel servant,

Sic subscribitur, ALEXR. M'DONALD.

Kingsborow, March 25th, 1748.

I have ill will to mangle my feavorit shoes.[1]

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my *fol.* 853. papers, and was delivered to me by Kingsborrow's own son, upon Thursday, April 14th, 1748, when he was favouring me with a visit. At the same time he gave me a pair of pretty Highland garters in a present from his mother. He and Rasay's third son (Murdoch MacLeod) joined in telling that some forces were stationed along the coast from Fort William to Glenealg to view (as was given out) if any French ships should appear, they being divided into small bodies of twenties and twelves at the distance of five, six, or seven miles from one another. Kingsborrow's son told likewise that he met a company of soldiers marching into the Isle of Sky to view its coast. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 854. COPY of a LETTER by post from Mr. MACPHERSON of Strathmashie to me, ROBERT FORBES.

16 April 1748 SIR,—I hereby own to have receaved the pleasure of your letter of the 25th February,[2] and to be heartily glad and sensible of the honour you doe me in proposeing a friendly correspondence. Tho' I 'm afraid I cannot to purpose answer your expectations in contributing to forward the worthy design

[1] See ff. 797, 1057.

[2] See f. 799.

you have taken, I'll venture upon it, and before now wou'd have troubled you with a kind of detail of the facts that consist with my knowledge; but that a proper hand to transmit by is not yet come in my way, which I must patiently wait for. Therefore, Dear Sir, till that happens, I beg you excuse me. 16 Apr 1

I wish you all manner of happiness and success in the laudable work you have undertaken, and am with the greatest esteem and affection, dear sir, your reall admirer and most faithfull servant, *fol.* 855.

Sic subscribitur, JOHN M'PHERSON.

Strathmashie, 16*th April* 1748.

P.S.—If at any time you take occasion of writeing to me by post, please direct for me 'By Ruthven.'

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.[1] ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Upon Wednesday's afternoon, April 13th, 1748, I was favoured with a visit of Murdoch MacLeod, Rasay's third son,[2] who delivered to me a letter from Malcolm MacLeod with some papers enclosed, which papers are in the handwriting of John MacLeod, the young laird of Rasay, commonly called Rona, and in the handwriting of the foresaid Murdoch MacLeod. Exact copies of the letters and the inclosed papers are as follows: *fol.* 856. 13 April

Rasay, March 22, 1748. 22 March 1748

REVEREND DEAR SIR,—I hope you'll forgive me for not writing to you sooner, and perhaps you think that I was not in my duty because I did not send you that account before this time. Upon my honour, you need not think so, for I was as bussy is [*sic*] I could, but the people would not give it me. I sent to John MacKinnon, and he wou'd not send it to me. Then I went myself in person, but he wou'd not give it to me. What was is reason for denying it to me that I cannot tell. I went to tow or three more, and did the very same to me. Kingsborrow promised me that he wou'd secure Armidils part of it. I do not chouse to send you anything but what is truth. *fol.* 857.

[1] See ff. 856, 890, 934.

[2] See f. 228.

22 March What happened in our own island you 'll have soon, and send a double of it to Doctor Burton, my good friend. I received your compliments to me and to others to whom I delivered them as you derected them; and all of them thanks you most kindly for your complement. The bearer will tell you better than I can writ. Send me by the bearer any news that goes with you in town, and you 'll oblidge, Your most obedient humble servant,

Sic subscribitur, MAL. MACLEOD.

Make my complement to Lady Bruce.

fol. 858. 29 June 1746 How[1] soon Alexander MacDonald of Kingburgh got the Prince under his care he was at a loss how to dispose of him. But, sending for Donald MacDonald, commonly called Donald Roy,[2] a Captain in the Prince's army, they concluded that the best way for his safety was to find out old Rasay and deliver him to his care. Accordingly Donald MacDonald wrote to young Rasay, then staying at his sister's house, as he had no habitation on his own estate then to live in, as they were all burnt and destroyed, being the only man of his family that could appear publickly, to meet him at Portree upon some pressing business. Upon sight of the letter young Rasay came to Portree, where finding Donald MacDon[al]d, he immediately descover'd to him that he had the Prince, and was to be there *fol.* 859. that night, and wanted to know where his father, old Rasay, was, to deliver him to him. Upon which young Rasay told him that his father was not at all in his own bounds, but that he would take the Prince under his care till his father would come, and that he would immediately go back to his sister's house at Totrome, about three miles distant from Portree, to inform his brother, Murdo MacLeod, of the matter, who was skulking there, and still bad of his wounds received at the battle of Culloden; and that they should pass over to Rasay in a very small boat lying in a water loch belonging to his good-brother,

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[1] Here begins the paper in the handwriting of Murdoch MacLeod, Rasay's third son.—F.

[2] See f. 732, where the whole affair is still more distinctly narrated.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Archibald MacQueen of Totrome, not being certain if there was any boat in the Island of Rasay to execute their design (as they were all destroyed by the Government troops). And that they two with Malcolm MacLeod,[1] their cousine, captain in the Prince's army, should come to Portree next night and receive him there. Thus they project the scheme;[2] and young Rasay being very anxious to see him waited for two hours still expecting his arrivall, but at last, day coming on, was oblidged to go away for fear of being suspected, and to execute the projected schemes. Accordingly he directly went to Totrome, his sister's house, and told his brother of the mater, who was overjoyed at the news, and said he would risque his body once more for his Prince. They and some more hands launched the boat from the water loch to the shore, about a highland mile of very steep rugged ground, and came to Rasay. Immediately after landing, Murdo MacLeod, Rasay's son, went and informed Captain MacLeod, who was then lying in the open fields for want of lodging, of the secret, and immediatly came alongs with him where young Rasay was, being in raptures of joy for what they had in hand. How soon it was dark they three with two servants, John MacKenzie and Donald MacFriar, having procured a larger boat that was hid in the island, went directly to Portree, the place appointed, having first sworn the servants that they never would discover the secret. After having waited an hour at the place appointed, Captain MacLeod and one of the servants was sent up to the changehouse to know if the Prince came there, and after having conversed Donald MacDonald privatly without the house he arrived with one man; and after having taken some refreshment in the house under the name of Mr. MacDonald, Donald MacDonald informed him of the scheme, and told him the boat was just ready to carry him to Rasay, to which he agreeably condescended. Then the Prince and Donald MacDonald went out without telling Miss MacDonald or the other man anything of their design, when he met Captain MacLeod, who was introduced to him. Then they came to the boat, where young

30 June

fol. 860.

fol. 861.

fol. 862.

[1] See Captain Malcolm MacLeod's Journal, f. 228, etc.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See f. 741.

1 July Rasay and his brother were introduced to him, but wou'd not at all allow them to pay him the respect due to him. They then set off for Rasay, having left Donald MacDonald behind to gather intelligence, or if he could hear any surmise of the Prince's coming to Sky, and appointed young Rasay to meet in three days after at his sister's house to inform of anything he could hear.[1]

As they were rowing along in the boat the Prince conversed to and fro, and frequently said that friends who show'd their friendship in distress were the reall friends, and that he hop'd his friends would not have reason to repent for the services done him, and that he would happyly yet end what he began or die in the attempt. Then about daybreak they landed at Rasay, having rowed about two leaggs to the place they design'd to come, and went to a very small hutt in a private
fol. 863. place, where the Prince took some rest, being fatigued the night before; and young Rasay was sent for fresh victualls, as he was the only man among them that could appear in publick. In about an hour or two afterwards he came back and carried a young kid in his plaid, with which the Prince was much pleased, and immediatly got some of it roasted for him, of which he eat, and also some fresh cream and butter that was brought along with the kid; upon which he din'd as agreeably as if he was born a Highlander, and preferred Highland oat bread to bisket which he had in company, calling it his own country bread. After their little repast was over, he began to enquire narrowly about the damages done in the island. Upon his being told of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations in the island to which the houses were but a trifle, he seem'd
fol. 864. much affected, but at the same time told that instead of the hutts burnt he would yet build houses of stone. Afterwards walking on a narrow green near the cottage he said that this was a little hard life, but would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemys, and seem'd a little surpriz'd himself how he did bear such fatigues. For, says he, since the battle of Culloden, I have endured more than would kill a hundred.

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[1] See ff. 228-231, 738, 742, 756-764.

Sure Providence does not design this for nothing.[1] I 'm thus certainly reserv'd for some good. Thus they pass'd the day, and after having taken some supper he went to rest with as great pleasure and in outward appearance as little concern'd as if in the greatest prosperity, after placing the two servants as centinels without, Murdo, Rasay's son, and Captain MacLeod lying by him in the hut, young Rasay retiring to his own sort of habitation for fear of any suspicion. Next morning young Rasay proposed to keep his appointment with Donald MacDonald at his sister's house. Upon which the Prince said he would go along himself and see Mr. MacDonald on the other side. To this the rest willingly agreed, and fixed the hour of nine at night for their departure. As they were chatting, one of the servants, who was spying without in a secret place, came in and told he saw a chapman as if he was coming towards the hut. This man was formerly suspected as a spy in the island; and still suspecting him to be such, the gentlemen proposed if he came in and saw the Prince, in case he should know him, as he was in his own army, that he ought to be put to death for fear of making any discoveries. To this the Prince would never agree, but replyed 'God forbid that we should take any poor man's life, while we can save our own.' But to make all things easy the man luckily passed by.

2 July

fol. 865.

fol. 866.

The hour appointed being come they launch'd their boat and went to sea with a pretty high wind, and a very rainy night. The boat being small and the wind still turning higher, he seem'd somewhat uneasie, and enquired if there was any danger. Upon his being told not, he appeared very gay, desir'd the lads to pull hearty, and began himself to sing a Highland song.[2] Afterwards among other things he said: 'Gentlemen, I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St. James's.' After landing safe on the other side, he said, 'God be thanked we are safe here.' Now he had no house to lodge in that night but a byre for cattle belonging to a neighbouring gentleman, one Mr. Nicolson, and not knowing but their might be some people in it, he dispatch'd young Rasay to see, and himself with the rest walk'd slowly behind.

fol. 867.

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[1] See f. 239.

[2] See f. 232.

2 July Upon his being ask'd what would come of him if there were people in the house—for certainly you must perish before day with such a bad night. 'I don't care a button for it,' reply'd he, 'for I have been without a hundred such nights.' In the meantime young Rasay return'd with the agreeable news of the house being quite empty of people. They then went in, kindled a fire and took some refreshment, and afterwards he
3 July sleep'd by the fire's side. Early next morning young Rasay went to meet Mr. MacDonald, the Prince sleeping all the while till twelve o'clock.[1] Then getting up out of bed, he and Murdo, Rasay's son, went out and sat on a little hill opposite
fol. 868. to the house where Captain MacLeod and the two lads were spying. He ordered them to go in and sleep a while, as they wanted it much, and that he himself should sit there a while. After they went in he began to converse Rasay's son, and seem'd anxious for his brother's return, and frequently wish'd for it, and asked how soon he thought he would arrive, 'for,' says he, 'I 'll wait him till eight o'clock, and no longer.' But Donald MacDonald was so late in keeping his appointment that he did not come till next morning.[2] Then he asked Mr. MacLeod if he could travell well? He reply'd he could not, for he was not yet recover'd of his wound. Then he ask'd if Captain MacLeod, his cousine, could travell well, if he was a discreet man, or could trust him. Mr. MacLeod reply'd he was both, and that his royal highness might safely trust him
fol. 869. even with his life.[3] He then disclosed to Mr. MacLeod what he had in view, for, says he, I expect to get a boat on the other side of Sky to carry me to the Island of Rum, and in case that fails, you are to go immediatly and make ready

[1] See ff. 764, 1564. [2] See f. 765.

[3] Here begins volume fifth of Bishop Forbes's Manuscript Collection. It is entitled: THE LYON IN MOURNING, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Letters, Journals, etc., relative to the Affairs, but more particularly the dangers and distresses of . . . Vol. 5th, 1748.

'Subditus in solio regis sine lege ferocit,
Juraque dat, Cæsar cui modo jura dabat!'

[On the inside of the back board is the following note]:—'The above are pieces of one of the lugs of those identical brogs which the Prince wore when disguised in the female dress under the name of Bettie Burk, as handmaid to Miss Flora MacDonald.' See f. 1057.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

your six-oar boat you formerly recommended to me as a good goer, and bring it in two days to the next town here, where Captain MacLeod shall meet you if I am away, and if not I shall meet you myself. And if it be thought dangerous for us to pass to the mainland in your boat through the small ferry that divides the Isle of Sky from the mainland, by reason of the guards posted there, Donald MacDonald must go to Sleat and prepare another boat for me there, so that if I miss one I 'll be sure of another. This you must take particular care to manage aright, as it is an affair of great consequence. It will be a piece of great friendship, for I 'll never forget the services my friends do me in distress. I should be very ungrate if I would. And as for your brother, young Rasay, it should be kept a dead secret, his having any hand in my escape, for fear it do him harm, for I 'm sure I 'll not tell it. After they settled this affair, the Prince and Mr. MacLeod went in resolveing to stay till eight o'clock. But they were no sooner in than Captain MacLeod spyed a man coming down the hill side above the house, at which he was a little alarm'd. But Mr. MacLeod desir'd him and the Captain to go out, and himself and the two servants should stay in the house to wait the man if he should come in. This proposall he immediately embraced, and carryed out his little bundle and club with him, and as he was going away he gave Mr. MacLeod his silver spoon,[1] knife and fork, and desired him to keep them till he saw him again. A little before he went of, he took out the buckles out of his shoes and caused himself to be dressed in the silliest way he possibly could, and wraping himself in his plaid ask'd if he look'd like any ordinary man.

3 July

fol. 870.

fol. 871.

[1] The said spoon, knife, and fork Mr. Murdoch MacLeod brought to Edinburgh to have a new case made for them. Upon Tuesday, April 19th, 1748, Mr. Murdoch MacLeod supped with my Lady Bruce, when he shew'd the company the spoon, knife, and fork made of French work. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

6 July

A genuine Extract of the PRINCE'S LETTER to YOUNG RASAY and his BROTHER, upon his departure from Strath to the Mainland.[1]

'I am, thank God, parted as I intended. My compliments, along with my thanks, to our friends for what they have done. Your humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.'[2]

fol. 872. April

As[3] soon as Lord Loudon, etc., came to the Isle of Sky, after he was chased out of Southerland, he sent a detatchment of MacLeod's men, and of Captain MacLeod of Guinneas men, to carry off all the boats in Rasay to the headquarters at Kenlochnidale, which they executed, excepting one small one that was left to young Rasay by Sir Alexander MacDonald's intercession with Lord Loudon, and another that Captain Malcolm MacLeod hid in a house, which served to bring him to the mainland, and was only away for Inverness the very night that a second party came from Loudon to apprehend him. Loudon was not long at Kenlochnidale,[4] when one Captain Hay, commander of a tender, came to the Island of Rona, and slaughtered cows there, and plundered two or three small villages in the north end of Rasay, before the battle of Culoden, and made off without any more damage. He (Lord Loudon) also kept a party of his soldiers in Rasay all the time

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[1] See f. 1564.

[2] This agrees with Malcolm MacLeod's account of the matter [see ff. 233, 247], but it differs from the account given by Donald Roy MacDonald [see f. 765]. However they all agree pretty exactly as to the contents of the letter, which is a plain proof that there was such a letter. Who the person may be for whom the letter was particularly design'd I shall not pretend to determine. But I take the matter of fact to be this, that as the Prince had made an appointment with Donald Roy MacDonald, as well as with young Rasay and his brother, Murdoch, so fit it was that the letter should be communicated to him as well as to them, that so he might know of the Prince's departure.

[3] Here begins the paper in the handwriting of the young Laird of Rasay, John MacLeod.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[4] See ff. 458, 479.

he lay in Kenlochnidale, but did no great harm till after the battle of Cullodin; only disarmed six of the men that came home before the rest, and robed them of their plaids. About the fifteenth or sixteenth of May one Captain Ferguson,[1] commander of a sloop of war, came to Rasay, accompanyed by some tenders. He ordered one Lieutennant Dalrumple ashore to execute his vengeance against the island, who brunt Rasay's good house to ashes, as also the whole houses upon the island, excepting two small villages that escaped their sight, with all the poor people's furniture.[2] The number of the houses brunt, according to a strict accompt taken of them, exceeded three hundred. They likewise found all Rasay's furniture and silver-plate hid in a cave about a quarter of a mile from the house, betrayed by a small boy belonging to the island. Lieutennant Dalrumple ordered his sailors, marines, and Campbell militia, to march in three bodys throw the island, two near the shore, and the third along the hill. They gathered what cattle was in their way, cows and horses, sheep and goats, and slaughtered numbers of all kinds, and left many of them dead both in the shores and hill. The people of the island were then pretty quiet, only that they were frequently importuned to surrender their arms, which they at last did, because they were much confined, being in an island of no great extent, and the people but few in number to stand out; till about the beginning of July, General Campbell and Captain Scott, as soon as they found the certainty that the Prince left the Long Island, came first to the island of Rona in quest of him, where some of their men ravished a poor girl that was blind, and most unmercifully lashed with cords two men, one of which soon after dyed, and the other, Malcolm MacLeod, has not recovered, not till this day. Afterwards they came to Rasay, where they gathered every man, wife, and child they could find, and what cattle of all kinds was left them by Mr. Ferguson. In order to trace out the Prince, they swore all the people if they knew what came of the Prince, but to no purpose, as they really knew nothing about him. They likewise lash'd most unmercyfully a man, Donald Nicolson[3] (since recovered), they found running

15 May

fol. 873.

fol. 874.

July

fol. 875.

[1] See ff. 201, 216-218, 922. [2] See f. 305. [3] See ff. 249, 1718.

16 July away, that was servant to Captain Malcolm MacLeod, who that day left them just by speed of foot. Some of their people, I know not their names, ravished two women, the one called Christian Montgomery, and the other Maron MacLeod, who walks upon stilts. This visit was infinitly worse than their first, as they slaughtered many more of their cattle of all kinds, excepting horses, than they at first did. They so robed the whole inhabitants both of their bed close[1] and even their body close, that I am certain there was not the value of two shillings sterling of close of any kind left to any of the poor
fol. 876. familys upon the island. From that day, which was about the sixteenth or seventeenth of July, the poor people were daily harrassed and trod upon till ever the Independent Companies were broke, which was in the middle of September. As two companies of the MacLeods, commanded by MacLeod of Taliskar and MacLeod of Waterstene,[2] were stationed in the adjacent parts of Sky to Rasay, they daily made incursion there, and were destroying any poor remainder that was left that they could lay hold on. But as to the behaveour of these people to this island, I refer to another time. The exact accompt of the damages sustained in Rasay as nearly calculated as possible, and which may be depended upon, is as follows: The number of the cows slaughtered amounted in all to upwards of two hundred and eighty, the sheep upwards of seven
fol. 877. hundred, the horses shot for pleasure did not exceed a score, and the boats destroyed during these troubles were thirty-two in number, small and great; and the houses burnt exceeded three hundred; the whole amount of the articles above, with their furniture, close, and all other necessarys lost, according to an exact calculation made as the one of them selves would sell to the other, exceeded twenty-four thousand merks Scots. Besides all this Rasay himself, including his house, his house furniture, cattle, and other things, values his loss above fifteen hundred pounds sterling more; besides the poor people are at as much loss again by the want entirely of the two last years' crops. Tho' the island is of some extent, ten miles long, three broad in some places, and not even a mile in some parts, yet

[1] *i.e.* cloaths.—F.

[2] See ff. 1722, 1726.

the above losses was very great, and quite ruin'd many of the poeple. Considering that the number of familys in it was only betwixt eighty and ninety,[1] and that the tennant who had three or four cows was thought to be able to pay his rents, this number severals of them did not exceed even before they suffered any losses. *fol.* 878.

Besides this, the rest of Rasay's estate in Sky, tho' it did not suffer so much by slaughtering of cattle and burning of houses, yet the damage was very great, as the inhabitants deserted the lands and fled to their nighbours for shelter, and left the lands waste, which are so to this day.

N.B.—The original letter from Malcolm MacLeod, and the papers in the handwriting of Young Rasay and his brother, Murdoch MacLeod, are to be found among my papers.

14 April 1748

Upon Thursday, April 14th, 1748, Mr. Murdoch MacLeod returned to me by appointment, when I took an opportunity of asking him about the precise day when the Prince set out with old MacKinnon from the Isle of Sky for the continent. *fol.* 879. He said he could assure me that it was upon Friday, the 4th of July 1746, so that now I think I have this date well enough ascertained, when I have got three concurring evidences for it, viz., Malcolm MacLeod, Donald Roy MacDonald, and Murdoch MacLeod.[2] I likewise asked him about the wound he had received in the action at Culloden. He told me that the bullet entred at the left shoulder, and lodged under the right shoulder blade, and that one Balfour, a surgeon, took the bullet out the day after the battle.[3]

Upon the said day (April 14th) I gave Mr. Murdoch MacLeod an exact account of SOMETHING which I desired him to narrate to Rasay, senior, Rasay, junior, Captain Malcolm MacLeod, and Mr. Alexander MacDonald of Kingsborrow, leaving it altogether to their discretion whether or not they would communicate the same to any other persons. I took Mr. MacLeod's parole of honour that he should not mention this subject to any one whatsomever, but only to the forementioned four *fol.* 880.

[1] This is a mistake. See it rectified in this vol., f. 1080.—F.

[2] See ff. 247, 262, 763, 767, 1714.

[3] See f. 712.

19 April gentlemen. I desired him to return to me upon Tuesday (April 19th), in order to talk over the subject again, that so I might know if he remembred all the several parts of it exactly enough. He kept the appointment accordingly, and I found upon trial that his memory served him very well. Perhaps this SOMETHING may have a place yet in this Collection.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 881. ## *A* SONG *in praise of Miss* FLORA MACDONALD, *to the tune of 'My Dearie an' thou die.'*

1.

Flora, virtuous, faithful maid,
Thou pointed out by Heav'n!
To guide the hero in his way;
To thee that trust was given.
Wreckt was our hope, thy charge and thee,
And cruel death the fate;
Had not a powerful hand sent down
Protection to thy boat.

2.

Sure refuge to great Charles and thee,
And darkness to those men,
Who sought for price the heir to kill,
And watch'd a time to sin.
In state that powerful hand exerts
Its attributes on high,
By secret means works out its ends,
Withdrawn from human eye.

3.

The mist which blinded William's fleet
To you gave safety there.
fol. 882. A ray directive shone for you
And led you where to steer.

O happy nymph! thou sav'dst the Prince;[1]
Thy fame be handed down.
Thy name shall shine in annals fair
And live from sire to son.

FINIS.

Tuesday, May 17th, 1748.—Being in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, Mr. Walter Goodale, under-keeper of the said Library, put into my hands a paper which, he said, he had forgot to deliver to Bishop Keith, as he had promised to do. After perusing the paper, I asked Mr. Goodale who the person was who had writ it? He answered, one Mr. James MacKenzie (an Orkney man), Writer in Edinburgh, who knew these matters well. I then asked Mr. Goodale if he would trust me with the paper, and I promised to deliver it carefully to Bishop Keith. Upon that condition Mr. Goodale gave me the paper, of which follows an exact copy: *fol.* 883. 17 May 1748

Memorandum for Bishop Keith.

While the Highlanders were assembling at Perth, those of West Ross (a MacKenzie country) were impatient of the restraints they lay under, partly by means of their chief, a man in the guidance of the late K. Duncan,[2] and partly by means of the Lord Lovat, of whom they had been justly mistrustful since the year 1715. Week after week (were they told) his lordship's men were to move, and then were they in a readiness to follow at his heels. But things, notwithstanding, continued so long in inaction that the neighbours all about, particularly those at whom his lordship had a hatred, took occasion from thence to suspect his sincerity, and to look on his professions as a bait only to hook them into his power. Not that his lordship was indeed to be mistrusted, for without all doubt he was a friend of his country. But besides his being too easily gull'd by the Laird of MacLeod, a man every way unequal to him *fol.* 884.

[1] This line was afterwards changed by the author into the following one :—
'In just applause, illustrious nymph.'—F.

[2] Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who was nicknamed King Duncan.

he sought also to act in the dark, out of a scrupulosity perhaps of hazarding his estate, which I look on as the cause of his
fol. 885. long inaction, a thing of more detriment to the publick good than is generally known.

Next to Lovat's irresolution and the general distrust entertain'd of him on that account, the machinations of the Laird of MacLeod,[1] that great engine of Duncan's plots, were of unhappy consequence. For when the commonalty were everywhere gathering, and in small parties marching away to the place of rendezvous, this deceiver, disguis'd like a friend, wrought on their leaders from time to time to halt for him and the knight of MacDonald, under a pretence that the MacKenzies and they, by marching in one body, would bring a credit to the young man's affairs which would be lost by repairing to him in divided companies. And when men at last began to suspect him, both by reason of his studied delays and of his frequent consultations with Duncan, he sent them a letter in
fol. 886. answer to a remonstrance made to him on these grounds, wherein he makes profession of his confirm'd purpose of arming for his country, and concludes with these words: 'For my own part, I am either at the height of my ambition, or at the foot of a gibbet'—a profession, it must be own'd, but too easily trusted, and so much the more that his fidelity had at first been vouch'd for by a messenger sent into these parts by the Young Man in order to quicken the motion of his friends. For a consultation being then held at Castle Downy, the traitor so dissembled his duty that he outwitted them all, insomuch that afterwards when men expressed a distrust of him, by reason of his contrivances to keep things back, the messenger (Barrisdale by name) still gave assurances as if his master had not a truer friend upon earth. And as the notoriety of his accession to the call for the Young Man had gain'd him a credit with his
fol. 887. neighbours from the beginning, so these assurances of the messenger, together with his own protestations, both by word and writ, serv'd as arguments to encrease the stock of it, till at length certain leaders submitted themselves to his direction, and then their eyes never open'd till they saw him with his men at Inverness.

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[1] See ff. 303, 710.

In the mean time, Lord Seafort, having resign'd his will to K. Duncan, was taught to persuade his clan that Lovat indeed was arming for the Government, and only watch'd an opportunity of falling into their country wherever he should be furnished with a pretence for doing it. And as if a design had moreover been form'd of surprizing Seafort himself, upon that new stock of disgust betwixt Lovat and him, what does he but call in the Kintail men to Brahan Castle as it were to be a guard upon his own person and inland estate, but, in reality, if he could not wile them over to the gathering at Inverness, yet at *fol.* 888. least that he might divert their inclinations of repairing to the other side. And tho' in this matter he with great endeavours obtain'd what he aim'd at, yet when they understood his more conceal'd designs they twitted him to his teeth and went home saying, 'They knew but one King, and if they were not at liberty to fight for him they would do it for no other.'

MacLeod's men also serv'd him much in this way after their rout at Inverary. For when he endeavoured to rally them at Elgin, they kept him in mind how he had already deceived them by making them believe they were to serve the Young Man when he first brought them out of the island; and afterwards how to hold them together at Inverness he had dissembled with them, as if he always meant to let them follow their own inclinations; till at last, having led them to Inverury, a just dis- *fol.* 889. persion, said they, had there befallen them for his perfidiousness to the Young Man. And yet (they told him) would he but still return to his duty, they would not so much as look home, for haste to go with him; whereas if he continued obstinate, they would leave him to a man, which they did accordingly.

N.B.—The above is an excellent paper, and contains a true and most exact account of things. The particulars contained in it have been frequently affirmed to me by several persons. Duncan was very poorly rewarded for all his services, and very remarkable ones they were; for to his stratagems alone were owing the small numbers that repaired to the Prince's standard. In a word, it may be affirmed with great truth that he did more than all the rest of the Government joined together and yet he was neglected and despised. After the battle of Cul-

loden he could not obtain one favour for his poor country. His opinion of things vanished into vapour and smoke.[1] A Hawley, a Husk, an Albemarle, or even a Scott or a Lockheart was preferred to the long-headed, sagacious Duncan.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 890. 10 May 1748 *Tuesday, May 10th*, 1748.—I had a visit of Mr. Duncan MacPherson, Presbyterian preacher at Laggan in Badenoch, who had come up to the General Assembly. He delivered to me a paper inclosed in a sealed cover, without any direction upon it, from Captain John MacPherson of Strathmashie,[2] who had writ it all with his own hand. Here follows an exact copy of the said paper, which has no date or subscription.

SIR,—As you desire me give as full and circumstantiall ane account of the affair of Clifton, etc., as I possibly can, notwithstanding that I know there were many engaged that could to much better purpose satisfy you, yet as I take it to be the duty of every one who loves truth, of those who had the honour to follow the YOUNG GENTLEMAN you mention (which and the *fol.* 891. good of their country, I 'm persuaded, was what all the thinking part of them had at heart, to show their willingness at least), especially when you take the trouble to require it of any one of them; rather than suffer any reproach on that head I have, in obedience to your desire, presumed to offer you an account (such as it is) of that affair, being myself therein immediatly concerned.

18 Dec. 1745 Please know then, Sir, that on the 18th December 1745,[3] our regiment (I mean that commanded by Cluny MacPherson) being at Penrith preparing to be reviewed with the rest of the army, excepting the Glengarry regiment and the Huzars, who had not come up with the army, but were escorting a part of the train and some covered waggons that were obliged to fall behind, there arrived an express from them certifying that if *fol.* 892. they were not speedily succoured they would be all destroyed. On which alarm Appin's, with Lochiel's regiment and ours, were ordered to their relief. In obedience to that order we all

[1] See ff. 303, 357, 963, 1342-1347, 1443-1446.
[2] See ff. 799, 836, 1544.
[3] See ff. 974, 1100.

marched from the town of Penrith to the bridge betwixt that and Clifton, where we were met by the waggons, and told that all was quite safe and calm in the rear, and that the escort would be up immediatly. Being thus stoped, and there being a fine plain peece of ground, the colonels sent back to the army to be asked to be reviewed on that ground. However, this was not granted, and we were ordered back to be reviewed with the army, who were conveened on the Carlisle side of Penrith; on which we immediatly directed our march to Penrith, on our beginning to enter which there came ane Huzar up with us at the gallop, who told that if those of the escort lately mentioned were not immediatly supported they would be infallibly cut to pieces. To prevent which (if it could be) our colonel instantly ordered his regiment to front from the rear and march directly towards Clifton. To which place I cannot say we marched, but run like hounds; but on our arrivall, to our great contentment, found the Glengary regiment safe, at the same time that we observed the main army of the enemy all drawn up in form on a small eminence about cannon shot of us. Lord George Murray, who allwise since the beginning of the retreat from Derby, commanded in the rear, was alsoe in Clifton. However, when the Glengarrie regiment and we met, and that all was safe, thinking as it was soe late that there would be noe play till the morning, and that the whole army join'd, we begun a march towards Penrith again, the Glengarry regiment then taking the front, Stewarts of Appin the center, and ours the rear. But this march was not much more than begun when there came express orders to us from Lord George to return to Clifton immediatly, he himself haveing remain'd there all the time. But the position we were then in, in marching back towards to Clifton our regiment had the front, the Stewarts, commanded by Ardsheal, the centre as formerly, and Glengary the rear, and thus we marched till we joined his lordship at Clifton, when we found that the enemy continued in the same order as when we had the first view of them; only my Lord, it seems, judged they meaned to advance towards Clifton. Upon which he, on foot, together with the colonel at the head of our regiment, marched from Clifton towards the enemy a little to the left untill he planted

18 Dec.

fol. 893.

fol. 894.

fol. 895. us at the back of ane hedge not quite a gunshot, I think, from
18 Dec. Clifton, the Appin battalion in the center betwixt us and Glengarrie's, who lined a stone dyke to the right of Appin's. In this posture we continued for some minutes, prepared to receave the enemy, and by this time it was quite night upon us; and the Generall, finding it proper that we should break our then situation by penetrating through our hedge, and advancing therefrom to another that was situate in a hollow halfway betwixt us and the enemy, we being both on eminences, and this hollow interjected, through the hedge we made our way with the help of our durks, the prictes being very uneasy, I assure you, to our loose tail'd lads. But before we broke through, his lordship, suspecting that we might be met with in our way to the other hedge, said to our colonel: 'Cluny, if such will happen, I 'll attack on the right of your regiment, and doe you
fol. 896. the same on the left of it, and we'll advance soe, if you approve of it. To which Cluny readily answered, he was very well satisfied to attack when his lordship pleased. The disposition thus made, when with great rapidity we were makeing our way towards the other hedge, the advanced parties of the enemy, being dismounted dragoons, met us full in the teeth, who fired upon us, which they scarcely did when they were answered with the little we had without ever as much as stoping to doe it, but goeing on in our rapid way; by which it soe happened they soon turned their backs to us. The General, how soon we had given our little fire, ordered us to draw our broad-swords, which was readily done, and then we indeed fell to pell-mell with them. But the poor swords suffered much, as there were noe lesse than 14 of them broke on
fol. 897. the dragoons' skull caps (which they all had) before it seems the better way of doing their business was found out. Among those swords there was one given by the K—g in 1715 to a gentleman[1] of this country with this inscription:

> 'With this good sword thy cause I will maintain,
> And for thy sake, O James! I'll breathe each vein.'

The gentleman's son,[2] who got it, left it at Clifton excepting

[1] MacPherson of Dalraddy.

[2] Lewis MacPherson.

the hilt and less than a foot of the blade, which I believe he takes care still to keep for the sake of the giver. However, as for broad-swords, we got plenty, as, in place of 14, the broken ones, our men took noe less than 50 from the dead dragoons in their return, which, it seems, was all the plunder they regarded. What the number of their slain might have been I cannot really say that any of our side can with any exactness account for, as the affair happen'd upon the night, and that the enemy themselves and their friends were the only persons who had access to see the field afterwards. But this I can say, and will avouch, that we saw them in great plenty flat as dead in our return, after puting the survivors into the heart of the main body of their army. I can assure you there lay heaps of them in a ditch they were made to pass, and as for the field, it was pretty well covered; and at the time we believed the carnage to have been pretty considerable. However, they have their own way of telling stories, and even let them be doeing with ——. On our side indeed we may say that God Almighty himself covered our heads, haveing lost none but one sergeant and two private men. It's true that among the hedges, or some how or other that we cannot account for, 10 or 11 of our men lost us, that were next day taken up by the country people, as we are told, and delivered up to the enemy, who sent them to York Castle, where they remained prisoners for many months, and were in the end sent to the Plantations, and are now in France. What I think, indeed, must naturally have contributed much to this our safety was the great hurry with which we went down towards the hollow upon them, by which means they were so suddenly mistaken of us that much of their fire went over our heads, and were at their muzles with our swords before they got all their fire given, which thereafter they got noe time to give; and with their swords, tho' they were all appointed with such, they did not in the least annoy us, as heels seemed then to be of more use to them than hands. There was also a detachment of them sent from their main body in order to have flanked us on the right; but it haveing been their luck to pass by the stone dyke which the Glengarrie regiment lined, they got such a smart fire from that brave corps that such as outlived it were fain to make the best of

18 Dec.

fol. 898.

fol. 899.

fol. 900.

18 Dec. their way back to their army; by which means we got none of their trouble, and to which our safety was in a very great measure oweing. After we had chaced the swiftest of those with whom we had to doe in amongst the heart of their friends, we retired to our own first hedge, where we charged our pieces, meaning to maintain that post till daylight, when we expected the whole army would have been up with us for disputing the main point. But soon we receaved orders by ane aid de camp from the army to return to Penrith to join them there, which was accordingly done, and from thence all marched for Carlisle, where we arrived by daylight, being the 19th of December.

I observed to you before that we had got noe less than fifty *fol.* 901. of their swords (and I assure you we might have taken many more had it been adverted to). In the morning we found they belonged, not to those of one regimentt, but to detachments from all the dragoon regiments there, and Cluny himself was possessed of one that was really a very valuable pretty sword. Who the master of it was noe one of us can tell. But sure I am that he that brought it there was left there, as I'm sorry the gentleman you mentioned it to have belonged to[1] was not, or, if he was, it seems he found a way to sneak of when all was quiet, as I make noe doubt but more of them have done.

This, Sir, please accept of as the most circumstantiall account (according to how my memory just now serves) I can give of the affair of Clifton. Only, as I am very certain, our brave Highlands lads, when it came to action, did their parts most manfully, our General and colonel charged and acted with conduct, prudence, valour, and resolution.

fol. 902. 17 January 1746 As to the battle of Falkirk you are noe doubt well informed allready of all the circumstances and of how ane opportunity was lost by some fatal mistakes that might really be termed noe less than the very ruine of the cause. However in case it may be otherwise, I have recommended to a friend to inform you of some particulars. Meantime, I think it will not be impertinent to let you know some things relative to the design you have taken that may more probably be yet unknown to you; which are the particulars of some attacks made by

[1] See f. 801.

our regiment in concert with the Athole men upon severall garrisons at that in the country of Athole. First then, it's proper to inform you that when the rest of the army marched to Inverness we were left in Badenoch[1] to intercept or prevent any incursions of the enemy the Highland way, which if not taken care of might be of bad consequence. Some time after the army lay at Inverness, Lord George Murray wrote from thence to Cluny, showing that he intended to surprize the Athole garrisons, and in order thereto would march to Badenoch with the Athole men, from which, joined by Cluny's regiment, he was resolved to make his attacks. Upon receipt of this letter, Cluny found a very principall obstacle likely to obstruct the success of the enterprise, which was the communication betwixt Athole and Badenoch, and which if not secured so as to stop the least notice from goeing to Athole, the whole design must prove abortive ; and to secure that communication for noe less than a fortnight, that must have been taken before the design could be ripe for execution, seem'd noe less than impracticable, considering the long, wide, and open tract of hill that lay interjected betwixt both countries ; and as noe country, sure enough, wanted their Achans, the matter was still the more impracticable. However to work he (I mean Cluny) went in planting of his guards and taking all possible precautions he cou'd think of, and he verily had need of all his prudence and vigilance in manageing his affair, let him have what numbers he might. At length Lord George arrived in Badenoch, where they must have been two nights (which rendered what I have said with respect to the security of the communication still the more difficult). Towards Athole, on the second day after Lord George with the Athole men arrived in Badenoch, he with them and us marched ; and that same night after travelling, most of us, thirty miles through hill and storm, being regularly divided and detached, the Athole men and we mixed in every party at one and the same time, if I well remember, betwixt 12 at night and 2 in the morning, made our attacks at five different places,[2] namely, Bun-rannoch, Kynachan, Blairphettie, Lood, and Mr. M'Glashan in Blair, his house, betwixt

Feb. *fol.* 903. *fol.* 904. 10 Mar. *fol.* 905.

[1] See f. 652.

[2] See f. 567.

10 Mar. which and Bun-rannoch there is noe less than 10 miles. Kynachan will be six from it, and Blairphettie 3. In all which attacks we had the good fortune to succeed to our minds, excepting Mr. M'Glashen's house, those therein having deserted it before our party ordered there had come up. We killed and wounded many, I doe not indeed now remember their number, and made above 300 prisoners without loseing one man, tho' briskly fired upon at the three first mentioned places. In short, they were all to a man taken dead or alive, tho' well covered and fortified. This was indeed a cheap and not to be expected success, considering their advantageous situation besides ours; and was no doubt principally owing to the extraordinary care taken in securing the communication I have been speaking of
fol. 906. before, by which means we took them indeed much at unawares. All the prisoners were of the Campbell militia and Loudoun's regiment, excepting a few of the regulars that were taken at Lood.

I must observe to you that amongst some papers found with the officers at Kynachan there was ane order subscrived (if I well remember) by General or Colonel Campbell, setting forth that it was the D—— of C———d's peremptor orders if they could meet any party of the rebels whom they could at all expect to overcome, to engage them and to give them noe quarter as they would be answerable. That of Kynachan was the attack assigned me, and this order I saw upon the word of ane honest man, and coppièd, which coppy I kept, but had the bad luck since to lose it by the iniquity of the times as I did many more things. But its possible it may come to my hands
fol. 907. yet. The principall Cluny kept.

The only attack now remaining was that of Blair Castle, which we proposed to besiege; but two pieces of cannon we had,[1] being noe more than three or four pounders, could not make the least impression on its strong walls, soe that we managed only by blockade for about two weeks. In end we were called to Inverness with the army, on which we left it, and marched back to Badenoch where our regiment was left for the reasons formerly given till the Munday nixt before the fatall

[1] See f. 653.

Wednesday;[1] on the evening of which Munday we receaved 14 April
orders by express from our colonel, who was at Inverness, to repair with outmost expedition to the army, as an engagement with the D—— of C———d was hourly expected. Tho' this express arrived only on Munday and the men were quite scatter'd we got together and marched with such expedition as to arrive at Dullmagerry be 12 a clock the 16th April with 2 or 300 more of a force than we brought to the field since the *fol.* 908.
commencement of that affair; this Dullmagerry being noe more than 'twixt 5 and 6 miles from the fatall Culloden. There we met our colonell who had prepared a refreshment for the men, after taking of which and beginning to march forward the dismal news of the fate of that day met us.[2]

Oh heavens! In what characters will what follows be writ! Murders, burnings, ravishings, plunderings! Ane army of fiends let loose from Hell with Lucifer himself at their head! Barbarities unheard of—noe distinctions of sex or age—cruelties never as much as named among any people who made profession of or pretended to Christianity, and all, not only with impunity, but by command. Oh! . . .

But to resume, as you desired I shou'd give a particular *fol.* 909.
account of the burning of Clunie's house,[3] know then that in June
June, 1746, after all was quiet of our side, arms delivered and submission to the prevailing power given, the Earl of Loudoun, who lay at Shirroemore (a place about 3 miles distant from Cluny) with 1000 militia, detached about 300 of them under the command of Captains Hugh and George M'Kays[4] with orders to burn the house, etc., of Cluny, which orders they did faithfully execute. For they not only burnt the house itself with such office-houses as were near it, but all the houses that they apprehended belonged to it at a good distance from it. It was a most pretty, regular, well-contrived house as any be-north the river of Tay: double, built in the new way, only about two years before, pavilion roof'd with two pretty *fol.* 910.
pavillions joined to it by colonades, and consisted of eighteen fire-rooms.

I'm afraid by the time you have read thus far you'll be

[1] See f. 654. [2] See ff. 166, 305, 421, 707, 873. [3] See f. 802.
[4] Lord Rae's sons.

wearied of such stuff as I have put together, and of peruseing such a confused scrible. However, if by a letter I soon expect from you owning the receipt of this, I find it will be agreeable, shall trouble you by the next sure hand with accounts of some sufferings in these times in this and the neighbouring countries.—I am with great regard, Sir, your most obedient servant.

N.B.—The original of the above, in Strathmashie's hand-writing, is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 911. 14 May 1748

Saturday, May 14*th*, 1748.—I had a visit of Lieutenant James MacDonald, Armadale's son, who delivered to me a letter and a paper from Hugh MacDonald of Balshar in North Uist.[1] Both the letter and the paper are in Balshar's own hand-writing. Here follows an exact copy of the said letter:

3 March 1748

'SIR,—I 've herein giv'n ane account of all that lay within the sphere of my knowledge. What I 've said anent Sir Alexander M'Donald in that small collection, I declare to God for the sincerity of my truth in 't; and had he been in life, wou'd not so much insist on the vindication of his character in this particular. But if you 'll be so good as mark the passage relateing to Sir Alexander in your collection, I 'll begg you 'll *fol.* 912. make no use of my name, as it would look a litle selfish that one of his own freinds would be the author thereof. There is ane other passage I must recommend to your judgment, viz., whither it would be more proper to make use of Sir Alexander's name in the collection, or Sir James's. If you 'd write to M'Donald of Glenelidle,[2] somewhere about Mudeort, I take him to be the man that coud give you most exact account of his travells on the main land.—I am, Sir, Your very obedient humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) HUGH M'DONALD.'

'*Balshar, March* 3*d*, 1748.

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[1] See ff. 784, 797.

[2] See f. 576.

Here follows an exact copy of the forementioned paper sent me from the said Balshar:—

The way I cam to be acquainted with that young gentleman is this. After the defeat of Coulodn and his coming to sculk to the hills of South Uist, Lady Margret M'Donald sent me the gazetts and a letter,[1] importing she was affraid that any that attach'd to the Long Island of that party shou'd be apprehended, as they were sending so many companies in to the Isles on each end, and both to meet, which woud render his escape impossible. I out of compassion crossd the strands to South Uist, accompany'd by none, went to M'Donald of Boistill's hous, where he and I passt the night, only conversing on the apparent danger. The result of our meeting was, that next morning wee'd go and see the distress'd, each of us separatly and different ways, to prevent the clamour of the vulgar. I came to the design'd place before Boistill, the name of the place being Glen Coridile, in South Uist, where (being a misty day)[2] I cam near them before they discover'd me, which surpriz'd them. One of the gentlemen, viz., Lieutenent Colonel O'Sulivan, on my approach bespock the young gentleman in French. Accordingly he ran into the hous.[3] One Captain Allan M'Donald in their company who knew me, advis'd them not be concern'd, as they were in no danger from me. O'Sulivan introduces me to the hutt. He saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glade to see the face of an honest man in such a remot corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald, his night cape linen, all patchd with suit[4] drops, his shirt, hands and face patchd with the same, a short kilt, tartan hose and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloath. He calld a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment, which being over he calld for meat. There was about a half ston of butter laid on timber pleat, and near a leg of beef laid on a chist befor us, all patchd with suit drops, notwithstanding its being wash'd *toties quoties*; June *fol.* 913. *fol.* 914. *fol.* 915.

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[1] See ff. 714, 715. [2] See f. 587. [3] See ff. 281, 287, 308, 343, 588.
[4] *i.e.* Soot.

June as wee had don who enterd the hutt, but Boistill,[1] who seemd to be a very welcom guest to the young gentleman, as they had been together above once befor. Boistill then told him there was 2 parties com to Bara in suit of him. He ask'd what they were. Boistill said they were M'Donalds and M'Leods. He then said he was not in the lest concern'd, as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spock to Boystill anent leaving Glencoridile, as our stay there woud be of dangerous consequence and of no advantage to him. The young gentleman told us as it was but seldom he met with friends he coud enjoy himself with, he wou'd not on any account part with us that night. Boystill says to me, we cou'd not in good manners part with him that night. I replyed, if he wou'd risque staying himself (all this in High-
fol. 916. lands), that I woud for my part. The young gentleman advises Edmond[2] Burk, now chairman at Edinburgh, to fill the boul; but befor wee'd begin with our boul, Boystill insisted on his being shav'd first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importun'd to do, and Burk shav'd him. Then we began with our boul frank and free; as wee were turning merry, wee were turning more free. At last I starts the question if his highness wou'd take it amiss if I shou'd tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Brittain. He said, Not. I told him that Popery[3] and arbitrary government were

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[1] See ff. 256, 302, 589.

[2] So it was in the original paper, but it should be Edward.—F. See ff. 282, 386.

[3] Captain Donald Roy M'Donald frequently told me the very same story, and informed me of a circumstance that renders the freedom still more remarkable, viz., that he believed his brother (Balshar) was the single Protestant in the company; and that with all his art Balshar could not discover anything at all of the Prince's opinion about matters of religion. The Captain used likewise to tell me that when in England with the army, he himself took the freedom to speak to Keppoch and some others about the Prince's joining in Divine service with a Protestant clergyman, importuning them to use their influence with the Prince for that purpose, for that he was persuaded such a measure would do him much service, especially among the English; these gentlemen to whom the Captain spoke, said they had already spoke seriously to the Prince upon that subject, but that they had got such a return from him as they could not make a reply to, viz., 'Pray, gentlemen, can you assure that I will not be obliged to return to foreign parts? Satisfie me as to this point, and then I will know what to do.'—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemys pat on't. 'Do you 'no, Mr. M'Donald,' he says, 'what religion are all the princes in Europe of?' I told him I imagin'd they were of the same establish'd religion of the nation they liv'd in. He told me then they had litle or no religion at all.[1] Boystill then told him that his predecessor, Donald Clanranald, had fought seven sett battles for his, yet after the restauration, he was not ound by King Charles at Court. The Prince said, Boystill, Dont be rubbing up old sores, for if I cam home the case woud be otherwise with me. I then says to him, that notwithstanding of what freedome wee enjoy'd there with him, wee cou'd've no access to him if he was setled at London; and told us then if he had never so much ado, he'd be one night merry with his Highland freinds. Wee continued this drinking for 3 days and 3 nights. He still had the better of us, and even of Boystill[2] himself, notwithstanding his being as able a boulman, I dare say, as any in Scotland. June *fol.* 917. *fol.* 918.

Boystill was telling me they had a meeting at the end of Loch Boystill, as he cou'd not with safety bring his H—— to his hous; so both of them, only tuo other gentlemen in company, viz., O'Sulivan and Lachlin M'Donald of Dremsdile, a cadent of Clan's[3] family, drunk in the fields all night on cold brandy. O'Sulivan and his neighbour quitt the feild. The Prince and Boystill dragg'd them to the boat, and rou'd the boat out to the entry of the loch, where they cou'd have a view of any ships that were on the coast. All the time I see'd him he'd not shift either night or day, and I was told as litle he did since the defeat of Coulodn till he was for France. James MacDonald, a cadent of Clans, told me the Prince sent him with express to Secretary Morou from Uist to Muidort. As he was going of he askt, in case the English met with him, *fol.* 919.

[1] Here Donald Roy used to say that the Prince added, 'Some of them have good consciences, and some of them have bad consciences.'

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] Donald Roy MacDonald told me the very same thing, and remarked to me that Boystill was one of the strongest men at a glass in all the Highlands. He informed me of all that his brother (Balshar) mentions in his paper, but then I did not chuse to take it from him, as I had the view of getting it from Balshar himself. See f. 589.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] *i.e.* Clanranald's.

June what he woud do with the letter. The Prince made it up by way of suppositer, and desir'd him drive into his fundament. The fleet and army now flocks about the country. Wee 're all oblig'd to seperat. Boistill is taken up by one Captain Dove.[1]

fol. 920. O'Sulivan is oblig'd to quitt him, not being able to keep up with him, so that he was now destitute of all company but a cuple of men,[2] that ran with him up and down the hills. This was in the beginning of June, and was not one night in the meanest cottage till he left the country, sleeping all night among the heather. As Captain Scott and 2 militia companies cam into the country, he was then oblig'd to com to Benbecula. Who marches throw our country of North Uist but Generall Campbell with his retinew to join the rest. The Prince sends for me to consult how to behave. I was suire not to advise, lest my advice shou'd turn out to the wors, and that not only I'd blame me my self, but that all freinds wou'd blame me if matters wou'd turn wrong. I was oblig'd to say something. My advice was this, that as he lay in view of the

fol. 921. chanell, if the chanell was clear of ships he shoud go of in the afternoon to give him a long night, to keep closs by the land of Sky, that he might have the opportunity of running ashore in case of the wors, and desir'd him he shou'd go to Kulin hills in Sky, where he cou'd get to the Laird of M'Kinon, who woud see him safely landed on the mainland. He told me it was impossible for him to recollect the whole without I gave the direction in write. He had his writeing instruments about him, and writt the direction as above; but advis'd him if he shoud not get to M'Kinon, that he shoud without loss of time go in to Sir James M'Donald's country of Slet, and apply to Donald M'Donald of Castletoun, to Hugh M'Donald of Armidell, to Alexander M'Donald of Kingsborow, to Archibald M'Donald of Tarsquivag, and Rory M'Donald of Camis-

fol. 922. cross, all cadents of Sir James M'Donald's family. Any of the above, I was confident, woud see him safe to the mainland. This was the very day General Campbell cross'd our country

[1] See f. 302.

[2] Here Captain O'Neile is forgot to be mentioned, for he certainly was with the Prince less or more till his Highness was put into the hands of Miss Flora MacDonald. See f. 524.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

into Benbecula, Captain Ferguson in company, who was most bent of any I heard to take the Prince.[1] General Campbell when at Benbecula was within a quarter of mile of him. The poor man, they came to his hous, Black Dunkan at Gramstill in Benbecula, sent the young man express that General Campbell, Ferguson, Captain Campbell of Skippinage,[2] and sundry others wer com to his house in suit of him. The next day General Campbell march'd to South Uist, and I cross'd to see him [Prince], and met with him at a lochside. He was then in kilt with very indifferent plaid, his face black weather beaten, still night and day in the open fields. He told me at meeting he was very well in health, but did not break fast this four and tuenty hours passt. Notwithstanding of his difficulties, he was very canty and jockose. At last comes Ranald M'Donald of Torlom, a cadent of Clan's[3] a servant with him with bread, butter, and a rosted hen. The butter was half salt, as it was what they prepared for cureing their scabed horses; no man cou'd 've tasted it but a starving man. The bread was hot when he laid on the butter, and was running it [*sic*] all round till he devoured the whole. He then made an end of his hen, took his bonat and drunk with it out of the loch. His hose was all brunt betuixt his ankle and garter. I ask'd him what befell his hose. He told me he threw it of that morning and was drying it to a heather fire, and as he was falling asleep it took fire. I 'd be at exchanging with him, which he would not do, insisting he had another pair. You 'll observe my advice to him as already mention'd was not followed. He changed resolutions when Miss M'Donald of Milltoun cam to him. He then thought of going to Troternish,[4] which he did, and was fir'd at of the point of Waternish in M'Leod's country, as he was going by.[5] However, on the Sundy, he landed at Mugstot, Sir James M'Donald's place of residence, where luckily he met with Alexander M'Donald of Kingsborow, and told him he was recommended to him by one, Hugh M'Donald of Balshar. Kingsborow told him he needed be under no apprehensions,

June

fol. 923.

fol. 924.

[1] Most true indeed.—F. See ff. 201, 873.
[2] See f. 691.
[3] *i.e.* Clanranald's.—F. See ff. 589, 644.
[4] See ff. 138, 531.
[5] See ff. 205, 530.

July he 'd take all care possible of him. Yet tho' through Providence he landed safe, there was no point or harbour round all Isle Sky but were guarded, and even the harbour he landed in was guarded by one, Lieutenant M'Leod, who accidentally that day, *fol.* 925. being on Sunday, went to hear sermon. The fellows on watch were all asleep as he landed. All the time I was in company he did not seem in the lest concerned. Not only that, he insisted that he was in no danger of being taken especialy while he was among M'Donalds.[1] After his landing at Mugstot and meeting with Kingsborow he did not choose himself to go to the family for fear of bringing the family to the lest trouble. As I had writ before this to Lady Margret M'Donald that he was destitute of all necessares of life, she sent him by Kingsborow 50 guineays.[2] Kingsborow made him an offer of the present. His highness told him he returnd her ladyship *fol.* 926. thanks, but woud be more oblig'd to her had she sent him 50 English shillings.[3]

1 May As I 'm writeing this there coms to my hous a sister of mine maryed to one Donald Campbell in Scalpay,[4] *alias* among sailors Island Glass. She says as he was going to Storniva after his first coming to Long Isle, in order to get aboard, he was five nights in her hous in said isle; but as some of her name, viz., M'Donald, told her there was such a man in company she took the more care of him, and consequently one the other hand he used the more freedom as he was notified she was M'Donald. He 'd be on foot every morning before man or woman stirrd in the hous, woud go to the landlady's closet and ask what he 'd have for brakefast the day. Once this was told, he 'd then ask what was for his neighbours. Be what it will he was still pleased. One morning as he got up *fol.* 927. he goes in to the kitchin, where in a cask of seeds he found a cuple of new laid eggs, with which he coms to the landlady's

[1] It is certain the Prince in his difficulties had a particular liking for the M'Donalds.—F. See ff. 600, 751.

[2] I heard Kingsborow more than once say that when he was making ready to go to the Prince upon the shore, Lady Margaret said to him, She had a small purse of gold at the Prince's service, and by the hands of Captain Donald Roy M'Donald she actually sent money, etc., to the Prince. See ff. 717, 722, 754, 764.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] See f. 752.

[4] See ff. 286, 297.

closet, and beggd the favour she 'd allow him the eggs, which May
was done and prepared for brakefast. After brakefast he and
one Kenneth Campbell, a young boy, the landlord's son, goes a
fishing. The Prince catches a small coad, which he puch'd and
immediatly went hom, stood by till it was dresst for supper.
But as they were a fishing he and the boy fell a chating. The
boy ask'd from whence they came, or where they design'd for.
He told the boy they had been foreighners, and were wreckd
on the north coast, and were now traveling to see if they coud
meet with a ship for transporting them. The boy ask'd the
fisher what burthen the wreck'd ship might be. He told him
about fiftie towns. As the boy had serv'd some time at sea he
judgd right, especialy as braggd of the bulk of the wreckd
ship, told the fisher the vessel was but a very small one. The *fol.* 928.
fisher seem'd a litle confounded; but now, as the boy and the
fisher were returning home, there meets them a cow of Mr.
Campbell's boggd. The boy attempted to drive her out, but
woud not do for him. The fisher seeing this threw off his
upper coat, into the ditch with Kenneth Campbell he gets
and trails the cow out of the bog; got his briches and white
stockines all dirtied.

Its true wee did not stir in the common caus, yet depend
ont, wisht well till't, of which the gentleman himself is fully
assured by severall instances. Our cous[in] and chief, Sir
Alexander M'Donald[1] (I 'm told) is rail'd on over all that
country. But had he been such ane unworthy piece as he 's
calld he wou'd not 've givn us the instructions he did. He
cam through all our bands and stood so firm as if wee had
been in his service. I was captain of one of his militia com-
panies laying at Slet. When the Laird cam to that country *fol.* 929.
he sent for me. But before he had come to Slet I was told
that he had a review of his people at Portree, and that the
people denyed rising in arms if Sir Alexander did not go and
join the Prince; upon which the people were all dispersed.
Now, in our intercourse I told Sir Alexander I was vexed at
the Troternish people conveend at Portree. He askt for what.
I told him for disobedience to him in refuseing to take arms by

[1] See ff. 754, 776.

June his orders. He told me to keep silence. It was all by his private orders, as it did not lay in his way to do him good, he
fol. 930. had no inclination to do him hurt.[1] It would be something strange that he 'd be so ill sett against him and his whole clan so attached to him even in the light of his misfortunes. As I'm writeing this I'm told that as he was parting with M'Donald of Kingsborow his nose gush'd blood.[2] M'Donald advised him to turn to his hous till he recovered. He said, Not; only wanted he 'd direct him to the water, which accordingly he did. He then washd his nose therewith and the blood immediatly stop'd. Lachline M'Donald of Dremstill, who supplyed him and the few with him while at Glencoridile with victulls, tells me he was the man that attended him still while in the hills a-hunting.[3] He kept plenty of all sorts of fouls in this hutt
fol. 931. he stayd in and deer venison plentifully. But one day as they happend to go a-hunting the Prince with his feusee in his hand stood on a hillside and whistled so exact that you coud not distinguish it from a plover. Some gather'd about him, of which he shot two on wing and two on ground. Lachline [*sic*] Dremstill said the art behoove to be witchcraft, for if it was not so the plovers woud conveen to his whistling as to his highness's. Dremstill takes the fewsee and falls a whistling, but tho' he stood there yet no plovers cam to his relief. The Prince a second time takes the feuzee, whistles and gathers a croud of the plovers about, and shot a good many. He said

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[1] See f. 214.

[2] I can very easily believe this of Sir Alexander, for I know one to whom he had a very remarkable expression in Inverness, when he had come there to pay his court to Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. The expression was this: 'Is it not very hard that I should be obliged to come and bow to that puppy and to kiss his fingers, whom not long ago I thought to have given a kick in the breech? Had I ever imagined that my country would have been so served I should have shewn them another thing of it, for had I raised my men MacLeod durst not have stayed at home.' Sir Alexander had interceeded with Cumberland for Keppoch's cattle, but after his applying to preserve them they were all taken and brought to the camp, which he took highly amiss. Sir Alexander's great fault lay in want of resolution, and his being led so much by Duncan Forbes and the Laird of MacLeod. I am persuaded Sir Alexander died of heartbreak. Had Lovat and he raised their men upon the Prince's landing matters had not gone so as they did.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] See f. 590.

he never seed any to paralele with him at the gun, and that he 'd never risque being starv'd while he was master of the feuzee and plenty of amunition. Dremstill tells me as they were coming away from Glencoridile, and the parties by this time landed in South Uist, as his highness was crossing a burn he miss'd his step and fell on his ribs on a pointed ston, which hurt him severly. He gave a heavy groan and made no more bemoan. He was all this time very ill of a bloody flux and sever fits of grinding, yet still was firm in courage, and insisted he 'd never be taken while among his Highland freinds. June *fol.* 932.

The bearer hereof, James M'Donald, whose father, Hugh M'Donald of Armidell, was captain of one of the Militia companies that came first in suit of him, can tell you best what passt betuixt his father and the Prince.

N.B.—Both the originals of the letter and the paper in Balshar's own handwriting are to be found among my papers. Here I remark once for all that in making out transcripts of the letters's and papers I am favoured with, I observe as exactly as possible the spelling and pointing of the originals. *fol.* 933.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER from CAPTAIN JOHN MACPHERSON of Strathmashie, in Badenoch,[1] to me, ROBERT FORBES. *fol.* 934.

Ruthven, 21st May 1748. 21 May 1748

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you last week by a friend, but soe very confusedly, that I 'm afraid you was at a loss what to make of it. It happened that I did not know of his being to set out till he was just upon the point of takeing journey, soe that I was obliged to transmit you the very scroll I was determined to have kept for myself. I therefore beg you excuse the haveing been troubled with such a confused scrible, since if I had taken time to make it more fit for your perusall I wou'd have lost ane opportunity of sending it, that I did not know when

[1] See f. 890.

21 May *fol.* 935. such another would cast up. But be assured I have not advanced the least circumstance but what is alltogether consistent with my own knowledge to be fact. I shall be heartily glad to be favoured with a letter from you acknowledging the receipt of my former, and if I find it will be agreeable, shall trouble you yet further with such facts as have come to my knowledge relative to what you have in hand. I sincerely wish you all happines, as it will be my very great ambition to be esteemed, Dear Sir, Your most faithfull humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) JOHN M'PHERSON.

N.B.—The original of the above to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol 936. COPY of a LETTER to Captain JOHN MACPHERSON of Strathmashie in Badenoch.

25 May 1748 MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind and agreeable favours I gladly received from the hands of your friend who is pleased to take the trouble of this. I likewise received from him your letter of the 21st instant dated at Ruthven.

I am so exceedingly well pleased with what you have already sent me that I earnestly beg the continuance of your friendly offices in that way. You needed not to have apologiz'd for the haste you was put to in writing the narratives, for I had no difficulty at all in making it out, and the length of it was so far from being tedious to me that the more I read, the more I was pleased, and I wish it had been ten times as long. I should be faulty did I not remark to you that you are by far *fol.* 937. the exactest and most expeditious correspondent I have had to do with as yet in the course of this affair.

As to the bulk of my collection which (very much to my pleasure) has swelled beyond my expectation, I refer you to the bearer for information.

Be so good as embrace the first opportunity of a sure private hand to transmit to me any other narratives you may have collected; and be sure to observe the same circumstantial method of which you have already given me a proof; but

never trust anything by post. The sooner you send me any papers still the better, as you 'll easily see by conversing with your friend. It would be very obliging if, among other favours, you would allow me your account of Falkirk-battle in your own handwriting. 25 May

You see, I am very free in cutting out work for you which must put you to much trouble, but I rely upon your goodness to forgive the freedom, and I hope your attachment to the cause of truth and the importance of the subject will be sufficient to apologize for me at your hands. If ever an opportunity comes in my way to make you a suitable return for your singular favours, you may depend upon a chearful compliance. My best wishes attend you and all your concerns. *fol.* 938.

That God Almighty may have you and all your concerns in his holy care and protection, and that he may grant you all you wish and all you want, is the hearty and earnest prayer of, Dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend and very humble servant, ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, May 25th, 1748.

P.S.—I had almost forgot to mention that I was likewise favoured by post with your kind letter of April 16th.

ADIEU.

COPY of a LETTER to Dr. JOHN BURTON at his house in York.[1] *fol.* 939.

DEAR SIR,—To your kind letter of March 24th, I made a return of April 18th, which, I hope reached you in due course. 25 May 1748

This now serves to cover the letter of my friend Mr. Stewart Carmichael, who takes this opportunity of sending you (according to your commission) the printed cloath, which, I hope, will please the worthy ladies for whose use it is done. I can assure you it is done exactly according to the original, there being not one ace of difference in the figure. My best wishes attend you and all your concerns.

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[1] See ff. 325, 839.

25 May I shall be glad to hear of your welfare and ever am, Dear Sir, Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, May 25th, 1748.

fol. 940. *Citadel of Leith, Friday, May 27th*, 1748.

27 May There are some particulars worth remarking which hitherto I have neglected to write an account of, being engaged in such a variety of bussiness and thoughtfulness since the first time I began to entertain a thought of making this collection; and now here follows an exact account of these particulars.

28 Sept. 1746 September 28th (18th Sunday after Trinity) 1746.—A party came to the Citadel of Leith, commanded by Captain Hanley, of Colonel Lees's regiment of foot, about 12 o'clock, immediately after morning prayer was ended. After placing all the sentries quite round the house of my Lady Bruce,[1] to prevent any persons going out or coming in, Captain Hanley, attended by a sheriff-officer, entred the house, and searched it most strictly. Not a chink or a corner did he pass by that he could *fol.* 941. discover without peeping into it. When he was in the garrets he called for a ladder and with a candle in his own hand viewed all the corners about the couples and in the roof of the house. It was afterwards found out that all this strict search proceeded from an information that the Prince was concealed in or about my Lady Bruce's house, and they certainly thought to have got him. Mrs. Mary Clarke happened to step into the garden with a sucking child (Peggie Rattray) in her arms, when the centries placed on the mount at the back of the garden cried to her, and swore if she made one step further they would shoot her dead. The out houses and every corner of the garden (under the cabbages and the gooseberry bushes not excepted) were searched by the serjeants.

After searching the house and all about it, the Captain told my Lady he had further orders which were to search all her papers. This service was likewise done with great exactness,

[1] Dame Magdalen Scott, relict of Sir William Bruce of Kinross.

the sheriff-officer standing close by the Captain all the time, *fol.* 942.
who, by the bye, had the appearance of being a spy upon the 28 Sept.
Captain's motions: for he attended him in every step he made through the house and nicely viewed every paper the Captain took into his hands. There was not a single discharge or receipt in my Lady's custody for more than thirty years that escaped their notice and reading, which took up much time. Though the Captain was exceedingly strict and exact in doing his duty, yet he performed all with civility and discretion.

The sogers had on their spatter-dashes and their knapsacks upon their backs, having been made to believe before they left the Canongate that they were going upon a march, and they knew nothing of the real design till they were fixed in their several posts round and in my Lady's house; for sentries were placed not only at the outer and inner entry to the house but likewise upon the stair of the house. They went off without finding *fol.* 943.
anything whatsomever.

My Lady Bruce found out afterwards that she owed this troublesome visit to the indiscreet and intemperate zeal of Mr. George Lindsay, Presbyterian preacher in North Leith.

It is to be remarked here that though the Presbyterian preachers (after the battle of Culloden) refused to give in lists either of the well-affected or of the disaffected,[1] yet they held a private committee once every week in Edinburgh in order to confer with one another as to what information every one had got about the rebels and their concerns—a noted instance of Jesuitism. In one of these meetings the said Mr. George Lindsay had lodged an information (founded altogether upon the groundless jealousy of his own mind) anent my Lady *fol.* 944.
Bruce's house, and accordingly one of the Mr. Wisehearts in Edinburgh went to the Justice Clerk and gave him the information; upon which the search was ordered. My Lady Bruce has often assured me of the truth of this discovery she had made, and that she was very certain the thing had come about in the way above mentioned; for that an old friend of hers had waited on the Justice Clerk, to whom he declared his being much surprized how it should come about

[1] See *Scots Magazine* for June 1746, pp. 272-274.

28 Sept. that my Lady had met with any such trouble, seeing her ladyship was an old woman, much retired from the world and very remarkable for her polite and neighbourly behaviour throughout her whole life. The Justice Clerk answered he could not help it, for that one of the Mr. Wisehearts had come to him with an information which he had got from Mr. Lindsay in *fol.* 945. North Leith, and what could he do after that, seeing he was obliged by his office to listen to information, especially when they proceeded from such remarkable friends to the Government? My Lady has hitherto refused to name the gentleman who went to the Justice Clerk, but perhaps I may yet find him out for the better ascertaining the fact.

It is certain that the Presbyterian preachers in Scotland were the best recruiting serjeants (*more majorum Cromwellianorum*) and the best intelligencers that Cumberland and his father ever had; though, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that some of them, both in the Highlands and in the North, behaved themselves in quite a different way, and were remarkable for their compassion and seasonable assistance to the *fol.* 946. distressed skulking gentlemen, all the several instances of which I wish I could pick up and have well vouched, for I would have much pleasure in recording them. Perhaps I may yet find them out, which indeed will be no easy matter, seeing these tender-hearted gentlemen must be careful to conceal the charitable and well-tim'd offices they performed to the distressed for fear of their over-zealous brethren, who would be sure to prosecute them for Jacobitism and disaffection before the Kirk judicatures, could they once discover the part they had acted. From such doctrines as these furious preachers vented in their pulpits, particularly after the battle of Culloden, good Lord deliver me! Instances of this kind are endless. But for one see the substance of two sermons preached by Mr. Alexander Webster in Edinburgh, and printed in the year 1746.

28 Sept. Upon the forementioned day (September 28th, 1746) there *fol.* 947. was likewise a search in the house of Mr. Norwall of Boghall, in the parish of Bathgate, near Linlithgow, by a large party of dragoons, under the command of their Major, who brought along with him six or seven horses, to take off the plunder of

Mr. Norwall's house. For after the search was over, the Major declared to Mr. Norwall, that if there had been found in or about his house any rebel, or anything belonging to the rebels, he was to have pillaged the whole house. 28 Sept.

The Major and his officers dined with Mr. Norwall, and in time of dinner one of the younger officers complained that they had met with such a wretched disappointment, for they were made to think they would have got something worth their pains. Mr. Norwall's sister asked that young officer what he expected to have got? 'The Young Pretender, Madam,' said he. The young lady spoke very cavalierly to him, alledging if the young gentleman had been there, she would have fought for him before she would have suffered him to have been taken. Some of the other officers made the youngster several broad looks when they found he was like to discover the reason of the search; but he took no notice of them at all, being so full of the thing, he went on and spoke out his mind, for he was not a little chagrined at the disappointment. *fol.* 948.

Mr. Norwall owed this favour to Mr. George Blackwell, Presbyterian preacher at Bathgate, which settlement he had procured altogether by the interest and friendship of Mr. Norwall, whose tutor, Charles Blackwell (brother to the said George), had been for some time. They are sons of the late Principal and Professor Blackwell at Aberdeen. They had a brother, Alexander Blackwell, who lately suffered death in Sweden.[1] *fol.* 949.

Mr. Norwall was carried prisoner by the party to Linlithgow, but in a day or two was released by an order from the Justice Clerk. Mr. Norwall had a brother out with the Prince, which gave great ground of suspicion against him.

Information had been given that the Prince was moving southwards,[2] which was the reason why these two strict searches happened upon one and the same day. But then it is worth observing they were searching for him at the time when he was either landed in France or upon the coast of it. That he was making his way southwards as speedily and warily as

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[1] See *Scots Magazine* for 1747, pp. 235, 338, 391.

[2] See *Scots Magazine* for 1746, pp. 391, 392.—F.

fol. 950. possible when the French ships arrived to take him off is
28 Sept. certain, and he behoved to be pretty far down the country towards Edinburgh before the arrival of these ships.[1]

20 Dec. Upon Saturday, December 20th, 1746, there was a strict search made throughout the Canongate, Leith, and the other suburbs of Edinburgh, for ladies and other women dressed in tartan gowns and white ribbands, with express orders both from the Justice Clerk and from Lord Albemarle, at that time Commander-in-chief in Scotland, if any such were found to seize them and make them prisoners, and to bring them before the Justice Clerk and Lord Albemarle, that so they might be questioned about that rebellious dress.

Upon the said day sentries were posted at my Lady Bruce's gate by seven o'clock at night, but no search was made in her house till about ten o'clock, when Lieutenant John Morgan, of
fol. 951. Colonel Lees's regiment of foot, entred the house and behaved with very great discretion, making a joke of the farce, as indeed it did not deserve to be considered in any other light. He went into some few rooms to see if he could find any tartan-ladies, whom he said he was obliged by his orders to take along with him as prisoners if he should find any of them. He was pleased to shew me the orders both of the Justice Clerk and of Lord Albemarle, and to allow me to read them at leisure. The orders of the Justice Clerk were in the following or the like terms:

'Whereas certain information has been given from time to time that several persons, particularly of the female sex, disaffected to his Majesty's person and government, have formed
fol. 952. a design, as an insult upon the government, to solemnize the twentieth day of December as the birthday of the Young Pretender, and for that end are resolved to be dressed in tartan gowns and white ribbands, and to have a ball or dancing in the house of Widow Morison[2] (or the like name)[3] in Leith; there-

[1] See ff. 180, 635-639.

[2] There was not a woman of this name in all Leith, and therefore, I suppose, Widow Norris was the person pointed at, who keeps an Inn upon the shore of Leith, and is strongly suspected to be a Jacobite. The words 'Widow Morrison' were filled up with a different hand from that by which the paper had been written.

[3] These words, 'or the like name,' were upon the margin of the paper or order.

fore these are ordering all officers, civil and military, to be upon their duty to prevent any such riotous meetings or any such insult upon the government; and for that effect to search all suspected houses in the Canongate, Leith, and the other suburbs of Edinburgh, and to seize the persons of such as they shall find dressed in tartan gowns and white ribbands, and the persons of all such as they shall find attending such meetings or dancings, and to make them prisoners, etc. 20 Dec. *fol.* 953.

'Given at Edinburgh, this twentieth day of December, in the year, etc. etc. etc.

(*Sic subscribitur*) And. Fletcher.'

When I had read this order, I could not help laughing, and Morgan said, it deserved no other treatment; for he believed never was an officer sent upon any such duty before, as to enquire into the particular dress of ladies, and to hinder them to take a trip of dancing, etc.

The order of Lord Albemarle was in few words, referring to that of the Lord Justice Clerk, but specifying the article of making prisoners of all tartan gowns, white ribbands, etc. The officers put upon this odd piece of duty had lists in their pockets of all suspected houses. Mrs. Jean Rollo, an old maiden lady in the Canongate, and sister of the present Lord Rollo, was the only prisoner according to order, and was brought before the Justice Clerk and Lord Albemarle, and after some very silly trifling questions being asked about her tartan gown she was dismissed. *fol.* 954.

A party of mounted dragoons continued patroling through some of the streets of Leith till near 12 o'clock at night, and sentries were posted at the Watergate, Foot of Leith Wynd, and head of the Walk of Leith, and other avenues leading to Edinburgh, so that none could pass or repass without being strictly examined and giving an account of themselves. At the Watergate some gentlemen returning from their walk they had been taking into the country were made prisoners, and detained to next day in the Canongate prison, because they made a joke of the thing, and refused to answer some of the silly questions. Among these gentlemen was Mr. David Kennedy, brother to the present Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullean, *fol.* 955.

20 Dec. and cousin to the Justice Clerk. One of Lord Albemarle's servants, returning from watering and airing the horses, refused to answer a centinel that called to him, upon which the centinel stept forwards and thrust his screwed bayonet into the belly of Albemarle's best horse, so that the fine managed caperer died. This became the subject of much laughter that the General should be the only person to suffer in a search for the REBELLIOUS TARTAN.

This farce was said to be altogether owing to the folly and *fol.* 956. madness of General Husk, who was at that time in Edinburgh. There never was such a thing devised as a ball or a dancing. But some people knowing the folly and idleness of the Government folks, had spread such a report to try what they would do; and indeed the farce afforded diversion enough.

There was on Trapeau, an Irishman, a lieutenant in Bligh's regiment, who was much blamed for this odd farce. After the battle of Culloden he became aid de camp to General Husk, to whom he was sure to whisper every idle, silly story he could pick up; and the credulous Husk was ready to swallow everything down as truth. This Trapeau was the officer that posted the sentries at my Lady Bruce's gate; and though he had been several times in my Lady's house, and well entertained in it, yet he had not the discretion to call for my Lady, to let *fol.* 957. her know what was the matter, or to forbid her to be uneasy, so that she was altogether in a state of suspence till Morgan appeared at ten o'clock at night. This Trapeau was among the officers that did duty upon the prisoners in the Castle of Edinburgh in the month of February 1746, and was at no small pains to get into favour with them, particularly the brave Major Donald MacDonell and Mrs. Jean Cameron. Bligh's regiment being ordered to sail from Leith to Aberdeen, where Cumberland was then lying with his army, the said Trapeau took care to have recommendatory letters to Keppoch and Lochiel from Major MacDonell and Mrs. Jean Cameron, for fear of the worst, as both of them told me and others more *fol.* 958. than once. But after the battle of Culloden he was a changed man indeed, being much for severe measures upon the rebels, making panegyricks in conversation upon Cumberland, and calling all the facts about the cruelties and barbarities damn'd

lies, etc., saying that the brave Duke of Cumberland was not capable of entertaining a thought about such doings; that he had a soul much above these things, etc. etc. etc. etc. 20 Dec.

About this time a memorable event happened, which is as follows: My Lady Ogilvie (who had made her escape out of the Castle of Edinburgh in the dress of a servant-maid upon Friday's evening, November 21st, 1746) and about sixteen skulking gentlemen met at a fisher's house (a very retired hut) on this side of North Berwick in order to wait a Dutch ship *fol.* 959. that was to sail from Leith harbour, the master of which had agreed to take them off to Holland, and that when he should fall down the Frith of Forth he would make towards the Bay of Prestonpans as a signal for them to come on board. They accordingly had a large boat from Newhaven provided on purpose, and lying near the fisher's hut. When the Dutchman set sail such a hard westerly gale blew that he could not (with all his art) look near Prestonpans Bay, but behoved to set out to sea directly. This was a sore disappointment to my lady and the distressed gentlemen; for they had nothing else for it but to make their way back again to Edinburgh in as wary a way as possible. They were about two days or so in the fisher's hut, *fol.* 960. where the accommodation was bad enough, especially for such a number. They all luckily got into Edinburgh again on the evening of December 19th; but had they delayed their return into Edinburgh till next day every one of them had been seized by the sentries posted for the tartan farce.

Upon Christmas eve my Lady Ogilvie, dressed in men's cloaths, as a sick gentleman jaunting for health, set out in a chaise for London attended only by Archibald Hart, merchant in Edinburgh, who brought her ladyship safe to London. Upon her endeavouring to get over to Holland from the English coast she was seized upon by an officer and his party for the Young Pretender. The gentleman who was with her (I know not his name) acted his part so well as to get her free; *fol.* 961. for he assured the officer it was a lady of rank in men's cloaths, who had run herself so deep in debt with gaming that she behoved to fall upon this shift to get abroad to save herself the disgrace of being thrown into jayl, and he hoped the officer was one of more honour and had a greater regard for the sex than

20 Dec. to have a hand in bringing so much misery upon a lady. The officer said the Young Pretender was represented to him to be a tall, slender young man such as the person he had now seized; but if it could be certified that the prisoner was a woman he wanted no more, for he would not upon any consideration bring
fol. 962. distress upon a lady. The officer having got some women to examine into the case and to give their verdict, was satisfied it was not the Young Pretender, and so let my lady pass without further trouble. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 963. Friday's Afternoon, June 3d, 1748.—In the room of Captain
3 June 1748 Hugh Clerk above his cellars in South Leith, there was a company taking a glass of wine when the conversation happened very accidentally to turn upon a point well worth the remarking.

The company consisted of the ten following persons, viz.: Captain Hugh Clerk, Frazerdale's son, commonly called Lord Lovat, the Laird of MacLeod, Lady MacLeod, Laird of MacLeod's two daughters, Mr. William Forbes, Writer to the Signet, commonly called Little Willie Forbes, Mrs. Rattray, wife of John Rattray, surgeon in Edinburgh, and Mrs. Mary and Helen Clerks, daughters of the foresaid Captain Hugh Clerk.

fol. 964. A health being asked of the said William Forbes he drank to 'Scotland that once was.' The health went round in the same terms, and the Laird of MacLeod said, 'Scotland indeed can be no more now that the President is dead.' To this Mr. William Forbes replied, that one day being with the President when on his death-bed, he (William Forbes) took an opportunity of regreting with tears in his eyes, what a great loss his country would sustain by the President's death, and that the President made this return to him, 'Were I to live longer, Willie, I could only mourn with you over my country.'

As Mr. Forbes's toast was a home-thrust to the Laird of MacLeod for his conduct in the late troubles, so his narrating the President's words on his death-bed was a pointed and silencing return to the Laird for his compliment to the memory
fol. 965. of the President. The Laird made no remark at all upon the President's words.

The above narration I heard Mrs. Rattray repeat to my Lady Bruce and others after her returning to the Citadel from the company. 3 June 1748.

There is one obvious remark to be made from the President's words to Willie Forbes, namely that the President himself has been very sensible it was not in his power to procure the smallest favour for his country though he had done very extraordinary services for the government.[1]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY (exact and faithful) of the Accompts of JAMES GIB, who served the Prince in station of Master-Houshold and provisor for the Prince's own Table.[2] *fol.* 966.

1745

October the 30,[3] At the Abbay of Holyrood house, Wednesday— 30 Oct. 1745

	Sterling.		
Paid for 46 pound bife at 2d. 2f., . .	0	9	7
To 4 quarters mutton, ...	0	7	0
To a dozen hens, ...	0	10	0
to 2 dozen chickens, ...	0	9	0
to 6 dozen eggs, ...	0	1	9
to 16 pound butter, ...	0	10	8
to a whit irine spicerie box, . . .	0	6	0
to two padeloks, ...	0	1	10
	£2	15	10

31 At Pinko House in the march to England, Thursday—

To bread and alle, ...	0	12	0
To onions and greens, ...	0	00	10

[1] See ff. 883-889, 1342-1347, 1443-1446.

[2] These accounts are printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 145-206. Here, however, the contracted words have been extended.

[3] Compare with Mr. Goodwillie's Journal, f. 1095.—F.

30 Oct.	to 2 dozen peers,	0	0	6
	to a woman in the Citchen,	0	01	0
		£„	14	4

1 Nov.	November the 1st, At Dalkeith, Friday—			
	For 4 quarters mutton,	0	6	0
	to flower, eggs, and salt,	0	1	3
	to 6 limons and a bottle brandy,	0	2	4
		£„	9	7
	to 12 loafs bread,	„	6	0
		£0	15	7

2	At Dalkeith, Saturday—			
	To 56 pound bife at 2d.,	„	9	4
	to 6 quarters mutton,	„	9	„
	to 2 quarters veale,	„	4	„
	to 22 pound butter at 7d.,	„	12	10
	to spiceries,	„	7	„
	to oysters and fish, 2 days,	1	5	6
	to 4 dozen loafs,	1	4	0
fol. 967.	more for bread,	0	4	0
	more for butter, 19 pound,	0	11	1
	to 29½ pound English chease at 7d.,	0	9	10
	for ale,	0	16	0
	for a sheep,	0	6	0
	from Edinburgh 6 geese,	0	9	0
	2 dozen chickens,	0	9	0
	1 dozen hens,	0	10	0
	1 dozen ducks,	0	10	0
	3½ dozen limons,	0	8	0
	3 bottles vinegar,	0	1	8
	2 bottles brandy,	0	2	8
	portage from Edinburgh,	0	3	0
	Packe thrid,	0	1	0
	Paid Tome, the cook, to accompt of wagges,	1	2	6

	to Hugh, the cook, for do., . . .	1	„	„	2 Nov.
	to Gibson, to accompt, ...	3	„	„	
	to John, the cook, to accompt, . . .	1	4	„	
3	At Lauder, Sunday—				
	To 15 pound candels at 8d., . . .	0	10	0	
	to bread, ...	0	6	4	
	to alle, ...	0	12	4	
4	Went to Kelso, Monday.				
5	At Kelso, Tuesday—				
	paid for a bacon ham, weight 16 pound, at 8d. per pound, ...	„	10	6	
	to 2 mutton hames and a pice of smoackt bife, ...	„	6	„	
	150 skivers, ...	„	„	6	
	paid for 12 toungs, ...	„	3	„	
6	At night at Jedburgh, Wednesday.				
7	At Heyicke, Thursday—				
	To a barile of Alle, ...	„	4	6	
	to 2 pound candles, ...	„	1	„	
	more for candles, ...	„	1	„	
8	At Langham, in Scotland, about 13 or 14 miles from Mourouss, Friday.				*fol.* 968.
9	At Mourouss, in England, 2 or 3 miles westward of Carlisle, Saturday—				
	For alle, ...	„	11	„	
	for 6 pound candles, ...	„	3	„	
	for cheess, ...	„	5	„	
	for 18 pound suggar at 10d., . . .	„	15	„	
10	At Blacklehall, Sunday—				
	for alle, ...	„	12	„	
	for candles, ...	„	2	6	
11	At Bramptoun, Monday—[1]				
	for papper, ...	„	4	3½	
	to herbs and rootts, ...	„	3	„	
12	At Bramptoun, Tuesday—				
	To 4½ stone bife at 2d., ...	„	12	„	

[1] When the Prince was at Brampton he went one day to Squire Warwick's house and dined there.

12 Nov.	to one sheepe,	„	6	„
	to 11¼ stone bife at 2d.,	1	10	„
	to 2 sheepe,	„	14	„
	to 10 poulets,	„	3	6
	to two geese,	„	2	2
	to five ducks,	„	3	4
	butter and eggs,	„	1	„½
13	At Brampton, Wednesday—Carlisle besieged by the Duke of Perth and his regiment.			
14	At Brampton, Thursday—			
	3 cickens,	„	1	„
	12 Do.,	„	3	„
	4 ducks,	„	2	8
	2 hens,	„	2	8
	2 ducks,	„	1	4
	5 hens,	„	1	8
	5 cickens,	„	1	8
	3 ducks,	„	2	„
	3 hens,	„	2	„
	9 hens,	„	6	„
		£1	4	0
fol. 969.	paid for 77½ pound butter at 4d.,	1	5	10
	paid for 17 pound Do. at 4½d.,	„	6	4½
	paid for eggs,	„	3	2
	paid for rootts and herbs,			
	paid for washing,			
	paid for bread from the 11 to the 15,			
	paid for alle,			
	foul forgott,	„	„	5
	3 pound candles forgott,	„	„	18
15 16 17	Friday—Carlisle surrendred to the Duke of Perth and his regiment, who would not be relieved. The Prince still at Brampton. Saturday and Sunday.			
18	At Carlile, Monday— [1]			
	paid for 4 turkies,	„	10	„

[1] See f. 1097.

	paid for 2 geess,		„	2	„	18 Nov.
	for 4 ducks,		„	2	„	
	for 10 cickens,		„	5	„	
	for 2 piggs,		„	5	„	
	for 12 pound freshe butter at 4½d.,		„	4	6	
	for herbs and rootts,		„	5	8	
	for eggs, flowre, and salt,		„	6	„	
	for 4 cheesses at 14 pence per piece,		„	4	8	
	for 6 chickens at 8d.,		„	8	„	
	for apples,		„	1	3	
	for 7 hens at 8d.,		„	4	8	
	for a cheess,		„	1	6	
	for alle, 30 gallons,		2	„	„	
	to a chearewoman, *i.e.*, washing the kitchin,		„	„	9	*fol.* 970.
19	At Carlisle, Tuesday—					
	To 6 pound butter at 6d.,		„	3	„	
	to 2 quarters veall,		„	4	6	
	to 14 chickens,		„	7	„	
	to Mark, the cook,		1	„	„	
	for 15 pound of English cheese at 3d.,		„	3	9	
	to a bottle Whit vine,		„	3	„	
	to 7 pound sacceges at 8d. a pound,		„	4	8	
	to one dozen limons,		„	2	6	
	bread for 2 days,		1	17	7	
	to egges,		„	1	6	
20	At Carlisle, Wednesday—					
	to a haire,		„	„	8	
	to 30 head of poultrie,		„	15	„	
	to 12 pound fresh butter,		„	6	„	
	to 2 hind quarters veal,		„	6	„	
	to bread,		„	„	1	
	to saccegges,		„	14	„	
	to 6 vine glasses,		„	1	6	
	to washing table linning,		„	4	8	
21	At Carlisle, Thursday—[1]					
	for sacegges,		„	2	„	

[1] See f. 1098.

21 Nov. paid to a chearwoman, ... „ 1 6
to washing, ... „ 2 „

N.B.—The Prince, staying at Carlisle four days, Mr. Hymer, Attorney, received twenty guineas for the use of his house, though he furnished nothing, not so much as coal or candle; and every day he had two dishes of meat at dinner and as many at supper for himself and his wife at the Prince's charges. When the Prince happened to be a night or so in any gentleman's house, the ordinary custom was to give five guineas (at least) of drink money to the servants.

fol. 971. 22 At Pireth, Friday—
for bread, ... „ 8 „
for 12 pound candles, ... „ 6 6
for 2 pound barly, ... „ 1 „
for papper, ... „ 1 „
for 18 yeards cource cloath for touels for the citchin, ... „ 13 6
for 15 pound chees at 3d. lib., . . . „ 3 9
for fishe, ... „ 2 „
to 43 pound bife at 2½d.,
to 2 sheep,
to more candles 6 pound, ... „ 3 „

23 Saturday, } At Kendal.
24 Sunday, }

25 At Lancaster, Monday.

26 At Preston, Tuesday.
paid for vild foul, ... „ 5 „
paid for bread, ... „ 5 „
pack thrid and peper, ... „ 1 6
paid Hugh, the Cooke, ... 1 5 „

27 At Preston, Wednesday—
for fish, ... „ 7 2
for vild foull, ... „ 7 6
for chickens, ... „ 8 „
for fruit, ... „ 3 „

for skivers,	„	„	11		27 Nov.
for capers,	„	„	4		
flower and egges,	„	4	„		
28th At Wiggan, Thursday—					
to a bottle of brandy,	„	3	„		
N.B.—For one night at Wiggan a woman received ten guineas for the use of her house, the landlord (a squire) having gone from home.					
29th At Manchester, Friday.					
30 At Manchester, Saturday—					
to veall, 27 pound at 2½d.,	„	5	7½		
to 2 rabbets,	„	„	8		*fol.* 972.
to 2 geese,	„	4	„		
to a pigge and potted widcocks,	„	9	„		
to 20 chickens and hens,	„	6	8		
to 6 pound saccegges,	„	2	6		
to 4 pair piggons,	„	3	4		
to egges, flower, and apples,	„	5	6		
to wilde fowels,	„	4	„		
to trips of bife,	„	2	3		
to apples,	„	3	„		
to 10 pound butter,	„	5	„		
to 18 pound candles,	„	9	„		
December 1, At Maccelfield, Sunday—					1 Dec.
to 2 tounges,	„	1	6		
to a rabbet,	„	„	4½		
to 6 quarts of alle,	„	2	„		
to bread at several times,					
2nd, At Macclesfield, Monday—					
to 60 pound beef at 2½d.,	„	12	6		
to 2 toungs,	„	1	6		
More to 110 pound Do.,	1	7	0½		
to 4 geess,	„	8	„		
to 12 chickens,	„	4	„		
to 15 gallons alle,	1	„	„		
to 16 pound butter,	„	8	„		
to 2 ducks,	„	1	4		
to 6 henns,	„	3	„		

2 Dec.	to 26 pound bife at 2½d.,	„	5	5
	to a side of veall,	„	5	„
	to rootes and herbes,	„	1	6
	to flower and egges and salt,	„	1	4
3	At Leek, Tuesday—			
4	At Acheborne, Wednesday—			
5 Thursday 6 Friday	At Derby, and marched no farther into England.[1]			
	paid for bread,	„	17	„
	paid for alle,	„	13	4
	for limons, eggs, floure, and root,			
fol. 973.	for veal,	„	3	„
	for pertriges, foul, and fish,	„	15	„
	to brandy and rume,			
	to 8 pound butter at 6d.,	„	4	„
	to eggs,	„	1	2
	to 4 bottles beere,	„	1	„
7	At Leek in the retreat, Saturday—			
	paid for salt beef 45 at 2½d.,	„	9	4½
	for a gooss,	„	2	„
	for pettates,	„	2	„
	to a bottle rume,	„	3	„
8	At Macclefield, Sunday—			
	Paid for 110 pound beefe at 2½d.,	1	2	11
	to nuttmuggs,	„	„	8
	to cinemon,	„	1	„
9	At Manchester, Monday—			
	to 2 woodcocks and a pertrige,	„	2	6
	to a gooss,	„	2	„
	to apples,	„	1	3
	to 2 comon cheesses,	„	2	„
	to one dozen limons,	„	3	„
10	At Wiggan, Tuesday—			
	to 2 bottles brandy and 2 rum,	„	9	6
	to 2 limons,	„	„	8
	to charecoall,	„	0	6
11 Wednesday, 12 Thursday,	At Preston—			
	to 4 wood cocks,	„	3	„

[1] See f. 1099.

to 2 pair rabbets,			„	2	8	12 Dec.
to a gooss,			„	2	„	
to a leage of veall,			„	2	8	
to apples and salad.						
to egges,			„	3	6	
to 4 pound suggar,			„	3	„	
to 4 hens,			„	2	8	
to a dozen limons,			„	3	„	*fol.* 974.
to 2 piggs,			„	5	„	
to 2 turkies,			„	7	„	
to 6 henns,			„	5	„	
to a legg of veall,			„	6	„	
13 } Friday, 14 } Saturday, At Lancaster.						
15 } Sunday, 16 } Monday, At Kendal.[1]						
17 At Shape, Tuesday—						
to ale, wine, and other provisions,			4	17	0	
the landlady for the use of her house,			2	2	0	
N.B.—The landlady a sad wife for imposing.						
18 At Penreth, Wednesday—Skirmish by the Macphersons, etc.[2]						
to bread,			„	9	„	
to apples,			„	1	„	
to 2 pigs,			„	4	„	
to 3 bottles cherie brandy,			„	7	6	
to a quarter veall,			„	3	„	
19 At Carlisl, Thursday—						
to a cheese, weight 24,			„	7	„	
to 2 piggs,			„	6	„	
to poultrie,			„	8	„	
to 6 limons,			„	1	6	
to flower, salt, and eggs,			„	4	8	
to 10 pound butter,			„	5	„	
pork of bife,			„	1	„	
20 At Carlisle, Friday.[3]						
21 At Annan, Saturday—						
paid for 108 pound sald bife,			„	18	„	

[1] See f. 1099. [2] See ff. 890, 891. [3] See f. 1101.

21 Dec.	to 2 muton hams and tonge,		„	4	„
	to bread,		„	18	„
	to alle,		„	15	„
	to 2 dozen vine,		2	8	„
fol. 975.	22 At Dumfrich, Sunday—				
	to eggs, flowre, and roots,		„	7	3
	to a seed cake,		„	18	8
	to 40 pints alle at 3d,		„	10	1
	20 At Drumlenrick, Monday.				
	24 At Dugless, Tuesday.				
	25 At Hamilton, Wednesday's night—				
	paid for a turkie,		„	3	„
	to 2 dozen alle,		„	4	„
	to 3 tounges,		„	3	„
	26 Thursday, 27 Friday, At Hamilton.				
	N.B.—Upon the 26th, in place of taking rest, the Prince went hunting at Hamilton.				
	28 At Glascoue, Saturday—				
	to 5 dozen egges,		„	2	1
	to a dozen limons,		„	2	„
	to spiceries,		„	10	4
	limon pill,		„	2	6
	to 2 knifes for the citchin,		„	2	8
	to 14 pound suggar, at 9d. the pound,		„	10	6
	to poltrie,		„	15	„
	to 32 pound candles,		„	16	„
	to 13 dozen eggs,		„	5	5
	to fish,		„	4	„
	to pickled oysters,		„	4	„
	to a peck of flower,				
	to 24 pound butter,		„	12	„
	to cocombers,		„	„	6
	to gooss gibblets,		„	„	8
	to rosin,		„	„	2
	to 4 piggs,		„	6	„
	to tripes,		„	1	4
	to 3 pound fresh butter,		„	1	6

[1] See f.

	to milke,	„	„	4		28 Dec.
	to 23 pound cheess at 3½d.,	„	6	8½		
29	At Glasgow, Sunday.					
30	At Glasgow, Monday—					*fol.* 976.
	to 2 geess,	„	5	„		
	to 10 dozen apples,	„	5	„		
	to milk,	„	„	6		
	to 2 pound risse,	„	„	8		
	to rozen,	„	„	2		
	to 2 piggs,	„	6	„		
	to bread,	„	2	„		
31	At Glasgow, Tuesday.					
	to 8 pound butter,	00	4	0		
	to candles,					
	to milk,	0	0	8		

1746.

N.B.—The Prince dressed more elegantly when in Glasgow than he did in any other place whatsomever.

January 1,	At Glasgow, Wednesday—					1 Jan. 1746
	to 16 pound butter,	„	6	8		
	to sacegges,	„	2	11		
	to nout feet,	„	„	4		
	to one dozen limons,	„	2	„		
	to 24 dozen eggs					
	to tripes,	„	1	4		
	to 4 galons ale,					
	to candles,					
	to 2 pound barley,	„	„	6		
	to milke,	„	„	8		
2	At Glasgow, Thursday—					
	to poltrie,	„	3	„		
	to a pair pertriges,	„	1	„		
	to paper pack thrid,					
	to flower and salt,					
	to 8 fowls,	„	6	„		
	to 3 woodcocks,	„	2	6		
	to vinegar,	„	„	8		
	to milk,	„	„	6		

2 Jan. to salt and vinegar, . . . „ 1 4
fol. 977. to 2 hens and 3 ducks, . . . „ 3 11
3 At Glasgow, Friday.[1]
4 At Glasgow, Saturday.
N.B.—In the above two days I made up my accompts.
5 At Kilsyth, Sunday.
6 At Bannockburn, Monday—
to 23 pound butter at 7d., . . . „ 13 5
to 2 chesses, ... „ 12 „
to 4 pecks flower, ... „ 5 „
to 30 hens at 8d., ... 1 „ „
to egges, ... „ 7 „
to 6 sheep and a half, . . . 1 19 9
to 2 coues, ... 5 „ „
to one do., ... 2 10 „
to 6¾ stone butter, ... 3 3 „
to 2 stone candles, . . . „ 14 8
to 14 hens, ... „ 9 4
to half a cowe, ... „ 15 „
to a veale, ... „ 9 „
to 42 hens, ... 1 7 „
to a turkie, ... „ 3 „
to 2 duckes, ... „ 1 8
7 At Bannockburn, Tuesday.
8 At Bannockburn, Wednesday. This day some of the clans marched into Stirling.
9 At Bannockburn, Thursday.
to oynons, ... „ „ 6
to cinemond, ... „ 5 „
to a pound of mustard, . . . „ 2 „
to pepper and pack thrid, . . . „ 8 „
to candles
to foules
10 At Bannockburn, Friday.
11 At Bannockburn, Saturday.
fol. 978. 12 At Bannockburn, Sunday.
13 At Bannockburn, Monday.

[1] See f. 1101.

14 At Bannockburn, Tuesday. 14 Jan.
15 At Bannockburn, Wednesday.
16 At Bannockburn, Thursday.
17 This night, Friday, the Prince slept in Falkirk, the battle of Falkirk having been fought[1] about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Prince's army routed General Hawley and his army. Had this victory been properly improved it would have made a very great alteration in affairs; for Hawley had the flower of the English army under his command. But, to tell the truth, it was not an easy matter to pursue the victory, as dark night was coming on. Besides, the redcoats so soon gave way and fled with such precipitation that the Highland generals had reason to suspect a design in it of leading them into an ambuscade, which may be assigned as the principal reason why the Prince's army did not continue the pursuit. Had the Highlanders given a hearty chace to the red-coats, it is believed very few of them would have escaped into Edinburgh. In this event it would not have been in the power of the Government to bring such another army to the field. *fol.* 979.

In this battle Major Donald MacDonald,[2] of Keppoch's regiment, had the misfortune of being made prisoner by a fatal mistake. He happened to pursue the enemy further than any other person, and after he had walked about a quarter of an hour up and down amongst the enemy's field pieces, a man came up to him and asked what he was doing there? He answered, 'I am diverting myself looking at these pieces of cannon.' To which the foresaid man replied, 'I would have you, Sir, to take care of yourself, for the Campbells

[1] From this to line 8th of page 982 I write altogether from my own memory, having had the account (as I give it) of the battle of Falkirk from severals that were engaged in it.—R. F.

[2] This narrative I had verbatim more than once from Major MacDonell's own mouth, when in the castle of Edinburgh. His other fellow-prisoners likewise remember the several particulars of it well as narrated by himself. It is a common error (and in print too) that his being taken was his mounting a dragoon horse which was said to run away with him. To contradict this mistake is the reason why I have so circumstantially given the above account.
Robert Forbes, A.M.

17 Jan. and others are rallying at the back of Falkirk to return to the battle.' Upon this the Major thought proper to return to his own corps, and in his way happening to spy a body of men at some distance in a hollow ground he, through the dusk of the evening, imagined them to be Lord John Drummond's regiment and the French
fol. 980. picquets. He briskly made up to them with his sword still drawn and passionately spoke these words, 'Gentlemen, what are ye doing standing here? Why don't ye follow after the dogs and pursue them?' Scarce had he spoke these words when he discovered his mistake and saw the body of men to be Barrel's regiment which had never been engaged, as indeed they had not seen the Highlanders at all, there being a rising ground betwixt the Highland army and the said regiment.

When the Major, through the fatal mistake, had rushed in among them a cry was soon raised, 'Here is a rebel! Here is a rebel!' The Major having advanced so far that he could not retreat, endeavoured to screen himself by saying he was one of their own Campbells, his white cockade being so dirty with the heavy rain that had fallen and with the smoke of the firing in time of the action that there was no discovering the colour of it. However the Major did not succeed in the stratagem of passing for a Campbell, for General
fol. 981. Husk (being in Barrel's regiment) swore it was easy to discover what he was by his sword—the blade of which happened to be covered over with blood and hair. Husk immediately cried out to shoot the dog instantly; upon which seven or eight musketeers presented their pieces to the major's breast to dispatch him. But Lord Robert Ker generously interposed and saved his life by beating down the muskets, of which the Major entertained a most grateful sense. At last the Major, being obliged to surrender his arms, said as he himself was an officer, he would chuse to deliver up his arms to General Husk, because he appeared to be an officer of dignity; but Husk swore he would not do the Major that honour. Upon which Lord Robert Ker politely stept forwards to receive

the Major's arms. When the Major was pulling off his pistol from his belt he happened to do it with such an air that Husk swore the dog was going to shoot him. To which the Major replied, 'I am more of a gentleman, Sir, than to do any such thing, I am only pulling off my pistol to deliver it up.' When the Major at any time spoke to a friend about delivering up his good claymore and his fine pistol, he used to sigh and to mention Lord Robert Ker with great affection for his generous and singular civilities.[1] 17 Jan. *fol.* 982.

January 18, Saturday, the Prince at Falkirk, whither he ordered the corpses of Sir Robert Monro, of Colonel Whitney, and of some other officers of Hawley's army, to be brought and to be buried in the churchyard. The Prince remaind all night in Falkirk. The said day the Duke of Perth sent a summons to General Blakeney to surrender the Castle of Stirling.

19 Sunday. The Prince returned to Bannockburn.

20 Monday, At Bannockburn.

21 Tuesday, At Bannockburn.

22 Wednesday, At Banockburn. Begun with Mr. Hay.[2]

Paid for a veal,	„	12	„
to hens, 34 at 8d.	1	2	8
to egges,	„	3	„
to a stone common candles,	„	8	„
to 24½ lumpe suggar,	1	„	5
to oynons,	„	2	„
to 2 pound razins,	„	1	2
to 2 veals,	1	„	„

[1] See f. 64.

[2] Here I asked at Mr. Gib what he meant by these words. He told me that he was accountable to Colonel Strickland for debursements, but upon notice of the Colonel's death at Carlisle he was ordered to give in his accompts to Mr. John Hay of Restalrig. He likewise told me that from the 9th to the 22nd of January he had set down his accompts upon a sheet of paper so that none of these were in his pocket-book, and that he himself was still at Bannockburn, January 17th, when the Prince was in Falkirk, but on 18th of January he was at Falkirk with the Prince.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 983. 23 Thursday, At Bannockburn—

23 Jan.	to 8 henes at 8d.,	„	5 8
	to one do.,	„	„ 8
	to one pound butter,	„	„ 7
	to egges,	„	1 „
	to 2 hens,	„	1 4
	to 18 sheep at 6s.,	5	8 10
	to 18 galons beer,	1	4 „
	to 9 galons ale,	„	9 „
	to 2 ston candles,	„	16 8
	to oynons and apples,	„	4 6
	to gray pepper,	„	1 4
	to 24 pound comon cheess at 4,	„	8 0
	to a quarter pound paper,	„	„ 8
	to 3 pecks salt,	„	1 6
		£1	12 8

24 Friday, At Bannockburn—

	to a cowe,	3	3 „
	to 4 hens,	„	2 8
	to 4 pecks oate meal,	„	3 „
	to 2 dozen egges,	„	1 8
	to pepper and raizens,	„	1 10
	to 25 pound barly,	„	4 „
		3	16 2

25 Saturday, At Bannockburn—

	to 3 sides of beef from Sachie,	3	16 8
	to 2 hens,	„	1 4
	to 27 gallons ale,	1	16 „
	to 9 gallons do.,	„	12 „
	to 2 bolls oate meal,	1	4 „
	to 4 hens and a dozen eggs,	„	3 2
	to a pecke of flower,	„	1 8
fol. 984.	to a seed cake,	„	8 6

to a stone comon candles, ...	„	8	„	25 Jan.
to a carier for a week's work, . . .	„	3	„	
to 2 bolls flower, ...	2	5	4	

26 Sunday, At Bannockburn.

27 Monday, At Bannockburn—

to 14 hens at 8d., ...	„	9	4
2 pound fresh butter, ...	„	1	2
to 6 dozen eggs, ...	„	2	„
to charges, ...	„	12	6
to wines from Glasgow, ...	7	5	9
to sindrie things from do., . . .	4	17	6
to sindrys from Alloway and charges, .	1	4	7
to a boll of meall, ...	„	12	„
to Mr. Don for win, ...	17	10	„
N.B.—Mr. Don, from first to last, got upwards of fifty £ sterling for wine, .	50	„	„
A man at Airth got eighteen £ sterling for a hogshead of claret, . . .	18	„	„

28 Tuesday, At Bannockburn—

to 2 cowes from Sachie, ...	5	15	„
to hens, ...			
to 14 dozen egges, ...	„	4	8
to 100 weight barly and portage, . .	„	17	„
to 4 pound butter, ...	„	2	4
to a copper laddle, ...	„	2	„
to 5 stone candles from Kilsyth, . .	2	1	6
to sundries from Stirling, ...	1	17	„
to barme, ...	„	7	6

29 At Bannockburn, Wednesday.[1]

[1] This day (early in the morning) the cannonading against Stirling Castle both began and ceased, there having been discharged from the battery only 20 or 21 cannon shot. The siege was very poorly managed. There was only one man killed in the garrison, and there were very few wounded. The Prince lost (at least) 60 or 70 men in the trenches by the firing from the castle. When the red-coats came to Stirling they went to the trenches, and, digging up some of the corpses, did very shocking things to them.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

30 Jan. 30 Thursday, At Bannockburn—

to 2 days' bread from Stirling,	„	10	„
fol. 985. to one boll of meall,	„	12	„
to 6 turkies and 6 geess, and charges from Alloa,	1	7	„
to a veall,	„	13	„
to six dozen limons,	„	12	„
to James Watt for baking,	1	„	„
to 20 hens,	„	13	4

31 Friday, At Bannockburn—

to 3 sides of bife from Sachie,	3	15	„
to 3 ston butter,	1	6	„
to 49½ gallons of ale,	3	6	„
to 35 dozen egges,	„	11	8
to 27 hens and 4 cickens,			
to 3 pecks salt,	„	1	6
to bread from Stirling,	„	5	„
to sundries from Glasgow,	5	15	3½
to washing,	„	15	„
to a boll of meall,	„	12	„
to expenses to Glasgow and Stirling,	„	14	6

1 Feb. February 1, Saturday. Early in the morning the Prince and his army begin their retreat from Stirling, Bannockburn, etc. By an accident the Church of St. Ninians was blown up, there being a quantity of powder lodged in it. Some country people and some Highlanders were killed by the blowing up of the church. At night the *fol.* 986. Prince lodged in Drummond Castle, the Duke of Perth's country seat.

2 Sunday. The Prince at Fairnton, Lord John Drummond's seat. This day the Duke of Cumberland entered Stirling about one o'clock, and rode up to the Castle and took a view of the works from which he had received a royal salute upon his approach. A detachment of his army had marched into Stirling the night before. He gave orders to rebuild with wood the arch of Stirling Bridge, which General Blakeney had broke down.

3 Monday. The Prince at Fairnton.

4 Tuesday. The Prince at Castle Weem, Sir Robert Menzies's house. This day some prisoners in the Castle

of Stirling were, by Cumberland's orders, sent off under a command to the Castle of Edinburgh. They were taken out of the Castle of Stirling at nine o'clock in the morning, and kept standing on the street of Stirling till betwixt 2 and 3 in the afternoon, as so many spectacles to be gazed at, though not one of them had been taken upon or near a field of battle. Lord Albemarle, coming up to Captain Hamilton of Hamilton's dragoons, who commanded the party, asked him who these were that were placed behind the front ranks? The Captain answered they were prisoners. Then Albemarle, with a volley of oaths, asked why they were not tied with ropes. The Captain replied they were gentlemen. 'Gentlemen,' said Albemarle, 'damn them for rebels.[1] Get ropes, and rope them immediately.' Captain Hamilton begged leave to inform him that they were taken up only upon suspicion, and added he could venture to say there was not anything to be laid to their charge. Albemarle still cried to have them roped, and swore if one of them should happen to escape Captain Hamilton should pay dear for him. Accordingly they were tied two and two by the arms, the gentlemen laughing at the farce, and excusing Captain Hamilton, who declared his being ashamed of such a piece of duty. While Albemarle was bullying and roaring, one of the gentlemen spoke these words: 'It is exceedingly like a Dutchman.' Cornet Forth (one of the command) said he was persuaded it was orders. How soon the gentlemen were out of Stirling, Captain Hamilton desired them to throw away the ropes!

4 Feb. *fol.* 987.

February 5, Wednesday.[2] The Prince at Castle Weem, and went out a hunting. *fol.* 988.

6 Thursday.

7 Friday.

8 Saturday.

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[1] This account about the prisoners I wrote from my own eyesight and experience.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] Here Mr. Gib is mistaken in his account of days and places See ff. 993-996, 1041.

9 Feb. 9 Sunday.
10 Monday.
11 Tuesday.
12 Wednesday, and
13 Thursday, at the Castle of Blair, one of the Duke of Athole's seats. During the time of the Prince's abode at Blair Castle, he spent one day in hunting.
14 Friday. At Dalnacardoch, a public house on Wade's road.
15 Saturday.
16 Sunday.
17 Monday.
18 Tuesday.
19 Wednesday.
20 Thursday, and
21 Friday. At Ruthven of Badenoch.
22 Saturday. At the house of Mr. Grant of Dalrachny.
23 Sunday. At Moy Hall, the Laird of Macintosh's house.

N.B.—Before setting out from Dalrachny, Mr. Gib, finding himself run short of bread, ordered his servants to bake some; but Lady Dalrachny put a stop to them, and said she would not allow any such thing to be done in her house upon a Sunday. Mr. Gib yielded the point and would not contend with her. This Lady spoke some imprudent and impertinent things to Mr. Gib, viz., 'What a pack ye are. God lat me never hae the like of you in my house again.' Mr. Gib told her it was the *fol.* 989. greatest honour she could come by to have such company in her house, etc.

24 Monday. At Moy hall.[1]

N.B.—This is the day in the morning of which Lord Loudon thought to have surprized the Prince, and to have taken him prisoner in his bed at Moy or Moy-hall.[2] Old Lady Macintosh, living in Inver-

[1] This article is wrong. It ought to be thus: February 17th, Monday—At Moy Hall, and so accordingly in the others, some preceding and some subsequent to this article. See the page immediately preceding, and f. 1041.

[2] See ff. 258-260, 380, 648, 1256.

ness, and getting notice of Lord Loudon's design, 24 Feb.
dispatched a boy (Lachlan Macintosh) about fifteen
years of age, to try if he could get past Lord
Loudon's men, and to make all the haste he could
to Moy to warn the Prince of what was intended
against him. The boy attempted to pass by Lord
Loudon and his command, but found he could not
do it without running the risque of a discovery;
and therefore, as he said, he lay down at a dyke's
side, till all Lord Loudon's men past him, and,
taking a different road, came to Moy about five
o'clock in the morning. And though the morning
was exceedingly cold, the boy was in a top sweat,
having made very good use of his time. He said that *fol.* 990.
Lord Loudon and his men (to use his own words)
were within five quarters of a mile of Moyhall.
Immediately the Prince was awaked, and having
but about thirty men for a guard, he marched two
miles down the country by the side of a loch, till
his men should conveen. There was not the least
suspicion entertained of any danger, otherwise there
would have been a much stronger guard about the
Prince's person; and there is no doubt to be made
but that Lord Loudon had got certain information[1]
of the small number of men who were to mount
guard upon the Prince that night, which had
induced him to try the experiment. Lady Mac-
intosh (junior) was in great pain to have the
Prince safe off from Moy when she heard of the
alarm. The Prince returned the same night (Mon-
day) to Moy and slept there. Mr. Gib, upon the
alarm, having been sleeping in his cloaths, stept
out with his pistols under his arm, and in the close

[1] Monday's forenoon, June 27th, 1748, talking a second time with Mr. Gib upon this subject, I asked him if he had ever heard who the person was suspected to be that had given Lord Loudon information about the Prince. Mr. Gib said that Grant of Dalrachny was strongly suspected to have sent information from his own house to Lord Loudon about the slender guard the Prince kept upon his own person.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

24 Feb. *fol.* 991. he saw the Prince walking with his bonnet above his nightcap, and his shoes down in the heels; and Lady Macintosh in her smock petticoat running through the close, speaking loudly and expressing her anxiety about the Prince's safety. Mr. Gib went along with the Prince down the side of the Loch, and left several covered waggons and other baggage at Moy, about which Lady Macintosh forbad Mr. Gib to be in the least anxious, for that she would do her best to take care of them. And indeed she was as good as her word; for upon the Prince's return to Moy, Mr. Gib found all his things in great safety, the most of them having been carried off by Lady Macintosh's orders into a wood, where they would not readily have been discovered, though Lord Loudon and his men had proceeded to Moy. But they were most providentially stopt in their march, which happened thus. A blacksmith and other four, with loaded muskets in their hands, were keeping watch upon a muir at some distance from Moy towards Inverness. As they were walking up and down, they happened to *fol.* 992. spy a body of men marching towards them, upon which the blacksmith fired his piece, and the other four followed his example. The Laird of MacLeod's piper (reputed the best of his business in all Scotland) was shot dead on the spot. Then the blacksmith (Fraser) and his trusty companions raised a cry (calling some particular regiments by their names) to the Prince's army to advance, as if they had been at hand, which so far imposed upon Lord Loudon and his command (a pretty considerable one), and struck them with such a panick, that instantly they beat a retreat, and made their way back to Inverness in great disorder, imagining the Prince's whole army to be at their heels. This gallant and resolute behaviour of the five, which speaks an uncommon presence of mind, happened much about the same time when the boy (Lauch-

lan Macintosh) arrived at Moy to give the alarm. 24 Feb.

When the Prince came first to Moyhall (Sunday, February 23d), Lady Macintosh (junior) told Mr. Gib to be at no trouble at all about supper, for that she was resolved to compliment the Prince and his houshold with a supper that night, so that his cooks had the play for one night. Mr. Gib took care to represent to her ladyship that he behoved to provide for the servants (the houshold consisting of about seventy at least), and therefore he would employ his cooks to dress supper for the servants. But Lady Macintosh would not allow that to be done, for she gave supper to the whole houshold. There were always ten covers upon the Prince's own table, and eight covers upon another table in the same room for the aid de camps. Lady Macintosh's supper was exceedingly genteel and plentifull. *fol.* 993.

Lady Mary Menzies did the Prince the same compliment of a supper to the whole houshold when at Castle Weem, as also the Dutchess of Perth did the same at Drummond Castle.

25 Tuesday.[1] The Prince at Castlehill, his army the same day entring the town of Inverness,[2] Lord Loudon[3]

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[1] This article is wrong. It ought to be thus: February 18th, Tuesday—The Prince at Castlehill, his army the same day entring the town of Inverness, etc. See ff. 995, 1041.—F.

[2] See ff. 261, 273, 649.

[3] In comparing Mr. Gib's account of days and of names of places with the account in the *Scots Magazine* of February 1746, page 91, 2nd column, I find a considerable difference betwixt them, no less than a full week. In the Magazine it is said that in a letter from Lord Loudon to the Duke, dated February 22nd, an account had been given of the rebels being within eight miles on Inverness on Sunday, the 16th, that his Lordship had attempted with 1500 men to beat up their quarters, but that he had been disappointed in his design by some of his command firing about thirty shot at four men, etc.; that upon this it was necessary to march back to Inverness, and that at last he was obliged to abandon the town, the rebels entering in at the one end of it, when he and his men were going out at the other, on Tuesday the 18th, etc. And also that the Castle of Inverness, Fort George, surrendred to the rebels on the 20th, Thursday. Mr. Gib's

25 Feb. and his men having abandoned the town when they saw the Highlanders marching towards it.

fol. 994. February 26, Wednesday, At Castlehill.

27[1] At Castlehill, Thursday—Inverness Castle, surrendred.

28 At Culloden House, Friday.

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account makes the Prince come to Moy or Moyhall on Sunday, February 23rd, in the evening of which Lord Loudon formed the design of surprizing the Prince (Moy being about eight miles from Inverness), and the Prince's army to enter Inverness, and Lord Loudon to abandon it on Tuesday the 25th, etc. The articles in the *Scots Magazine* are taken from the *London Gazette*. Mr. Gib had noted down no dates or names of places in his pocket-book from the 31st of January to the 3rd of March; and therefore I writ from his memory on some blank pages of his pocket-book all these omitted dates and names of places, in giving of which he was very distinct, and was pretty positive that his memory served him exactly enough, mentioning now and then a token as an evidence of his remembring well where they were at this or the other time, viz., he said he was sure they were at Blair Castle about a week, at Ruthven in Badenoch a week at least, and that they came from Dalrachny upon a Sunday, because Lady Dalrachny would not allow the servants to bake some bread in her house, tho' they had run scarce, for this single reason that it was Sunday. However, I must remember to represent to Mr. Gib this remarkable difference betwixt his account and that given in the *Scots Magazine*, to put particular questions to him about it, and carefully to remark the terms he expresses upon the subject when I have an opportunity of conversing with him. [See f. 1041.]

On Mondays forenoon, June 27th, 1748, I was with Mr. Gib in the New Stage Coach office in Edinburgh, when (among other things) I took occasion to represent to him, according to my above resolution, the remarkable difference I had observed betwixt his account of days and of names of places, and the account given in the *Scots Magazine*, etc. I mentioned all the particulars as narrated in the Magazine, that the account was taken from a letter of Lord Loudon to the Duke, dated February 22nd, which letter (or part of it) was printed in the *London Gazette*, etc. etc. And then I asked Mr. Gib if he could be sure that the Prince was about a week at Blair Castle, and another week at Ruthven, for that upon his ascertaining these points (provided he could be certain) depended the truth of his account. Mr. Gib's answer was, 'I am positive that the Prince was about a week at Blair Castle, and a week at least at Ruthven; for a day or two of odds in either of these places would never make of difference a full week betwixt my account and that in the Magazine.' These words Mr. Gib repeated to me again and again. Mr. Gib likewise desired me to remark that tho' Lady Dalrachny would not allow the baking of bread in her house upon the Sunday's forenoon before their marching for Moyhall, yet she weighed out meal on the said Sunday, selling it to the Highlanders and receiving ready money for it.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[1] This article is wrong. It ought to be thus: February 20. At Castlehill. Thursday, Inverness Castle surrendred. [See f. 1041.]—F.

	Received from the baker at Inverness, 3 pecks flower, ...				28 Feb.
	N.B.—The above article taken from the end of Mr. Gibs pocket-book in a place by itself, etc. February the 28th.				
March 1	At Culloden House, Saturday.				1 March
2	At Culloden House, Sunday.				
	N.B.—For the above three days at Culloden House ten £ sterling of drink money to Mr. Stewart, the President's master household, ...	10	0	0	
3	At Inverness, Monday.—The Prince taking up his quarters in the house of his benefactrix, old Lady Macintosh.				
	to 8 dozen egges, ...	„	1	4	*fol.* 995.
	to herrens, ...	„	„	6	
	to port[age] of firing, ...	„	5	9	
	to 4 salmon, ...	„	8	6	
	to greens, ...	„	10	„	
	To extinguishing a chimney on fire and cleaning it, ...	„	2	„	
	to Lord Lovet servant, ...	„	2	„	
	to herbes and rootes, ...	„	3	„	
	to poltrie, ...	„	2	5	
	to egges, ...	„	2	„	
	to breead, ...	„	14	„	
	to oatt bread, ...	„	6	2	
	to milk, ...	„	0	3	
	to salt, ...	„	1	„	
	to cinemont, ...	„	3	4	
		£3	„	3	
4	Tuesday, at Inverness—				*fol.* 996.
	to poltrie and egges, ...	„	5	„	
	to 2 salmond, ...	„	3	„	
	to herbes and roots, ...	„	6	„	
	to portage of firewood, ...	„	2	10	
	to one pound riss, ...	„	„	4½	

4 March	to 2 dozen double rum,	2	2	„
	to 2000 oysters,	„	10	„
	to bread and oatt do.,	„	11	„
		£3	15	8½

fol. 997.

5	Wednesday, At Inverness—			
	paid for firewood,	„	„	6
	to mend the hampers,	„	„	6
	to a salmond,	„	1	6
	to 2 casks of brandy,	4	„	„
	to candles since in town,	2	„	„
	to 5 hens,	„	2	1
	to 3 muirfoul,	„	1	„
	to bread,	„	„	6
	to oatt bread,	„	4	6
		£6	16	1
6	Thursday, at Inverness—			
	to a salmond,	„	5	„
	to 3 barels for butter,	„	3	6
	to salt and riss,	„	2	4
	to oingons and roots,	„	1	„
	to bread and oatt do.,	„	7	„
	to 1000 oysters,	„	5	„
		£1	3	10
7	Friday, at Inverness—			
	to fresh pork,	„	6	„
	to 35 hens,	„	17	6
	to a salmond,	„	2	6
	to riss and pruns,	„	1	2
	to herbes and roots,	„	1	4
	to bread and oatt do.,	„	10	6
		£1	19	0

8 March

8 Saturday, At Inverness—

to whit fish,	„	2	6
to egges,	„	1	8
to poltrie,	„	4	„
to a load of pitts,	„	1	„
to portage of firing,	„	„	8
to do. by women,	„	1	7
to 4 moorfoull,	„	2	„
to 8 dozen limons,	1	4	„
to 8 load of pitts,	„	5	„
to bread, 2 days,	„	12	„
to oatt bread,	„	12	„
to 2 sheep,	„	14	„
	„	„	5

9 Sunday, At Inverness—

10 Monday, At Inverness—

fol. 998.

to 3 salmond,	„	6	„
to whit fishe,	„	2	„
to egges,	„	2	„
to fresh pork,	„	14	„
to poltrie,	„	7	6
to roots, oingons,	„	5	8
to 2 pecks salt,	„	2	„
to 2 sheep,	„	14	„
to bread,	„	6	„
to oatt bread,	„	4	6
to 3 haires,	„	2	3

11 Tuesday, Inverness—

to 3 salmond,	„	6	„
to poltrie,	„	8	„
to egges,	„	„	10
to candles,	1	5	„
to herbes,	„	„	10
to 25 pound barly,	„	4	„
to 4 bottles vinegar,	„	2	8
to 5 dozen limons,	„	15	„
to 12 load of pitts,	„	8	„
to portage of coals,	„	4	„

11 March	to bread and oat do., ...	„	10	6
	to a pigge, ...	„	„	6

March 11 Received from the baker at Inverness, viz., $5\frac{1}{2}$ pecks flower.
$4\frac{1}{2}$ do. flower.
3 do. flower.
7 do. flower.
2 do. flower.

N.B.—The above small accompts of flower taken from the end of Mr. Gibs pocket book in a place by itself, having the 11th of March for its date.

N.B.—On Tuesday the 11th of March the Prince set out from Inverness for Elgin, and falling sick in Elgin, was absent from Inverness eleven days, including the day of his departure from and the day of his return to Inverness; Mr. Gib being at Inverness all that time, where likewise the greatest part of the household remained. The Prince was at Gordon Castle before he returned to Inverness.

fol. 999.

12	Wednesday, Inverness—			
	to 15 sheep at 7s., ...	5	5	„
	to 9 pints milk, ...	„	1	6
	to greens and oynons, ...	„	3	„
	to bread and oat do., ...	„	10	6
	to 6 dozen oranges, ...	„	18	„
	to 8 load of pitt, ...	„	5	4
	to portage of bife, ...	„	1	„
13	Thursday, Inverness—			
	to a salmond, ...	„	2	6
	to hens and egges, ...	„	7	6
	to salt and greens, ...	„	2	„
	to bread and oatt do., ...	„	7	„
	to 700 oysters, ...	„	2	4
	to peper, ...	„	„	8
14	Friday, Inverness—			
	to 7 loads of pitts, ...	„	4	8

	to 3 turkies,	„	8	„	14 March
	to herens and fish,	„	2	„	
	to hens,	„	4	„	
	to oysters,	„	8	„	
	to portage of watter,	„	4	„	
	to egges,	„	„	7½	
	to a pound of riss,	„	„	4½	
	to salmond,	„	4	6	
	to a side of bife,	„	16	„	
	to 6 shipe,	1	18	„	
	to bread and oatt,	„	10	6	
15	Saturday, Inverness—				*fol.* 1000.
	to 10 loads of pits,	„	6	„	
	to 1000 oysters,	„	4	2	
	to 10 hens,	„	4	2	
	to a lambe,	„	5	„	
	to 2 hens,	„	1	„	
	to 2 pound riss,	„	„	9	
	to roots and greens,	„	1	4	
	to 20 pound hogs lard,	„	13	4	
	to bread and oat [do.]	„	18	„	
	to a colored pigg,	„	5	„	
16	Sunday, Inverness—				
	Sent to Mr. Murray, Secretary at Elgin, and not paid yet to Mr. Gib, 3¼ lb. figgs,	„	3	3	
	hearts horn,	„	5	„	
	N.B.—The above small accompt due by Mr. Murray taken from the end of Mr. Gib's pocket-book, in a place by itself, and having no date.				
17	Monday, Inverness—				
	to a bulock,	3	5	„	
	to 24 hens,	„	12	„	
	to 18 dozen egges,	„	3	„	
	to 21 load of pits,	„	14	4	
	to 1000 oysters,	„	4	2	
	to 14 dozen oynions,	„	3	6	
18	Tuesday, Inverness—				
	to 2 salmon,	„	4	„	

18 March		to egges,	„	2	6
		to a hen,	„	„	5
		to peper,	„	„	7½
		to Gray paper,	„	1	1½
	19	Wednesday, Inverness—			
		to fish and oysters,	„	10	8
		to poltrie,	„	7	3
fol. 1001.		egges,	„	2	4
		oynions and herbs,	„	3	„
		to barly	„	„	4
		to whit bread,	„	10	„
		to oatt bread,	„	6	8
	20	Thursday, Inverness—			
		to 20 load of pitts,	„	13	4
		to a salmond,	„	1	6
		to poltrie and eggs,	„	5	3
		to ½ pound herts horn,	„	2	6
		to rasens and curens,	„	1	„
		to 2 sauce pans,	„	7	„
		to tining of three,	„	5	„
		to vine glasses and watter do., and a cruets,	„	10	6
		to 3 pecks saltt,	„	3	„
		to whitt bread and oatt,	„	17	6
			£3	6	7
	21	Friday, Inverness—The Prince returned from Elgin.			
		to poltrie and egges,	„	18	„
		to 2 piggs,	„	1	„
		to 2 geess and 2 ducks,	„	5	3
		to 16 load pitts,	„	10	6
		to 6 pound riss,	„	3	„
		to cinemond and corriander,	„	3	10
		to a salmond,	„	1	„
		to 5 pints milk,	„	1	3
		to a veall,	„	16	4
		to portage of watter,	„	2	„
		to whitt bread and oat,	1	5	„
			£4	7	8

22 Saturday, at Inverness—					22 March
to poltrie and eggs,			„	6	8
to 1600 oysters,			„	6	8
to whitt fish,			„	2	„
to whit bread and oat,			„	15	6
to greens and roots,			„	2	3
23 Sunday, at Inverness.					*fol.* 1002.
24 Monday, at Inverness—					
to 14 load of pitts,			„	9	4
to Lady M'entosh sarvant,			„	2	„
to drink money for ale,			„	2	6
to 22 sheep,			5	1	„
to 4 pints milk,			„	1	„
to bread and oatt bread,			„	12	6
to salt and greens,			„	1	10
to eggs,			„	1	8
			6	11	10
25 Tuesday, at Inverness—					
to poltrie and eggs,			„	7	11
to a salmond,			„	1	6
to whit bread,			„	13	„
to oatt bread,			„	3	„
to 4 kitchen knifes and sharpin table do.,			„	4	„
more to hens,			„	4	„
			1	18	5
Paid for candles since in Inverness,			5	1	„
more paid for do.,			1	1	4
			6	2	4
26 Wednesday, at Inverness—					
to poltrie and eggs,			„	7	6
to a hogge,			„	16	„
to fresh fish,			„	4	„
to 1600 oysters,			„	6	„

26 March	to 2 pecks salt,	„	2	„
	to 3 loads pitts,	„	2	„
	to portage of fountan water,	„	1	6
	to 2 pigges,	„	1	6
		2	0	6
27	Thursday, at Inverness—			
	to a lambe,	„	3	„
	to 2 salmond,	„	3	2
	to 5 loads of pitts,	„	3	4
	to poltrie and eggs,	„	5	8
	to rootts and herbes,	„	1	7
	to bread and oatt bread,	„	14	„
	to 5 sheep,	1	10	0
		3	0	9
fol. 1003. 28	Friday, at Inverness—			
	to 4 salmond,	„	7	6
	to 3 pigges,	„	1	8
	to 3 haires,	„	1	6
	to 3 moorfouls,	„	1	6
	to poltrie and eggs,	„	4	2
	to fish and mussells,	„	„	10
	to 8 load of pitts,	„	5	4
		1	2	6
29	Saturday, at Inverness—			
	to Lady M'entoch servant,	„	2	„
	to a salmond,	„	1	8
	to 1600 oysters,	„	8	4
	to fresh fish,	„	„	9
	to portage of watter,	„	5	6
	to bread and oatt bread,	1	10	8
	to poltrie and egges,	„	2	6½
	to rootts and herbes,	„	1	„
	to 10 sheepe,	3	0	„

	to a bottle of oyle,			„	3	„
	to a bled to a knife,			„	1	„
	forgott the 28.					
	to a lambe,			„	3	„
	to 2 quarters weall,			„	8	„
	to bread and oatt bread,			„	16	„
	to roots and herbs,			„	1	„
				1	8	„
	brought to this,			1	2	6
				2	10	6
30	Sunday, at Inverness—					
	to a salmond,			„	2	4
	to a colored pigge,			„	3	„
31	Monday, at Inverness—					
	to poltrie and eggs.					
	to 8 load of pitts,			„	5	4
	to Lady Seforths servant,			„	3	„
	to the huntsmen,			„	8	6
	to roots and herbes,			„	1	4
	to spiceries,			„	6	5
	to salt,			„	1	0
April 1	Tuesday, at Inverness—					
	to poltrie,			„	7	5
	to egges,			„	3	$1\frac{1}{2}$
	to 1300 oysters,			„	5	5
	to fresh fish,			„	1	6
	to 18 loads of pitts,			„	12	0
	to whit bread and other,			„	18	6
	to rootts and herbes,			„	2	7
	to 2 cowes,			4	10	„
2	Wednesday, at Inverness—					
	to poltrie and eggs,			„	11	4
	to 15 loads of pitts,			„	10	„
	to 6 sheep,			1	16	„
	to 2 lambes,			„	6	6
	to whit bread and oat,			„	15	6

29 March

fol. 1004.

1 April

2 April	to roots and herbs, ...	„	3	2
	3 Thursday, at Inverness—			
	to poltrie and egges, ...	„	9	5
	to 2 salmond, ...	„	4	4
	to rootes and herbes, ...	„	1	8
	to 12 load of pitts, ...	„	8	„
	to a handle for a lampe, ...	„	1	„
	to a cowe, ...	2	10	„
	to 5 sheep, ...	1	15	„
	to a lambe, ...	„	3	„
	to 1500 oysters, ...	„	6	3
	to whit fish, ...	„	3	6
	to spiritts of vin, ...	„	2	„
	to whit bread and other, ...	„	18	6
	4 Friday, at Inverness—			
	to poltrie and eggs, ...	„	14	3
	to 2 piggs, ...	„	1	3
	to 11 load of pitts, ...	„	7	„
tol. 1005.	to roots and herbes, ...	„	3	„
	to whitt bread and	„	15	6
	to milk, ...	„	2	„
	to 2 sheep, ...	„	14	„
	5 Saturday, at Inverness—			
	to 15 load of pitts, ...	„	10	„
	to whitt bread and oat, ...	1	16	8
	to 1800 oysters, ...	„	7	6
	to fish and salt, ...	„	2	6
	to 4 bottle vinegar, ...	„	2	8
	to 7 sheep, ...	2	2	„
	to a lambe, ...	„	3	„
	to roots and greens, ...	„	2	3
	to poltrie and eggs, ...	„	3	4
	to a hair, ...	„	„	9
	to a cowe, ...	2	2	„
	to bread sent to Fort Agustus, . . .	1	10	„
	6 Sunday, at Inverness.			
	7 Monday, at Inverness—			
	to a cowe, ...	2	14	„
	to poltrie and eggs, ...	„	9	„

to peper, ...	„	2	„	7 April
rootts and herbes, ...	„	1	5	
to whit bread and oatt, ...	„	18	6	
mor to poltrie, ...	„	3	6	
Accompt of Edmistons Cloass—				
to 7 ells tartan, ...	„	7	7	
to making and lining, ...	„	8	4	
to 5 yards lining for shirts and making, .	„	6	4	
	1	2	3	
A coat to the English boy, . . .	„	6	„	
to 7 els of cource cloath, ...	„	9	4	
to 7½ eles chaper linine, ...	„	10	6	
to a goun and peticoat to the citchen girle,	„	13	5	
to 2 shifts, ...	„	5	5	
	2	4	8	
	1	2	3	
	3	6	11	

N.B.—The above small accompt of Edmunstouns Cloaths, etc. etc., taken from a page towards the end of Mr. Gib's pocket-book, bearing no date. *fol.* 1006.

8. Tuesday, at Inverness—			
to a lambe, ...	„	3	6
to poltrie and eggs, ...	„	5	8
to roots and herbes, ...	„	1	8
to portage of fountan watter, . . .	„	1	6
to Lovets servant, ...	„	1	„
to 12 load of pitts, ...	„	8	„
to pepper, ...	„	1	2
to fish, ...	„	2	5
to 1600 oysters, ...	„	6	8
to 11 sheep, ...	3	6	„
to whit bread and oat, ...	„	18	6

8 April	to 15 capons at 9,			„ 10	9
	9 Wednesday, at Inverness—				
	to 12 load of pitts,			„ 8	„
	to poltrie and eggs,			„ 9	4
	to herbes and rootts,			„ 2	3
	to winegar and salt,			„ 1	8
	to 6 sheep at 5s. 6d.,			1 13	„
	to whit bread and oat,			„ 18	6
	10 Thursday, at Inverness—				
	to 10 load of pitts,			„ 6	8
	to a bullock,			1 12	„
	to 2 salmond,			„ 4	4
	to greens and roots,			„ 1	9
	to 4 pens to windows,			„ 4	„
	to 600 oysters,			„ 2	6
	to milk 6 days,			„ 3	„
	to poltrie and egges,			„ 2	6
	to fresh butter,			„ „	6
	to whit bread and oat,			„ 18	6
	to candles since the 1st of April,			1 16	„
fol. 1007.	11 Friday, at Inverness—				
	to fresh code,			„ 1	6
	to poltrie and eggs,			„ 17	4
	to a cowe,			4 5	„
	to a lambe,			„ 3	„
	to 2 veals,			01 16	„
	to 18 load of pits,			„ 18	„
	to peper and cloves,			„ 4	„
	to another lambe,			„ 3	„
	to whit bread and oatt,			„ 18	6
	12 Saturday, at Inverness—				
	to 13 load of pitts,			„ 8	3
	to poltrie and eggs,			„ 7	5½
	to greens, roott, etc.,			„ 2	3
	to 1800 oysters,			„ 7	6
	to Ladys Kilrars servant and Mrs. Donin's do.,			„ 2	„
	to a hair,			„ „	9
	to portage of river watter,			„ 5	7

	to 18 load of pitts, ...	„	12	„	12 April
	to whit and oat bread, ...	1	17	„	
	to candles, ...	1	0	„	
13	Sunday, at Inverness.				
14	Monday, at Inverness—				
	to 12 load of pitts, ...	„	8	„	
	to 3 pecks salt, ...	„	3	„	
	to rootts and herbes, ...	„	1	10	
	to a glass and 2 padlocks, ...	„	2	4	
	N.B.—In the evening the Prince marched to Culloden house.				
15	Tuesday, at Culloden House.				
	N.B.—At night the Prince and his army marched towards Nairn to surprize the Duke of Cumberland in his camp, which design misgave.				*fol.* 1008.
16	Wednesday, at Culloden House.				
	N.B.—This day the battle of Culloden was fought upon Drummossie Muir, where the Prince and his army *were totally routed.*				

	Lib.		
Received at different times from Mr. Lumsdale, viz., ...	21	„	„
	10	„	„
	10	„	„
	42	„	„
	10	15	„
	52	15	„
	10		„
	10	„	„
	72	15	„
	12	12	„
	85	7	„
From Mr. Charles Stuart,	24	12	„
	97	7	„

16 April	72	15	„
	12	12	„
	85	7	„
	24	12	„
	6	6	„
	2	2	„
	£118	„	7

N.B.—The above accompt of cash taken from a page towards the end of Mr. Gib's pocket-book, having no date.

fol. 1009. Here follows an account how I came by Mr. Gib's pocket-book containing his accompts, as also an account of several conversations I had with Mr. Gib at different times.

9 June 1748 Thursday, June 9th (betwixt 8 and 9 in the morning), 1748, I was with Bishop Keith in his own house, Canongate, when he told me he had been accidentally in company in the new Stage Coach office, Edinburgh, with one Mr. Gib, whom he discovered to have served the Prince in station of Master-Houshold and of provisor for the Prince's own table. In course of the conversation Bishop Keith said Mr. Gib informed him that he had been so lucky amidst all misfortunes as still to preserve his pocket-book, wherein he had writ his accompts. Upon this Bishop Keith observed to me that as I had heen wanting much to have an exact journal of the Prince's march to and from England, so now I could be well served with one, 'for,' added he, 'Mr. Gib's count-book will bear faith in any court or before any judge in the world.' I told the Bishop that I had often heard of Mr. Gib, and had likewise seen him, but then I had
fol. 1010. always reckoned that he had lost all his papers, seeing I well knew of his being a prisoner for a long time; and therefore it was that I had never entertained any thought of asking questions about such things at him, or of being particularly introduced to him, which now I would be exceedingly fond of. For this purpose Bishop Keith appointed me to meet him at eleven o'clock in the new Stage-Coach office. Accordingly we

met in the place appointed, and I was there introduced to Mr. Gib. After conversing with him a little, I told him I was much pleased to hear that he had preserved his pocket-book, and then I begged to know if I might see it. Mr. Gib said the pocket-book was in his room, and he would immediately go and fetch it, which he did. He brought it to me wrapt about with his white cockade, the end of which was well fixed with two seals, so that the book could not be opened without breaking the seals or cutting the ribband. He broke the seals, and taking away the white ribband, he delivered the book to me. I told Mr. Gib that I had nothing to do with the articles of his accompts, for all I wanted was to take an exact transcript of the dates and of the names of the places contained in his pocket-book as a journal of the Prince's march to and from England, a thing I had been seeking much after for a long time, but did never meet with anything till now that could satisfie me in that point. After looking into the book, I observed to Mr. Gib that there were several blanks in it of dates and of names of places, and desired to know if his memory could serve him so well as to fill these up. To this Mr. Gib answered that he very seldom used to set down dates and names of places but when and where he had bought some provisions, which point he explained to me more particularly at another meeting I had with him, as will appear hereafter. Meantime he assured me he could easily supply all the blanks I should observe in the pocket-book, some of which I instantly filled up from his memory, particularly from January 31st, 1746, to the 3rd of March, etc. [See page [f] 995 in this vol.] In looking carefully (afterwards) through the pocket-book, I could observe only three dates and names of places without any article of an accompt annexed to them, viz.:

9 June

fol. 1011.

'1745, November—

Ye 23 and 24 at Kendel. In this [volume] page 971.

Drumlenrick, the 23 December. } In this [volume] page 975.
Dugless, the 24 Do. }

I parted with Mr. Gib about 12 o'clock, and told him I would take other opportunities of conversing with him. After returning home I began to reflect how many wicked and malicious persons had industriously spread a report (affirming

fol. 1012.

9 June it as a grand truth) that the Young Pretender and his army had dealt very much in and had lived altogether by pillaging and plundering; and therefore, as Mr. Gib's pocket-book was an evident and indisputable proof of the contrary, I resolved upon second thoughts, to transcribe it exactly and faithfully, every single article of his accompts, as I found them in the book (all in his own handwriting) without so much as altering the spelling of a word, etc., and to communicate this my intention to Mr. Gib before I should put pen to paper.

Agreeably to the forementioned false report the common cry of the mob was: '*Charlie, king of the robbers—Charlie, prince of the robbers*,' which cry I have had frequently bawled after me when walking through Leith. And indeed it is not to be wondered at that the populace should take up such a cry, and should be led to believe a lie, when with great
fol. 1013. solemnity they were frequently taught their lesson from the pulpit; for the cant of the Presbyterian teachers in their sermons, both before and after the battle of Culloden, when they happened at any time to mention the Prince and his army, was in the following and the like terms, viz.:—'*Injustice and oppression—rapine and plunder—bloodshed and murder—direful misery and destruction—shocking barbarities—innocents robbed, slain, massacred—fire and sword—lawless starving banditti—bloody house of Stewarts—merciless race—robberies—thieves and murderers—wild ravages and devastations*,' etc. etc. etc. See plenty of such epithets in the substance of two sermons preached by Mr. Alexander Webster, Edinburgh, and printed 1746. This remarkable and extraordinary performance is just now lying before me when writing these remarks.

These gentlemen, when haranguing their credulous hearers in such terms as *banditti*, *thieves*, *robbers*, etc., might have had the good manners to have excepted some of the best blood in the nation, such as *the Duke of Athol*, *the Duke of Perth*, *Earl*
fol. 1014. *of Kilmarnock*, *Viscount of Strathallan*, *Lord Pitsligo*, *Lord Nairn*, *Lord George Murray*, *Lord John Drummond*, and many others, who appeared in that cause; but all of them, from the highest to the lowest, behoved to be stained with the same blots of malice and falshood, as indeed decency is quite out of the question when the sacred rules of truth are trifled

with, and the consecrated places of God's holy worship are prostituted to the vilest of purposes. 9 June

The clergy of the Church of England, as established by law, and the dissenting preachers in that kingdom, did not come short of our Scots Presbyterian teachers, for their printed sermons smell rank of falshood, blood, and cruelty, etc. The printed discourse of one Wood,[1] a dissenting preacher in Darlington, is a master-piece, and truly a monster of its kind. He has the daring effrontery to put words into the mouth of God Almighty, and to teach Omnipotence what to say to the Duke of Cumberland, in which speech there are some glaring untruths.[2]

Even the learned and celebrated Dr. Young could prostitute his wit to fling a jargon of defaming epithets at the Prince and his brave followers in the conclusion of his *Night Thoughts*, viz. :—'*Pope-bred princeling—replete with venom, —guiltless of a sting—whistle cut-throats—suck'd in malice with his milk—brother robber—ragged ruffians of the north—savage mountaineers*,' etc., etc. Poor stuff, not more silly and mean than false and calumniating, quite unbecoming such a superior genius, and no less unfit to have a place in one of the finest pieces of poetry that ever appeared! No man will call in question the fine parts and excellent genius of Dr. Young. But I must beg leave to doubt much if he has been master of common sense and good manners.[3] *fol.* 1015.

Notwithstanding all the scandalous and groundless reflections that have been and still are so plentifully thrown out against the Prince and his followers, the plain truth is that never was there an army of voluntiers in any country or at any time that behaved with so much good order and discretion as the Prince's army did; insomuch that let any one run a comparison (according to truth and justice) betwixt the Prince and his Highlanders and the Duke of Cumberland and his redcoats, and he will soon have reason to look upon the former as the regular, well-disciplined army, under the influence and command of a mild and humane general, and upon the latter *fol.* 1016.

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[1] Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1746.

[2] See ff. 7 and 8.

[3] See *Scots Magazine* for September 1747, pp. 419, 420, etc.

9 June as a gang of irregular, undisciplin'd, voluntiering cut-throats, under the direction of a butcher or a bear. Let the places through which both armies marched witness the truth of this assertion.[1] Let the houses that were pillaged and plundered even before the battle of Culloden be evidences of that mildness and wisdom which some lying sycophants see shining so conspicuously in the character of their *adored Cumberland.* When he was in Perth with his army, orders were issued out for pillaging and plundering the house of Machany, the country seat of the Viscount of Strathallan, the house of Oliphant of Gask, the house of Graham of Garrock, etc., which orders were most strictly put in execution, for the parties spared not the body-cloaths of the ladies, and they destroyed such provisions as they *fol.* 1017. could not either consume or carry off with them, breaking the bottles and other vessels full of liquor, etc., as if they intended that the poor ladies, their children and servants, should be all starved to death for want of cloaths, meat and drink. Party after party came to the said houses and took away such gleanings as had not been observed by the former party, or any small stock of provisions the ladies had procured after the first rummaging bout. Several of Cumberland's principal officers lived upon free cost in their marching northward; as some families in Perth, in Aberdeen, etc., can well vouch to their sad experience. These officers would most impudently ask what was for dinner or supper, and order what dishes and of what kind they pleased, as if they had been to pay for the whole, and would have brought in with them what other officers they thought fit to dine and sup with them; and the landlord of the house behoved to have plenty of wine and of other liquors at their command. But all these are only little doings in comparison, and serve as a prelude to others, more daring and bold, that will immortalize the memory of a William the Cruel, and of his whole army, to the latest ages of posterity.

fol. 1018. Was it ever before heard of in a Christian country that the wounded on the field of battle should next day be knocked in the head by orders; that some who had got into barns and

[1] See f. 1264.

other houses near the field should have their throats cut in the places where they were found, or should be taken out and be set up to a park-wall to be shot at as so many marks of sport and diversion; that the ranging parties (both sogers and sailors) should put poor people to the rack and torture, and should butcher old men and women and children that could have no hand in the troubles, etc. etc. etc. My hand trembles when I write these words, and yet these are the laurels that adorn the temples of the illustrious leader—the illustrious prince, the generous hero, etc., Cumberland! who has been often blasphemously stiled by some furious preachers—Saviour! Will it not be looked on as a romance in after ages that Englishmen and Christians should have been employed in burning and destroying chapels and meeting-houses in which their own prayer-book was used every Sunday throughout the year, and not only so, but likewise that they made the bibles and prayer-books accompany one another in the flames? Great and loud were the outcries, both in the pulpits and in the streets, of the danger we were in of being deprived of our bibles by the Young Pretender and his banditti. But let fatal experience now teach us against whom these outcries ought to have been pointed.[1] 9 June *fol.* 1019.

From these few sketches that can be well vouched, let any one draw the pictures of the Prince and of Cumberland, and I daresay he will find the picture of the latter more than sufficient to furnish shadowings for that of the former.

For proof of what I have asserted about burning bibles and prayer-books, I had a letter from the Rev. Mr. James Willox, dated at Kearn near Elgin, September 18th, 1746, in which among other things are the following remarkable words:

'Upon receiving this letter I wrote to Mr. Keith to endeavour to raise that small sum at the Navy Office, and out of it to buy me some books at London, which I must want, because the Earl of Ancram had, at the head of his regiment of dragoons, come 3 miles off his common road to cause pillage of my house *fol.* 1020.

[1] See page 24th of Mr. Webster's forementioned noted and singular performance.

9 June and burn my poor undeserving books, not sparing three bibles and several Common Prayer-books.

(*Sic subscribitur*) Ja. Willox.'

The original letter in Mr. Willox's own handwriting, out of which I have transcribed the preceding paragraph verbatim, is to be found among my papers. [See f. 380.]

14 June 1748 *Tuesday's forenoon, June 14th*, 1748.

I had a second meeting with Mr. Gib in the new Stage Coach Office, Edinburgh, and was with him from ten to twelve o'clock, when I informed him that upon second thoughts I had resolved to transcribe every single article of his accompts. Mr. Gib very gravely asked me what I meant. After I had told him my reason at some length (as narrated page 1012) for resolving so to do, he said he was glad to hear of my design, for that he could assure me the Prince paid well for everything he got, and that he always ordered drink-money to be given liberally where he lodged. He desired me to remark that his pocket-
fol. 1021. book contained only the smaller articles of accompts, it having been a common practice with him, when he was so lucky as to meet with any person that could furnish him with a stock of provisions, to cause such a person draw out a discharged accompt for money received, which discharged accompt vouched for Mr. Gib, and the articles of a discharged accompt he never set down in his pocket-book. He likewise told me when he came to any place where he could have a butcher, he sent for the butcher and bargained with him for a stock of provisions, always directing the butcher to draw out a discharged accompt for the cash. Mr. Gib said these two remarks served to account for all or most of the blanks in his pocket-book of dates and of names of places. It was no small relief to him, he said, when he happened to get in discharged accompts, for that he had very little time to spare for writing, as he was engaged in such a continuous hurry of business that he was afraid it would have killed him. I asked Mr. Gib what had become of
fol. 1022. his accompts preceding October 30th, the first date in his pocket-book? To this he answered that when in the Abbey of Halyrood House (where he engaged in the Prince's service)

he set down all his accompts on loose pieces of paper and never thought of having a book till he heard that the Prince had resolved to march into England, and then it became necessary for him to have a book. 14 June

I then filled up from Mr. Gib's memory some more blanks of dates and of names of places I had spied out in taking a more leisurely look of his accounts, and likewise examined what blanks I had filled up at our former meeting, particularly from January 31st to the 3d of March. I also writ from Mr. Gib's own mouth the greatest part of the *Nota-benes* as interspersed throughout my copy of his accompts, particularly these relating to Mr. Hymer's house in Carlisle, to Lady Dalrachny's conduct, and to Lord Loudoun's plot of seizing upon the Prince's person at Moyhall. Some of those *Nota-benes* I writ upon blank pages of Mr. Gib's pocket-book, and others of them upon loose pieces of paper. At this second meeting with Mr. Gib I asked him the following questions which I had noted down in a memorandum before I went up to Edinburgh: *fol.* 1023.

Question 1st What day Carlisle was besieged, and by whom? [See f. 968.]

2nd What day Carlisle surrendred? [f. 969.]

3rd When the Prince was at Brampton, did he not go one day and dine at Squire Warwick's house? [f. 968.]

4th What time Clifton was fought? [f. 974.]

The answers to these questions are inserted in their proper places in the forecited pages.

Tuesday's afternoon, June 21st, 1748. 21 June 1748

I had a third meeting with Mr. Gib in the new Stage Coach Office, Edinburgh, and was with him from three to seven o'clock, when I went through every single article of his accompts with him the better to prevent any mistakes in making out my transcript of them; for I had discovered several words and figures so hastily writ that I could not well make them out till I consulted him about them. Mr. Gib said I might easily understand the hurry he was obliged to in writing his accompts, when he could assure me that from the time of leaving Edinburgh till he returned to Glasgow, he had *fol.* 1024.

21 June never thrown off his cloaths when he was going to sleep but only once at Manchester, when he happened in the morning to be a little too dilatory in answering the Prince when he called; and when he came into the Prince's presence the Prince told him he should do as he did, 'Never strip at all,' and then he would be the sooner ready to answer. In going through the several articles in the accompts with Mr. Gib I writ down some more *Nota-benes* from his mouth, as interspersed throughout my copy of his accompts. At this third meeting with Mr. Gib I writ the following particulars from his mouth:

16 April 1746 Mr. Gib was on the field of battle [Drummossie Muir] near the Prince's person in time of the action, and says that the enemy's cannon played smartly upon the spot of ground where the Prince took his station, and that he himself saw one of the Prince's own grooms (Thomas Ca) killed by the Prince's side with a cannon bullet.

After the defeat Mr. Gib rode along with Fitz-James's horse, keeping sight of the Prince to the Water of Nairn, which they *fol.* 1025. crossed about three miles from the field of battle, and then the horse were desired to go to Ruthven of Badenoch, the Prince stepping aside to the right, and halting there till he saw them all go off. Then the Prince went up the water about a mile, attended by Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, John Hay of Restalrig, and Alexander MacLeod (one of the aide de camps), and their several servants, among whom Mr. Gib remembered particularly to have seen Ned Burk, of whom he speaks excellent things, as a most faithful and useful servant. When they had travelled about a mile, Mr. John Hay, stepping back a little, came to Mr. Gib, and desired him to go off and shift for himself in the best manner he could. Mr. Gib told Mr. Hay that being quite a stranger in the country he did not know what to do or where to go, and that he would not quit sight of the Prince as long as he could keep him in view. To this Mr. Hay replied, 'You see, Mr. Gib, I myself am not to go with the Prince; and therefore your best is to go to Ruthven, the place of rendezvous, where you shall either see me or hear from me.' Mr. Gib accordingly went to Ruthven, but never *fol.* 1026. saw the Prince or Mr. Hay again, nor heard anything about them. On the Friday, April 18th, Mr. Gib was making ready

to leave Ruthven, but Colonel John Roy Stewart persuaded him to stay till to-morrow, assuring him that against next morning they would certainly receive some accounts from or about the Prince. However, they received no accounts whatsomever about the Prince, and then Colonel Roy Stewart said it was high time for every one of them to do the best he could for himself. 18 April.

On Saturday morning (April 19th) Mr. Gib left Ruthven and made down the country to Braemar, where (on Monday, April 21st) he luckily met with Richard Morison, one of the Prince's valet-de-chambres. They kept close together, and travelling down the country at great leisure and with much caution they came safe to the town of Leven upon the coast of Fyffe, Thursday, May 15th, but had the misfortune to be made prisoners next day (Friday) by a gadger, two tide-waiters, and some of the mob, their own landlady having given information against them. The people that seized them searched their pockets in presence of the baillie of Leven, and took everything they found in them, particularly they took from Mr. Gib sixteen £ and eighteen shillings sterling. But when he was in the Canongate prison he got his money again by the interest of the Justice Clerk (as will appear hereafter) except seven guineas, which the people in Leven kept back from him under a pretence of charges in taking him prisoner and guarding him to Kirkcaldy prison. 19 April 21 April 15 May *fol.* 1027.

Upon Mr. Gib's telling me how roughly he was used and how strictly he was searched by the people of Leven, I asked him what method he had fallen upon to save his pocket-book. To this he answered that in coming down the country he and Morison had been some days in the Kirktown of Alford (in Aberdeenshire), where they became happy in the acquaintance of one William Burnet at Breadhaugh, near the Kirktown, an honest, valuable man, in whose house they were entertained with much kindness and discretion. This William Burnet is brother to the Laird of Camphell. Mr. Gib being much afraid of the worst asked the said Mr. Burnet if he would be so good as to take his pocket-book and preserve it for him, to which Mr. Burnet very frankly agreed, and Mr. Gib, wrapping his white cockade round the book and putting two seals upon it, *fol.* 1028.

April delivered it into Mr. Burnet's own hands. When Mr. Gib was at his freedom and things becoming more settled he went north for the book, and had it safely sent to him. Here Mr. Gib said he then little imagined that his pocket-book would ever be of so much use, as that it would be thought worth while to take a copy of it; for had he in the least foreseen such a thing, he should have had it much more exact, and many more things and remarks in it.

15 May When Gib and Morison were made prisoners at Leven, they begged to be allowed the favour of horses, and that they might not be marched through the town as spectacles to be gazed at. But they were obliged to walk on foot to Kircaldy and through all the publick places, being all the way insulted and abused by the mob. They were confined in the prison of Kircaldy from the day they were taken, Friday, May 16th, to Monday, May 19th, when they were fetch'd over in a boat from Kircaldy to Leith prison, where Mr. Gib was confined to Thursday, *fol.* 1029. August 14th, on which day he was removed to the Canongate 8 May 1747 prison, where he remained till Friday, May 8th, 1747, when he was set at liberty by an order from the Justice Clerk, Provost Couts having given bail for him that he should not leave the town of Edinburgh for six months to come after the said 8th of May.

Here I asked Mr. Gib how he happened to escape being carried to Carlisle, especially as his companion, Richard Morison, was sent up there and condemned? To this he answered that he escaped being sent to Carlisle by a great accident, which fell out thus: When the second division of prisoners was to be carried from the Canongate to Carlisle, James Gib, being in the list, was called again and again, and the prison rooms were searched for him, till at last one said he believed that man, James Gib, behoved to be in Leith prison (which indeed was the case), and that an express should be sent for him directly. But the officer of the command said he would not wait so long, seeing his men behoved to stand all the time *fol.* 1030. under arms upon the open street, and therefore that man, James Gib, might be sent to Carlisle by the next command. However, for Mr. Gib's good luck, his name happened never to be in any future list, or else his fate would have been either death or banishment.

At this third meeting Mr. Gib likewise told me that the Prince when in Falkirk lodged in the house of one Mr. Menzies, a private unmarried gentleman, whose servant lad (he had forgot his name) visited Mr. Gib in the Canongate prison, and informed him that the Duke of Cumberland lodged also in Mr. Menzies's house in his march to Stirling, and that Cumberland appeared to be excessively afraid of himself, examining all the doors of the house, and ordering sentries to be placed at every one of them. Cumberland ordered the said man-servant to sit up all night in the dining-room adjoining to the bed-chamber where he (Cumberland) slept, with two candles and a book to keep him (the servant) from sleeping, with express orders to the said man-servant to awake Cumberland precisely at four o'clock. Sentries were posted at the door of the dining-room where the man-servant sat up all night. When Cumberland was going off he ordered two guineas for the house, asking in the meantime at the man-servant how much the Young Pretender had left when he slept there? The servant told Cumberland that the Pretender had left five guineas. Moreover the man-servant told Mr. Gib that Cumberland asked him several questions about his master (Menzies), alleging he was a rebel. The servant answered he had served Mr. Menzies about a dozen of years, and had never seen anything about him but that he was an honest man. Cumberland then asked the servant if his master had ever seen the Young Pretender? The servant replied he could not tell whether his master had seen him or not, for that he had not a room in his own house when the Young Pretender was in it.

21 June

fol. 1031.

fol. 1032.

Monday's forenoon, June 27th, 1748.—I had a fourth meeting with Mr. Gib in the new Stage Coach Office, Edinburgh, and was with him from a little after ten to twelve o'clock, when I put questions to him about the following particulars, which I had noted down in a memorandum in my own room:

27 June 1748

Question 1. To ask Mr. Gib about Lady Dalrachney's impertinent talk which he had slightly mentioned to me in a former conversation. [See ff. 966, 988.]

2. Who was suspected to be the person that had given information about the Prince to Lord Loudoun when he formed the design of taking the Prince? [See f. 990.]

27 June 3. If the Prince dressed more elegantly at Glasgow than any other place? [See f. 976.]

4. What day Inverness Castle surrendered? [See f. 994.]

5. If Mr. Gib ever recovered any of his money from the people of Leven, and by whose interest? [See ff. 1027, 1035.]

6. By whom was Mr. Gib set free, and how came it about, seeing he got out of prison before the act of indemnity? [See f. 1029.]

fol. 1033. 7. To ask Mr. Gib about the difference 'twixt his account of time, etc., and that in the *Scots Magazine* for 1746, page 91. [See ff. 993-996.]

The answers to the preceding seven questions are inserted in their proper places in the forecited pages.

8. What bed and table linen did Mr. Gib receive for the use of the Prince, seeing Mrs. Murray of Broughton had upon that account got several valuable presents of such from some ladies in and about Edinburgh?

Answer.—Mr. Gib received nine dozen of table napkins, and nine table cloaths, and six pairs of sheets, from Colonel Strickland, at the Abbey of Halyrood House.

Among the table linen there was one dozen of napkins and the table cloath sowed up in an old napkin, and particularly recommended to Mr. Gib's care by Mr. Andrew Lumsdane, at the express desire of Mrs. Murray. Mr. Gib said he had never the curiosity to look into them (the sowed-up dozen), and *fol.* 1034. added he had reason to think that all the foresaid bed and table linen were taken by the enemy after the battle of Culloden, as he (Mr. Gib) had them among other things along with him upon the field of battle in a covered waggon, which he was forced to leave behind him in the open air neer the field.

Here Mr. Gib desired me to remark that in the same hamper with the foresaid linen there were likewise contained a large silver soup spoon, two silver ragout spoons, a large silver lamp for keeping a dish warm upon the table, and the Prince's hunting equipage in a shagreen case, consisting of six silver goblets, doubly gilt, going into one another, two knives, two forks, and two spoons, all silver and doubly gilt. Mr. Gib regrets the loss of the hunting equipage more than that of all the rest, for

he says it was one of the most curious things he had ever seen in any place. The Prince brought it with him from France. Mr. Gib told me he had heard it rumoured that the Prince's hunting equipage should have fallen into the Duke of Cumberland's hands, and that he had dispatched it from Inverness to London as a great curiosity, but what truth there might be in this report Mr. Gib said he would not affirm. 27 June *fol.* 1035.

At this fourth meeting Mr. Gib likewise informed me that sometime in the first week of January 1747, he was brought before the Justice Clerk, who appeared to be exceedingly kind and smooth to him, asking if Mr. Gib had yet recovered the money which the people in Leven had taken from him. When Mr. Gib assured his Lordship that he had never yet got back any of that money, the Justice Clerk said he would order his money to be returned, which accordingly he did; but the people of Leven thought fit to keep back seven guineas of it, as before narrated. Mr. Gib soon found out the reason of all this kindness, for the Justice Clerk began to ask him many particular questions about the Young Pretender and his followers, particularly when at Bannockburn; and when Mr. Gib would not answer directly, the Justice Clerk huffed and storm'd at him. The Justice Clerk in asking the questions used to preface them thus: 'Certainly you know this; you cannot fail to know it.' And when Gib refused that he knew anything about these matters, the Justice Clerk used to say with some emotion, 'What! will you not answer this? will you not do the government such a small favour as this is?' Jan. 1747. *fol.* 1036.

Mr. Gib assured me he found the Justice Clerk had got too good intelligence about many things.

I must here remark that in making out my transcript of Mr. Gib's accompts, I thought fit to note down the days of the week which were not in Mr. Gib's pocket-book. The reason that induced me to do so was not only the better to ascertain the several dates, but likewise it proceeded from an experiment I tried in filling up the blanks of dates and of the names of places in Mr. Gib's pocket-book: for when I found Mr. Gib at a loss to remember exactly what day of a month they came to such a place, I used to ask him if he could remember the day of the week, and then I could easily fix upon 1748 *fol.* 1037.

27 June 1748 the day of the month. Upon trial I found him never at a loss to recollect the days of the week, which served to make matters distinct and clear. To give a particular instance. When Mr. Gib affirmed that the Prince was about a week at Blair Castle, and a week at least at Ruthven, I found him at a loss to remember the particular days of the month when they left Blair Castle, when they came to Ruthven, and when they left Ruthven. Upon this I desired to know if he could fix upon the precise days of the week, which he very soon did, assuring me that in marching from Blair Castle they were only one night at Dalnachardich, and next day came to Ruthven, which he remembered well to be a Saturday; that they left Ruthven
fol. 1038. upon a Saturday, slept that night in Dalrachny's house, where next day the lady would not permit the baking of bread because it was a Sunday; that the said Sunday night they slept at Moyhall, and that next morning (Monday) they were alarmed with the accounts of Lord Loudon's design upon the Prince's person. This account of the days of the week, with a little thought, served to give me the days of the month exactly. [See f. 988.]

13 July Wednesday evening, 6 o'clock, July 13th, 1748.—I had the favour of a visit from Mr. Gib, when I delivered back to him his pocket-book, desiring him to preserve it carefully.

At this fifth meeting with Mr. Gib I told him that when he broke the seals of his pocket-book (on Thursday, June 9th), in order to deliver it to me, I had observed him to open the book, and to take out of it some loose pieces of paper, and I begged to know if they were accompts; for if they were I would gladly take copies of them, if he would allow me, as I studied
fol. 1039. much to observe the utmost exactness in making up my Collection of papers, etc. To this Mr. Gib answered, that they were accompts which he was very desirous to preserve carefully, because some of them were not yet paid, and he hoped the time would come yet when payment would be made of them. He took them out of his pocket (six in number), and told me I had all freedom to take copies of them. As Mr. Gib was about going off soon for Ireland in the way of merchandizing, he desired me, after I had taken copies of them, to seal up the accompts in a piece of paper addressed to him, and to deposite

them so sealed in the hands of one Mrs. Mackenzie in Edinburgh, near the new Stage Coach Office, which I promised faithfully to observe. 13 July

Here follow exact copies of the foresaid six accompts, which accompts (one single article only excepted, as will appear hereafter) are not in James Gib's own handwriting.

1st. *fol.* 1040.

Acompet of Smith Worke wrought be Alexander Burn in Banockburn to Princ Charls wagons, 1746.

January 8th	for 5 Iorn pleats to a wagon, .	£0	03	00
	also two bands to a wagon, .	0	00	08
	one Iorn carpin and two stepls,	0	00	06
	for 3 cleeks, ...	0	00	06
	for one paire of Iorn liedars to hems, and mending a paire of hems,	0	01	04
	for 6 new shouses to wagon horses,	0	03	00
	for 3 sheep heads[1] singing, .	0	00	1½
		0	09	00½
	At Inverness for mending the wagon,[2]	0	02	6
		0	11	6½

8 Jan. 1746

2nd.

Andrew Fraser.[3] Dr. to Mr. Gib.

To 4 bolls meale, @ 10sh. 8d. per boll, . .	£2	2	8
To 23 pecks flower, @ 1sh. 4d. per peck, .	1	10	8
	3	13	4

[1] This article was dash'd out in the original accompt, but so as that I could read it.

[2] This is the single article that was in Mr. Gib's own handwriting.

[3] I asked Mr. Gib what was the meaning of this small accompt? His answer was that when at Inverness, the meal and the flour became so scarce, that he behoved to furnish the baxter, Andrew Fraser, with so much, for which he was accountable to Mr. Gib.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1041. 3rd.

Accompt of Liquors sent to his Royal Highness Lodgeings by Al. Fraser.

1746.

23 Feb.	February 22d.[1] To 3 dozens Claret, . .	£3	„	„
	To ½ dozen Lisbone wine, .	„	10	„
	To ½ dozen Sherry Do., . .	„	10	„
		£4	„	„

19 March Inverness, 19th March 1746.—Then received payment of the above Account. (*Sic Subscribitur*) Alexr. Fraser.

fol. 1042. 4th.

Accompt, Mr. James Gib, Butler, Master Housald to His Royiall Hyness, Prince Charles, to Tho. Fraser, Pessterie Cook.

22 Feb.	To accompt from February the 22 to February the 27, ...	£2	05	06
March	Merch the 1st. To on herin passtie, . .	0	03	06
	Merch the 3d. To 2 cakes short bread, . .	0	06	00
	To on salmon pastie, . .	0	04	06
	To 13 tairts of several sorts, .	0	07	00
	Merch the 5th. To on plain custard, . .	0	01	00
	To short bread, . . .	0	03	06
	To on custard, . . .	0	01	04
	To on side cake, . . .	0	07	06
	To on custard, . . .	0	01	00

[1] I wish I had seen this accompt sooner, for the date of it is a plain proof to me that Mr. Gib is mistaken as to his account of dates and of names of places in the Prince's marching from Castle Weem to Inverness, and that the account in the *Scots Magazine* for 1746, page 91, must be right, because the Prince certainly has been in Inverness when the above wines were sent to his lodgings, whereas Mr. Gib's account of days, etc. (see f. 988), makes the Prince to be only at Dalrachny on Saturday, February 22d. I did not advert to the date of the above accompt when looking over the six accompts in Mr. Gib's presence, otherwise I would have taken notice of it to him as a proof that his memory had failed him. It is likewise worth remarking that the following accompt is of the same date (February 22nd), which is a second proof of Mr. Gib's mistake, and that the account of this matter in the *Scots Magazine* must be right. [See ff. 993-996.]—Robert Forbes, A.M.

	To short bread, . . .	0	03 00	5 March
	To on orange pudine, . .	0	05 00	
	To short bread, . . .	0	03 06	
	To on rice pudine, . . .	0	02 06	
	To 7 minched pyes of mutton,	0	03 06	
	To on custard, . . .	0	01 06	
	To short bread, . . .	0	03 06	
		£05	03 04	
		1	17 8	
		1	5 6	
		8	6 6	

5th.

Accompt, Mr. Gib, Master Housalld, etc., to his Royiall Hyness, Prince Charles, D.G.: To Tho. Fraser, Pesstrie Cook.

Merch the 18th.

1746.	To short bread, . . .	£,,	03 06	
	To short bread, on caike and 2 Wesstells, ...	,,	04 06	
	To on Weilldfoull passtie, .	,,	05 00	
	To on side caick, . . .	,,	07 06	
	To on Venison passtie of hairs bonned, ...	,,	05 06	
		£1	05 06	

6th. *fol.* 1043.

Accompt, Mr. Gib, Princabill Buttller, etc., to his Royill Hyness, Der. to Tho. Fraser, Pessterie Cook.

March the 30th.	To 2 kaiks short bread, .	,,	04 06	
April 1st.	To on side kaick, . . .	,,	07 06	1 April
	To on mourffoull passtie, .	,,	4 00	
15th.	To 2 sid kaicks, . . .	,,	15 00	
	To fyring and attending 80 dishes,	,,	06 08	
		£1	17 08	

July 1748 At the foresaid fifth meeting with Mr. Gib in my own room, he told me he could inform me of a remarkable instance of William Burnet (the same person with whom he had left his pocket-book in the North) his honesty and exactness, if I thought it worth while to write it down. Here follows an account of it, as Mr. Gib narrated it to me.

May Sometime in the month of May 1748, Mr. Gib happened to be in company with Deacon William Clerk, taylor in Edinburgh, when John Hay of Restalrig was some how or other spoke of, at the mentioning of whose name Mr. Gib asked if Mr. Hay's eldest daughter was in Edinburgh, or any of Mr. Hay's near relations, for that he (Gib) could give an account of a large portmanteau in the North belonging to Mr. Hay.

fol. 1044. Deacon Clerk assured him that Mr. Hay's eldest daughter was living in Edinburgh with the ladies of March, and that he (Clerk) could carry any message from Mr. Gib to the young lady. Upon this Mr. Gib told Deacon Clerk that when Mr. Hay, at the Water of Nairn, desired Gib to part from the Prince and to shift for himself, he recommended to Gib's care his groom and the said portmanteau, containing Mr. Hay's fine Cloaths. Mr. Gib assured Mr. Hay he would take the same care of the groom and portmanteau that he would do of himself. In coming down the country from Ruthven, Mr. Gib began to be afraid lest he should fall into the hands of some party, and therefore he left Mr. Hays portmanteau (the more valuable, said Gib, that it has in it a plaid which the Prince wore for some time) in the custody of William Burnet at Breadhaugh, near the Kirktown of Alford in Aberdeenshire, who, he was sure, would deliver it safe and in good order, provided his house has not been plundered and pillaged or searched. Mr. Gib told Deacon

fol. 1045. Clerk that for the greater exactness, they had opened the portmanteau, and took a note of everything in it, Burnet keeping one copy and Gib another; but Gib said he had destroyed his copy of said note after being made prisoner at Leven. However he still remembred well the contents of the portmanteau, and could condescend particularly upon every piece in it. Deacon Clerk informed Miss Hay of all this affair, and came again to Mr. Gib, bringing along with him a young man, whom Mr. Hay had bred as a writer or clerk, in order to be informed

by Mr. Gib how the portmanteau could be recovered. Mr. Gib told Deacon Clerk and the young man that he (Gib) would write a letter to Mr. Burnet, provided they would give him assurance that the letter should be carefully delivered into Mr. Burnet's own hands, because otherwise he (Gib) and others might be brought to much trouble: and therefore he desired Deacon Clerk and the young man to go and get counsel about the matter, which accordingly they did, and returned to Mr. Gib, assuring him they had found out a very right person going to Aberdeen, who had undertaken to send the letter carefully from Aberdeen to Mr. Burnet by a proper hand. Upon this Mr. Gib writ a letter to the said William Burnet, desiring him to deliver such a portmanteau to the bearer, according to the note of the cloaths contained in it, which each of them had taken in presence of one another. The portmanteau was brought to Edinburgh; and Mr. Gib told me that Deacon Clerk and the young man had come to him assuring him that everything was safe in it, and had been kept in good order. The portmanteau had been in Mr. Burnet's keeping more than two years. May *fol.* 1046.

At the same time Mr. Gib told me that the Highlanders were the most surprizing men he had ever seen. For after making very long marches, and coming to their quarters, they would have got up to the dancing as nimbly as if they had not been marching at all, whenever they heard the pipes begin to play; which made him frequently say, 'I believe the devil is in their legs.' *fol.* 1047.

Monday, July 18th, 1748.—I returned the six accompts (sealed and addressed as agreed upon, f. 1039) by James Mackay, who happened to meet with Mr. Gib in Edinburgh, and delivered them into his own hands. 18 July

Tuesday's afternoon, August 23d, 1748.—I met accidentally with Deacon William Clerk, taylor, upon the High Street in Edinburgh, when I asked him about Mr. John Hay's portmanteau, which had been left in the hands of one William Burnet in the North, etc. The Deacon told me that the portmanteau was brought to Edinburgh, with everything in it safe and sound, etc. 23 Aug. 1748

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1049.[1] ## Copy of a Letter to the Reverend Mr. James Taylor, Thurso.[2]

30 June 1748 Reverend Dear Brother,—I beg you'll give me, in your own handwriting, as minute and circumstantial an account as possible how you happened to be made prisoner, when and where, what hardships and civilities you met with, and from whom, during the time of your tedious and severe confinement; for I love truth, let who will be either justified or condemned by it. As far as your memory can serve, have a particular attention to dates and to names of persons and of places; and omit not to give a particular account how, when, and by whom your liberation was at last happily brought about. Spare not words, and after drawing out the history of your distress, let it lie by you for some time before you dispatch it to me, that so you may have leisure to reconsider it, and to insert any thing you may have forgot to mention. Forgive the freedom I take in giving you such particular directions as to the favour *fol.* 1050. I ask of you, for I love a precise nicety in all narratives of facts, as indeed one cannot observe too much exactness in these things. Your history is to have a place in my Collection. Be careful to transmit it to me by some sure private hand.

I have frequently heard narrated a very singular and extraordinary story of one Ross, younger of Priesthill, in your country. Pray, can you favour me with a genuin and faithful account of it?

In complying with these my desires you will singularly oblige, Reverend Dear Sir, Your sincere friend and humble servant, Robert Forbes.

Citadel of Leith, June 30th, 1748.

fol. 1051. ## Copy of a paragraph of a Letter to the Reverend Mr. James Falconar, London.[3]

4 July 1748 I beg you'll give me in your own handwriting as minute and circumstantial an account as possible how you happened

[1] f. 1048 is a blank page. [2] See his reply, f. 1054. [3] See his reply, f. 1058.

to be made prisoner, when and where, what hardships and civilities you met with, and from whom, during the time of your tedious and severe confinement. Forget not to mention Captain John Hay's seeing you and taking no notice of you in your deplorable distress, and to narrate particularly Mr. David Ross's singular and unaccountable behaviour towards you. For I love truth, let who will be either justified or condemned by it. As far as your memory can serve, have a particular attention to dates and to names of persons and places, and omit not to give a particular account how, when, and by whom your liberation was at last happily brought about. Spare not words, and after drawing out the history of your distress, let it lie by you for some time before you dispatch it to me, that so you may have leisure to reconsider it, and to insert any thing you may have forgot to mention. Forgive the freedom I take in giving you such particular directions as to the favour I ask of you, for I love a precise nicety in all narrative of facts, as indeed one cannot observe too much exactness in these things. Your history is to have a place in my collection, which (I thank God) is already beyond sixty sheets of large paper, neatly bound up in several 8vo volumes. I spare no pains and expence in procuring genuin and well-vouched accounts of things, and hitherto I have been successful even beyond my expectations. I wish you may transmit to me the account of your own distresses, etc., by the same hand that brings this to you. Donald MacLeod and Malcolm MacLeod[1] afforded me no small pleasure by informing me that you bore up exceedingly well under all your misfortunes with great courage and chearfulness, and that you kept your health while others were dying about you like rotten sheep. Mr. Taylor likewise gave me excellent and agreeable accounts of you. The two MacLeods joined in giving me a most moving history of the barbarous usage the prisoners met with when lying upon the Thames opposite to Tilbury Fort. Let me have your account of that scene of misery; for I aim much at having different vouchers for one and the same fact.

4 July

fol. 1052.

fol. 1053.

[1] See ff. 312-315.

4 July I lately had a letter from Mr. Taylor, your fellow-prisoner, who is in good health, and makes mention of you with much kindness and affection.—I am, Reverend Dear Sir, Your most affectionate brother and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, July 4th, 1748.

fol. 1054. COPY of two Paragraphs of a LETTER from the REVEREND MR. JAMES TAYLOR,[1] to me, ROBERT FORBES.

21 July 1748 I kept no diary of what happen'd to me during my confinement, but shall endeavour to recollect and write down all the most noticeable occurrences of that time of distress, and if, after collecting them, I can judg them proper for your design, they shall be transmitted to you by some secure, private hand.

I have heard of Priesthill's story, and shall endeavour to learn the several particulars of it from some persons in Cathness, who have better information than myself, and shall not fail to acquaint you accordingly. He lives in the shire of Ross. *Sic subscribitur,* JA. TAYLOR.

Thurso, 21*st July* 1748.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1055. COPY of a LETTER from JOHN M'PHERSON of Strathmashie,[2] to me, ROBERT FORBES.

24 July 1748 MY DEAR SIR,—I have only time, meeting my friend, the bierer, on his journey to let you know that I'm alltogether sensible of your goodness in encouraging me to continue the freindly correspondence betwixt us, by which I assure you I

[1] See f. 1049.

[2] See f. 890.

reckon myself highly honoured. I well know my way of setting a certain affair before you was very far from deserving the approbation of such a competent judge. When it happens that I have ane opportunity suitable, will take the freedom of further troubling you. But its quite uncertain when that may come in my way. You may safely communicate any thing to this bearer. Doe me the justice to believe that with outmost sincerity and esteem, I have the honour to be, My Dear Sir, Your most affectionate and faithful servant while 24 July

Sic subscribitur, JOHN M'PHERSON.

Cateley, 24th July 1748.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER from MR. M'DONALD of Kingsborow, to me, ROBERT FORBES. *fol.* 1056.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours[1] of the 26th March came to hand last day; but non of the presents you was soe good as to send me and otheres. At the same tyme, they and I has as much reason to retourn you thanks as tho they had come safe. I am realy uneassie to have miss'd anything would be worth your sending on account of the subject and the giver. Pray when a favourable opertunity offers let me hear from you with ane acount of the worthy family you are in and all other good freinds, which will be very agreeable and refreshing. Let me know what is come of Mr. Ratry, and mind me to his lady. All your acquaintances in this part of the world are in good health, tho' deprived of their arms, as they will shortly be of their cloaths. The letter you wrot me off[2] make noise here as 15 July 1748 *fol.* 1057.

[1] Some few lines I sent to Kingsborrow (by one Mackenzie, a skipper of the Lews) acquainting him that I had sent him, by the same hand, copies of Mother Grimis Tales, Decade 1st and 2nd, for himself and some others in the Isle of Sky, Isle of Rasey, and the Long Isle, viz. Armadale, Donald MacLeod, John M'Kinnon, Rasey, senior; Rasey, junior; Malcolm MacLeod, Clanranald, senior; Boisdale, and Balshar.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See ff. 701, 793, 851.

15 July well as els where, which gives me no pain, for truth will suport it self in spit of malice. I fancie the authore is not much to be envyed, which lays out of my way to enquir. Mrs. MacDonald, who is the honest old woman you saw her, is very well, who desires to be remembered to Lady Bruce, etc. etc. etc. Receiv inclosed the pice leathere you wrott for some time agoe,[1] which, on my honour, is the reall peice you wanted. I am with the greatest esteem, Reverend Dear Sir, Your affectionat humble servant.

Sic subscribitur. Alexr. M'Donald.

Kingsborow, July 15th, 1748.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1058. Copy of a Paragraph of a Letter from the Reverend Mr. James Falconar to me, Robert Forbes.

9 Aug. 1748 As to the history you mention, I have the materials by me, but by reason of scarsity of paper and the inconveniency of writting when aboard, they are in such confusion that it will take more time than I can well spare at present before I can bring them to such an order as would afford any satisfaction to a person who loves accuracy and perspicuity, which should allwise be the concomitants of such performances. As to the dates, I cannot pretend to any satisfactory exactness in them, for many of the facts happen'd when I neither had nor could get a bit of paper; so was often obliged to wait for several weeks together before I could take a note of the occurrencys, which I would otherwise have set down daily as they happened. If I were to meet with Clanranald, who kept an exact journal of the most triffling things that happened, to himself especially, he might help me out in a good many instances; but this I cannot expect at such a distance from his court. He is a man of sense, but as proud as Lucifer. He was no small

fol. 1059.

[1] See ff. 797, 852.

[2] See f. 1051.

addition to our sufferings. But more of this when we come to the Memoirs and Voyages of Seignor Falconieri.—I am, Your own old (*Sic subscribitur*) FALCONAR. 19 Aug.

London, August 19*th*, 1748.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a MEMORANDUM for CAPTAIN MACULLOCH.[1] *fol.* 1060.

There is a very singular narrative given out in the name of one Mr. Ross, younger of Priesthill. If an exact and genuin account of the said narrative could be procured it would be a remarkable favour done to, Sir, Your friend and servant, 11 Aug. 1748

ROBERT FORBES.

Citadel of Leith, August 11*th*, 1748.

COPY of a Paragraph of a LETTER to the REVEREND MR. JOHN SKINNER at Longside.[2] *fol.* 1061.

I have an indisputable voucher for the singular practice of burning bibles and prayer books in Murray-shire. Pray let me know if any such violation of all that is sacred was done in your neighbourhood. I could wish likewise to have an exact account of the plundering and pillaging of your house, and of any other outrages that were committed within your bounds,[3] 22 Aug. 1748

ROBERT FORBES.

August 22d, 1748.

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[1] See ff. 1050, 1054. [2] See ff. 1019, 1236.

[3] A gentleman of Ross-shire who had been in the Prince's service during the time of the Campaign in 1745 and 1746.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1062. ## Copy of a Letter from Dr. John Burton of York to me, Robert Forbes.

29 June 1748 Dear Sir,—The favour of both yours [1] is before me, and the gowns came safe, and are very much liked. I shall remit a bill as soon as I can conveniently meet with one. My wife was going to Harrigate Spaws with my son for a few days, and she would make a person sit up all night to finish her gown that she might show it there.

I never saw the letter after the battle of F[alkirk] nor ever heard of it. I meant the letter of which I sent you a copy.

I have been busy in finishing the account of my persecution which has been up at London some time, and would have been published before this time had not my friend there been so long in the country. When it is finished I shall send my friends in the north some of 'em. This, together with my business, getting fix'd in my house again, etc., has hinder'd me from finishing the other affair for the press; and as you say some of the facts are not justly related, shall take it as a
fol. 1063. favour if you 'll be so good as to set me right, for I would not publish a falsehood if I knew it in any case; but in this I should be particularly cautious. If I should publish it, I shall take particular care not to mention names of such worthies as may be thereby injur'd. I shall scarce have acted a proper part hitherto, and then afterwards make that public which would be of little service to my self on one side, and be a great injury on the other.

Just a little before I received yours, I was favour'd with a line from Miss F[lora] M'D[onald] telling me she was just going to visit her friends in the west, and should not return to E[ngland?] till September, when she intended to favour me with her company at York in her way to London; and the longer she makes the visit the more she 'll oblidge my wife, myself, and friends. For I would have her see our country a little, and not hurry away too soon.

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[1] See ff. 839, 939.

I have not yet heard from Malcolm, but am glad to find by yours that he is well, and can't but have a fellow-feeling for Raarsa's second son's illness. But I hope he has recover'd. If you have heard or may hear from Miss F[lora] M'D[onald] should be glad if you'll mention it in your next; which, pray, never defer on account of franks, for am always glad to hear from my good friends, and never give myself concern about the expence. 29 June *fol.* 1064.

I am surprized I have heard nothing from Dr. D——d.[1] I am affraid he is either dead, sick, or dissoblidged at me. He told me he should come southward about this time, and make me a visit in his way, but I have heard nothing about him yet.

I should be glad of the copy of M'Leod's letter to Kingsborough when you get it, as also of that of D[uke] of C[umberland] which was intercepted.

Notwithstanding the great puffs in the papers about a peace, I can assure you the most thinking part of mankind, both in the South and here, can't but think otherways. For they suppose that as soon as the French have got all their outward-bound ships away, all their homeward-bound ships into harbour, and all the ships they bought in Sweden safe, and supplied themselves with all necessaries, that then they will break off all conferences, and commence hostilities with more vigour than ever. This seems to be the case, or else why should they remand all the officers who had leave to return to Paris and other places in France from Flanders to go to their respective corps again, and raise such number of recruits? And why should they buy up all our large ships and privateers, unless it be to weaken our naval power and increase their own? But a little time will now discover all. *fol.* 1065.

My wife joins in compliments to all the good ladies with you, and to you with, Dear Sir, Your sincere friend and humble servant, (*Sic subscribitur*) J. B.

June 29th, 1748.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

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[1] Dr. Drummond.

fol. 1066. ## Copy of a Letter to Dr. John Burton of York.

5 July 1748 Dear Sir,—Your kind letter of June 29th reached me on July 5th, and no doubt you'll be thinking me unkind in not acknowledging the favour sooner. But to tell the plain truth, I am so straiten'd in time, and in this corner we are so barren in subject that as I could not find leisure, so I could have little or nothing to say. However I gladly embrace the opportunity of your acquaintance and friend, R. C. (who will certainly call upon you) to write you a particular return.

I would be glad to be favoured with a copy of the history of your persecution; but as I have heard nothing more about it, I am afraid the publication has been delayed.

You desire me to set you right, etc. 'Tis not in my power to recollect exactly the several particulars wherein your collection differs from the precise truth of things—only you'll please remark that it was not Cameron of Glenpean, but MacDonald
fol. 1067. of Glenaladale that carried the purse, left it, and found it again. Besides, though I should know the several particulars, it would prove a matter of some labour and study to rectifie them, as you'll easily understand when I assure you that since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have collected above thirty sheets of paper; and though my collection be already about seventy sheets, yet, so far am I from being done with collecting, that I am as busy as ever in finding out new materials, and when I may come to an end I cannot really foresee. From this you'll easily see that it must prove a work of time and patience to make out a compleat collection of all that is necessary to be known in such a curious and interesting history, and how much my time and attention are engaged in making as exact and compleat a collection as possible.

I have never heard directly from Miss Flora MacDonald;
fol. 1068. but I have heard frequently of her. In crossing a ferry to Argyleshire she had almost been drown'd, the boat having struck upon a rock; but (under God) a clever Highlander saved her. Miss reached the Isle of Sky about the beginning of July, and waited upon her mother and the worthy Armadale,

I believe she may be in Edinburgh some time this month, when I shall take an opportunity of informing her of your kind and affectionate remembrance of her. 5 July

I have never heard anything from or about honest Malcolm since some time before my last to you. I wish he may be well.

Your friend, Dr. D——d, is just now jaunting among his friends in the country. He is neither dead, sick, nor disobliged, but, *sub rosâ*, I believe he is somewhat lazy.

I have never yet got a genuin copy of M'Leod's letter to Kingsborrow. I find Kingsborrow has delivered the original into the hands of some friend for the more sure preservation of it. I have never seen the letter of C[umberland] which was intercepted. *fol.* 1069.

Your thoughts concerning the peace are curious, and seem to have some foundation. Pray let me know what you think of it now, whether or not it is like to come to a period, or, etc.

Mr. Carmichael is exceedingly pleased to hear that the gowns are so much liked, and remembers you with much kindness and gratitude.

Copy of a paragraph of a Letter from a gentleman in Aberdeen to his correspondent in Edinburgh, bearing date the 20th of August, concerning the visionary battle near that place upon the 5th of the said month of August 1748. 20 Aug. 1748

'You have, no doubt, heard before now of the visionary battle within a few miles of Aberdeen. The thing is real fact attested by more than thirty eye-witnesses at the same time. An army in blewish and dark-coloured cloathing, with displayed ensigns of a white flag, crossed with a blew St. Andrew's Cross, beat twice on the same spot of ground a red army with the Union-flag which rallied twice; but at the third time the red army was so beat as to be quite routed and scattered. There *fol.* 1070.

20 Aug. is no momentary variation in the accounts that the different spectators gave of this visionary engagement, most of them being within little more than a ridge length of the action, see'd the colours, smoak, arms, etc., but heard no noise. I forgot to mention that four hours before the battle the same spectators observed (about two in the afternoon) in the sky three small globes of light, which they took for what we call (in the north) a weather gall; but gradually increased to the magnitude of the sun, and that a little before the appearance of the armies *fol.* 1071. twelve men in very clean and bright attire appeared to traverse very carefully, and view most accurately the whole ground where the action happened, but withdrew before the armies appeared. This much for amusement, which I would not have entertained you with if the thing were contested or doubted of.'

Thus have I given you the paragraph exactly as it is in the original without varying one single word, and shall make no observation upon it, but leave it to your own thoughts to make of it what you please. However, I must not leave this subject without telling you that there are letters from Aberdeen in Edinburgh, declaring that several of the spectators (about eleven or twelve) have been sworn before the Town Council of Aberdeen, and that they were all unanimous in their depositions much to the same purpose with the contents of the above *fol.* 1072. paragraph.

By this time (I am sure) I have wearied you and therefore I must bid you farewel.

All here join with me in compliments and good wishes to your self, your lady and your master.—Sincerely, I am, Dear Sir, Your friend and servant, R. F.

September 5, 1748.

P.S.—Please accept of the inclosed small present.

The letters on the top are

Memoriæ Matris Carissimæ Sanctissimæ Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ.[1]

[1 See a copy of the following Elegy in Shaw's *History of Moray.*] This note is not in Bishop Forbes's hand.

M. M. C. S. E. S. *fol.* 1073.

Siste, *Viator*, lege et luge
Miraculum Nequitiæ
Sub hoc marmore conduntur *reliquiæ*
Matris admodum venerabilis.
(Secreto jaceat, ne admodum prostituatur !)
Quæ mortua fuit dum viva,
Et vivà dum mortua.
O facinus impium et incredibile !
Defensore nequissimè orbata,
Tyrannis miserrimè oppressa,
Proceribus vicini regni infulatis (referens tremisco !) nefariè obruta,
Aulicis impiè afflicta,
Filiis nonnullis perfidè deserta
Spuriis omnibus pessimè calcata, trucidata, ludibrio habita;
Sacrificium suffragiis τῶν πολλῶν
Ne dicàm τῶν παντῶν,
Votivum et *phanaticorum* furore ! *fol.* 1074.
Rogas
Quanan in terrâ hoc ?
In *Insulâ*,
Ubi *Monarcha* contra *monarchiam*,
Ecclesiastici contra *Ecclesiam*
Legislatores contra *Legem*,
Judices contra *justiciam*
Concionatores (Atheisticè !) contra *veritatem*
Milites, audacter, impudenter
(*Wilhelmo Neroniano* Duce)
Contra honorem, contra humanitatem
Agunt !
Pudet hæc opprobria nobis ! *fol.* 1075.
Nam propter exsecrationem, perjurium, luget hæc terra
In cujus testimonium multi equidem sunt *testes vivi et recentiores*
Apage ! Apage !
Ægrotavit (proh dolor !) *Mater charissima*, beatæ memoriæ
Anno 1688.
Tum manibus, tum pedibus, (va mihi !) clauda fiebat
Anno 1707.
Tandem permultis *flagellis* ærumnis (Miserere mei Deus !) exhausta
Obiit anno 1748.
Vos omnes *seniores, filii filiæque*,
Orate pro *eâ*, ut quiescat in pace, et tandem beatam obtineat
Resurrectionem. Amen.
Cum temerata *fides, pietasque* inculta jaceret,
Defereretque suum *patria* nostra *patrem* :

Illa Deum, patriamque suam, patriæque *parentem*
Sincerâ coluit *relligione, fide,*
Tramite nam recto gradiens, nova dogmata spernens,
Servavit fines quos posuere *patres.*

Attempted in English.

To the Memory of
that most dear, that most holy Mother, the Church of Scotland.

Stop, *traveller,* read and weep over
fol. 1076. This prodigy of wickedness.
Beneath this tomb are interred the *sacred remains*
Of a most venerable mother.
(O may *she* lie here concealed rather than be more and more exposed to the cruelties of the prophane)
Who was dead while alive,
And alive while dead.
Oh, fact accurst and incredible !
Most villainously bereaved of her *defender*
Most miserably oppressed by *tyrants.*
By the mitred peers of a neighbouring nation (I tremble to narrate it) wickedly thrown down.
By courtiers impiously afflicted,
fol. 1077. By some of her own sons perfidiously deserted,[1]
And by all the bastards of whatever kind most basely trampled upon, mangled and insulted,
She at last was devoted a sacrifice by the suffrages of many,
Not to say of all,
And that too by the fury of *fanatics.*
Dost thou ask, *traveller* !
In what country this prodigy of wickedness was perpetrated ?
In that *island*
Where the Monarch acts against monarchy,
Churchmen against the Church,
Lawgivers against law,
Judges against justice,
Preachers (atheistically !) against truth.

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[1] Ecclesiastics.—Messrs. Livingstone at Old Deer, Skinner at Longside, Walker at Old Meldrum, Laing at Alford, and Farquhar at Dumfries. Laics—All the Scots Members in the House of Commons, all the Scots members in the House of Peers, and all such as went over either to the wide-throated jurants or to the unauthorised Presbyterian teachers.

And where the *soldiery*, daringly impudently
(Under the command and influence of William the Cruel)
Run counter to all the rules of *honour* and *humanity*! *fol.* 1078.
These monstrous doings are a shame and a reproach unto us!
For because of swearing and even perjury the land mourneth!
To evidence which there are indeed many *living and recent*[1] *witnesses*
Fie for shame! Fie for shame!
Our *dearest mother* of blessed memory (Alas!) was smitten with a consumption
In the year 1688.
She became quite lame (Woe's me!) both in hands and feet
In the year 1707.
At last, wore out (Lord, have mercy upon me!) with many very many shocks and miseries,
She expired in the year 1748.
O all ye *fathers, sons and daughters*
Pray for *her*
That *she* may rest in peace and at length obtain a happy
Resurrection. Amen.

When Faith and piety were both reviled
When perjured men their *native king* exiled *fol.* 1079.
Her *God*, her *king*, her *country*, she revered
With true religion and sincere regard.
Scoring new paths, *she* kept the straight old road,
The sacred course her pious *fathers* trod.

Thursday's forenoon, September 8th, 1748. *fol.* 1080.

I had a visit of John MacLeod of Rona (*i.e.* young Rasay), who told me that in the paper he had sent me up there was a mistake as to the number of families upon the island of Rasay, for instead of *betwixt eighty and ninety* (see p. 878) it should be *about one hundred and twenty families*. He informed me that since sending me the paper he had made a more exact enquiry into the number of families. I asked him upon what day the Prince had left the Isle of Sky for the Continent. He an- 8 Sept. 1748

[1] Martin Lindsay, who very narrowly escaped being condemned at Carlisle; Robert Seton, who was wounded almost to death in making his escape down the country from the field of Culloden; John Fouliss, that old, bald, gray-headed sinner; and many others who, contrary to the light of their own minds, glibly swallowed down the bitter pill of abjuration in the memorable Æra of Perjury, 1748.

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrimis!

8 Sept. swered upon Friday, July the 4th (see p. 879). I then begged to know if he would use his interest with MacDonald of Armadale and John MacKinnon to favour me with their accounts of matters, as to what they had done for the preservation of the Prince. He assured me he would do his best to gratifie me in my request and doubted not of success in his endeavours.
fol. 1081. He informed me that one Alexander MacLeod (a captain of Militia) had been useful in consulting the safety of the Prince while on the Long Isle, and that he would likewise procure me the said Alexander MacLeod's history in that matter. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1082. COPY of a postscript of a LETTER to the REVEREND MR. JAMES HAY in Inverness.[1]

19 Sept. 1748 *P.S.*—Pray will you be so good as to favour me with as exact and particular an account as possible of what happened in and about your place as to hardships and cruelties, that can be well vouched, upon and after April 16th, 1746? Baillie Stewart promised me such a thing, but that honest man seems to have forgot it. Forget not to mention particularly the harsh treatment of Provost Hossack. The more minute and circumstantial you are in any narrative still the better. I rely upon your compliance and that you 'll send me my request by some sure private hand that you can trust.—Adieu, R. F.

September 19*th*, 1748.

fol. 1083. *Thursday* (*twixt* 1 *and* 2 *o'clock*),
September 29*th*, *Michaelmas Day*, 1748.

29 Sept. 1748 My Lady Stewart sent a servant to me, desiring me, R. F., to wait upon her ladyship immediately after dinner and that she would not detain me five minutes. Accordingly I went, and her ladyship, putting a letter into my hands she had that day received from London by post, desired to know what was to be done in the matter. After reading the letter with some

[1] See f. 1120.

attention I begged leave to suggest that as many honest persons as possible should be allowed to take copies of the letter in order to disperse them through Scotland without loss of time, that so the alarm might be given, and then let every one judge for himself as to any danger he might be in. Her ladyship listen'd to the proposal and immediately made ready to go to Edinburgh with the original letter, I begged to be allowed to take a copy of it instantly, which was granted. I took care to have six copies the same day put into proper hands. Here follows a true and exact 29 Sept. *fol.* 1084.

Copy of said Letter, the handwriting of which my Lady knew nothing about.

Knowing well, Madam, your publick spirit and the integrity of your heart, I could not recollect a more proper person to acquaint with a dark affair which has lately by accident come to my knowledge, the truth whereof admits of no doubt. Make in God's name a proper use of it. Tis this then. There is a list of 40 or 50 names given into the hands of one or more messengers of persons who have been engaged in the late unhappy affair. With this list, by an order of the regency, are the messengers coming down to Scotland, attended by a crew of evidences who had serv'd the Government in the late tryals, both here and elsewhere, and had since enlisted themselves in several regiments. Tis whispered that these evidences are to serve before the Justitiary in Scotland in order to convict such as are excepted, and who are to be now surprized and apprehended. 24 Sept. 1748 *fol.* 1085.

Believe, me, Madam, this is no vague, idle story. Make then such use of it as your good understanding and honest heart shall direct, and the Lord shall bless you.—Adieu.

Sic subscribitur C. M.

London, St. James's, September the 24th, 1748.

N.B.—The cursed Kirk will not suffer the Regency to be

24 Sept. quiet with their repeated informations and diabolical suggestions.

To Lady Stewart of Burry, in Quality Street, Leith, Edinburgh.

fol. 1086. *Tuesday's Morning, October 4th,* 1748.[1]

4 Oct. 1748 I was favoured with a visit of Mr. Francis Stewart (son of Baillie John Stewart in Inverness), whom formerly I had begged the favour of to write down all he knew to be well vouched of the hardships and cruelties committed in and about Inverness upon and after the 16th of April 1746. Accordingly he delivered into my hands a paper consisting of four 8vo leaves, all in his own handwriting, an exact

Copy of which is as follows:—

18 April 1746 To recollect and enumerate all the hardships endured and cruelties committed in and about Inverness, on and after the 16th of April 1746, is what I cannot pretend to do; and I am certain many things were done that very few, if any, can give any account of. The following facts you have, as I either

fol. 1087. saw them myself, or was informed of them by others:—

It is a fact undeniable, and known almost to everybody, that upon Friday, the 18th of April, which was the 2d day after the battle, a party was regularly detached to put to death all the wounded men that were found in and about the field of battle. That such men were accordingly put to death is also undeniable, for it is declared by creditable people who were eye-witnesses to that most miserable and bloody scene. I myself was told by William Rose, who was then greeve to my Lord President, that 12 wounded men were carried out of his house and shot in a hollow, which is within very short distance of the place of action. William Rose's wife told this fact to creditable people, from whom I had it more circumstantially. She said that the party came to her house, and told the

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[1] This paper is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, ff. 232, 236. See also f. 1121.

[2] See ff. 375, 421, 707, 1323, 1376.

wounded men to get up that they might bring them to surgeons to get their wounds dress't. Upon which, she said, the poor men, whom she thought in so miserable a way that it was impossible they could stir, made a shift to get up; and she said they went along with the party with a air of chearfulness and joy, being full of the thought that their wounds were to be dressed. But, she said, when the party had brought them the length of the hollow above mentioned, which is at a very short distance from her house, she being then within the house, heard the firing of several guns, and coming out immediately to know the cause, saw all those brought out of her house under the pretence of being carried to surgeons, were dead men. *fol.* 1088 18 April

Upon the same day the party was detached to put to death all the wounded men in and about the field of battle, there was another party detached under the command of Collonell Cockeen, to bring in the Lady M'Intosh, prisoner, from her house at Moy. Tho' Cockeen himself was reckoned a most discreet, civile man, yet he found it impossible to restrain the barbarity of many of his party, who, straggling before, spared neither sex nor age they met with; so that the lady has told many that she herself counted above 14 dead bodies of men, women, and children 'twixt Moy and Inverness. There is one woman still alive who is a sufficient document of the barbarity of Cockeen's party; for she, after receiving many cuts of swords on the face and many stabbs of bayonets in other parts of her body, was left for dead on the highway. However, it has pleased Providence that she still lives to set forth to the world the monstrous cruelty of those miscreants by a face quite deformed, and many other conspicuous marks of their barbarity.[1] *fol.* 1089.

I had almost forgot to tell you of a most monstrous act of cruelty committed by the party before mentioned, which was detached to the field of action, that is, the burning of a house near the field, in which there were about 18 wounded men.[2] This fact is well vouched by many creditable people. I myself heard one Mrs. Taylor, a wright's wife at Inverness, tell that *fol.* 1090.

[1] See f. 1332.

[2] See f. 1323.

16 April she went up the day thereafter to the field to search for the body of a brother-in-law of hers who was killed, and that she saw in the rubish the bodies of severals of those that had been scorched to death in a most miserable, mangled way.

The cruelties committed the day of the action are so many that I cannot pretend at all to enumerate them. That no quarter was given is a thing certain. There is one instance of this that I cannot ommitt. A very honest old gentleman, of the name of M'Leod, was pursued by two of the light horse *fol.* 1091. from the place of action to the hill near Inverness called the Barnhill; and when he came there, and found it impossible to save his life any further by flight, he went on his knees and beg'd quarters of the two that pursued him; but both of them refused his request, and shot him through the head. Several of the inhabitants of Inverness were witnesses to this fact. There was another poor man shot by a soldier at the door of one Widow M'Lean, who lives in the Bridge Street of Inverness, as he was making his way for the Bridge. There was a most monstrous act committed in the house of one Widow Davidson in the afternoon after the action.[1] A gentleman, falling sick in town, took a room at her house, being a retired place. He was in a violent fever the day of the action and *fol.* 1092. unable to make his escape, when he was told the Prince and his army were defeat. Several soldiers coming up in the afternoon to this Widow Davidson's, the maid of the house told them there was a rebell above stairs, upon which they went immediately, rushed into the room wherein the poor gentleman lay, and cut his throat from ear to ear. This I was told by an honest woman, a neighbour of Mrs. Davidson's, who went to the room and saw the gentleman after his throat was cut.

The proceedings after his royal highness came in to town were, I'm certain, unprecedented. Many gentlemen were taken and confined amongst the common prisoners without any reason given them for their being so used, and after being confined they were for some time denied the use of both bedding and provisions, so that some of them have not to this

[1] See f. 1315.

day recovered the cold they contracted and the bad usage they met with at that time. The women of Inverness did not escape his royal highness his notice. Severals of them were made prisoners and confined to the common guard, amongst whom was the Lady Dowager Mackintosh, who was confined for the space of 14 days, and contracted so violent a cold during that time that she had almost died of it. The usage the prisoners in general met with was so monstrous that I am certain there are few, if any, histories can parallel the like of it. The allowance of provision for gentle and simple was ½ pound meal each per day, and very often not so much watter given them as wou'd help them to swallow it. I myself have gone often by the prison at that melancholy time when I heard the prisoners crying for watter in the most pitifull manner. Many died at that time of their wounds that were never dressed nor look't to, in the utmost agony; and as none of the inhabitants durst take the least concern in them, dead or alive, I have several times seen 3 or 4 dead bodies in a day carried out of the prisons by the beggars, and brought all naked through the streets to be buried in the Churchyard. April *fol.* 1093. *fol.* 1094.

N.B.—The original of the above in the handwriting of Mr. Francis Stewart is to be found among my papers. The said Mr. Stewart is betwixt nineteen and twenty years of age, and is a modest, sober, sensible youth.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Short Note to me, Robert Forbes. *fol.* 1095.

Reverend Sir,—I have sent you my journall. The printed narrative to which the end of the journall referrs is some way fallen by that I cannot lay my hand on it. But as there were so many coppys printed at the time I am hopefull you 'l have one of them. I am, Reverend Sir, Your most humble servant, 4 Oct. 1748

(*Sic subscribitur*) J. Goodwillie.

October 4th, 1748.

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[1] See f. 1316.

Here follows a copy (exact and faithful) of the foresaid journal taken from the handwriting of the said John Goodwillie (Writer in Edinburgh) who, from the battle of Gladesmuir to April 16th, 1746, had served in Secretary Murray's office as one of the clerks.

1 Nov. 1745

Friday, 1 November 1745.

Marched[1] to Dalkeith, and continued there Saturday the 2d. Sunday 3d. Marched to Lauder.

Monday 4. Marched to Kelso, and continued there Teusday 5.

fol. 1096.

Wednesday 6. Marched to Jedburgh.

Thursday 7. The column of the army that came this road marched to Haggyhall in Lidsdale.

N.B.—I and 4 of the guards were sent off from the army, and went to Hawick this night.

Fryday 8. The army marched to Rowanburn foot, I this night to Langholm.

Saturday 9. I joined the army at Langtowne in England, and marched to Muirhouse, 2 miles west of Carlyle.

Sunday 10. Made a march round Carlisle, and quartered in several villages to the south of Carlisle, the headquarters being at Butcherby;[2] I at Harraby.

N.B.—This day had several volleys of cannon fired at us from the town and castle of Carlisle, but did no harm.

Monday 11. Marched by Warwick Bridge, and was this day joined by the column of the army that came by Moffat, and went to Brampton, where we sojourned.

Tuesday 12th, Wednesday 13, Thursday 14, Fryday 15, and Saturday 16.

fol. 1097.

N.B.—Lord Nairn and Lord Ogilvy's men, with Elcho and Pitsligo's horse, were dispatched to Carlisle, and surrounded the town so as to cut off all communication. Trenches were

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[1] Compare with Mr. Gib's Journal, f. 966.

[2] Blacklehall, says Mr. Gib (f. 968), which I take to be right, as Mr. Gib has some articles of accompt set down at this date, and Mr. Goodwillie acknowledges that he himself was at another place different from the headquarters.

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dug up all night, and carried on all the Thursday, whilst the town and castle played with their cannon on the trenches, but without doing any damage other than a private man got a contusion on the head with a small shot, and one Dalton, a gunner, killed in the trenches by a canon ball. At 4 this afternoon the town threw out a white flagg, and agreed to capitulate, dispatches being sent to Brampton to the Prince, who refused to take the town without the castle, and gave them to Fryday at 2 afternoon to consider of it. Then the town and castle surrendered, and were taken possession of by the Duke of Perth, who had the command of the siege.

Sunday 17.[1] The Prince and the column of the Army that was with him marched from Brampton to Carlisle, where we sojourned. 17 Nov.

Monday 18, Teusday 19, and Wednesday 20.

Thursday 21.[2] Marched to Penrith, and sojourned there Fryday 22nd.

Saturday 23. Marched to Kendall, and sojourned there Sunday 24.

N.B.—Sunday morning I was sent off for Lancaster.

Monday 25. The Army marched from Kendall to Lancaster. *fol.* 1098.

Teusday 26. Marched to Preston, and sojourned there Wednesday 27.

Thursday 28. Marched to Wigan.

N.B.—This afternoon I was sent off with Pitsligo's horse for Manchester.

Fryday 29. Army marched from Wigan and Manchester, where we sojourned Saturday 30th.

Sunday, 1st December. Marched to Macclesfeild, and sojourned there Monday 2nd. 1 Dec.

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[1] Here is some small variation from Mr. Gib's account. [See f. 969.] I take the truth to be that the Prince has been the greatest part of the Sunday at Brampton, and in the evening has marched into Carlisle.

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[2] Here is some small variation from Mr. Gib's account. [See f. 970.] I take the truth to be that the day (Thursday) has been pretty far spent before they have set out from Carlisle to Penrith. 'Tis pity that in such a journal every hour of beginning a march and every hour of coming to quarters is not marked.

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3 Dec. Teusday 3d. Marched to Leek.

Wednesday 4th. At 1 in the morning Marched for Derby by Ashborne, being 22 miles.

Thursday 5. Sojourneyed in Derby.

fol. 1099. Fryday 6.[1] Began a countermarch, and came to Ashborne.

Saturday 7. Marched to Leek.

Sunday 8. Marched to Macclesfeild.

N.B.—This evening I sent with Elcho's horse for Stockport, and next morning went to Manchester.

Monday 9. The army marched from Macclesfeild for Manchester.

Teusday 10. Marched to Wigan.

Wednesday 11. Marched to Preston, and sojourned there Thursday 12.

Fryday 13. Marched to Lancaster, and sojourned there Saturday 14.

Sunday 15. Marched to Kendall.

Monday 16.[2] Marched to Shap.

Teusday 17.[3] Marched to Penrith.

fol. 1100. Wednesday 18. About 2 this afternoon got alarm of the enemys being approached near the town, the army being at the time reviewing in a muir to the west of the town by the Prince. Only Cluny's men and Appin were in town who were detached out to the assistance of Lochgary's and John Roy Stewart's men who happened to be the rear-guard with the artillery from Shap. The dragoons appeared to the number of 2000, and detached a party from their body to line a hedge, whilst Appin's men and Roy Stewart's and Glengary's men were placed on the right and left, and the M'Phersons in the

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[1] Here is a difference 'twixt this and Gib's account. [See f. 972.] I take it to be that Goodwillie has marched off with the first division of the army, and that the center and rear have not set out from Derby till Saturday the 7th, especially as Gib has articles of accompt at Derby upon the Friday.

[2] Here is another difference 'twixt this and Gib's account [see f. 974], which may be easily reconciled by the above observation.

[3] Here is another difference 'twixt them. I still suppose (as above) that Goodwillie has marched with the first division. Perhaps the Prince may have come to Penrith in the evening of the 17th.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

front, who engaged sword in hand, and killed about 60 dragoons, beside wounded, and we only lost 10 of the M'Phersons.[1] 18 Dec.

This evening we marched for Carlisle, where we arrived about daybreak of the 19.[2]

Fryday 20. Marched from Carlisle for Annan.[3] *fol.* 1101.

N.B.—This day at the Water of Esk the army divided, one column went for Langholm under Lord George Murray's command.

Saturday 21. Marched from Annan for Dumfries,[4] where we sojourned Sunday 22nd.

Monday 23. Marched for Drumlanrigg.

Teusday 24. Marched for Douglas.

Wednesday 25. Marched for Hamilton, where we sojourned Thursday 26.

Fryday 27.[5] Marched for Glasgow, where we sojourned Saturday 28.

Sunday 29, Monday 30, Teusday 31.

Wednesday, 1st January 1746, and Tuesday 2d. 1 Jan. 1746

Fryday 3d. Marched for Kilsyth.[6]

Saturday 4. Marched for Bannockburn.[6]

Monday 6. A summons was sent to the town of Stirling to surrender, who returned for answer they were to stand on their defence, in regard the Prince had not promised them protection, altho at the same time they did not demand it. Upon *fol.* 1102.

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[1] For an exact and distinct account of this action at Clifton, see that given by the MacPhersons themselves. [See f. 899, *et seq.*]

[2] This is most distinctly noted down, and had it not been so, it would have differed from Gib's account. It serves to illustrate and confirm my foregoing marginal notes. [See f. 974.]

[3] Here is a difference 'twixt this and Gib's account, but it is easily reconciled by supposing that the Prince did not leave Carlisle till Friday's afternoon, for Gib behoved to be always in the same column of the army with the Prince.

[4] Here is another difference of the same kind with the above.

[5] Here is a third difference of the same kind.

[6] In these two points of difference betwixt Gib and Goodwillie I take Goodwillie to be in the right; for Gib gave me his two last days at Glasgow and his stay at Kilsyth altogether from his memory, these three days not being in his pocket-book of accompts, and in fixing upon the day at Kilsyth I found him not a little difficultied.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

6 Jan. this, orders were given to raise trenches and bombard [1] the town
7 Jan. at the east gate. Next day, being Teusday 7, when the town saw the trenches raiseing, demanded a capitulation and a protection. In the mean time that the articles of capitulation were agreeing on, the engineer, having his battery ready, fired about 30 shot on the town before he got notice of the capitulations being signed, he having had previous notice to fire when he was ready.

8 Jan. Then on Wednesday the 8th, when part of the army was going to take possession of the town in terms of the capitulation, the volunteers of the town and militia fired some shot on our men, but without doing any harm, and refused access, on
fol. 1103. pretence we had broke the capitulation by our firing on the town the night before. However, when they found their mistake, and that we threatened to storm the town, the gates were opened, and our men took possession of the town this afternoon.

All this week their ware ships came now and then up the Firth and canonaded at our batterys that were placed at Elphinston Pass for guarding the passage to stop any interruptions that might be given to the ferrying over our canon above that place, but did us no harm, our men being very alert, and gave them such brisk receptions, made them retire with some loss. Then they went for the North side in order to land men and seize our canon, but one battalion of the Camerons were ferryed over before they had all their men landed, and made those who had got ashoar embark with far greater hurry than they landed.

fol. 1104. Thursday the 9th, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, busie in getting
9 Jan. over our canon, which was done with safety. In the interim our army was increasing every day with our Highland and North country reinforcements. We being now informed that Hally, with the army under his command, being got to Falkirk, and were there encamped under the town, and that he had positive orders to attack us ;

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[1] This is a wrong term. It ought to be canonade; for the Prince's army had neither shells nor mortars till after the battle of Falkirk, where Hawley left his mortarpieces and cochorns for the Highlanders.

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Wednesday 15. In the morning our whole army, except Duke of Perth's, Lord Ogilvy's, Glenbucket's, Collonel John Roy Stewart, and part of Lord John Drummond's regiments who were left in Stirling to carry on the seige of the Castle, drew up in line of battle on Bannockburn Muir, and rested on their arms till mid-day, and, hearing the enemy was making no motion, took up their respective quarters. 15 Jan.

Thursdy 16. The army drew up in the same place and order as on the day preceding, and continued under arms about the same time, and then for the forsaid reason, went to their quarters. The trenches for the castle was broke this night. 16 Jan. *fol.* 1105.

N.B.—This two days drawing up and expecting an engagement and being disappointed gave great discontent to the private men, who told their officers if they were drawn out again they would engage at any event even altho' without a commander.

Fryday 17. Early in morning the army drew up in the forsaid place, and for the journall of this day shall referr you to the printed narrative hereto subjoined. 17 Jan.

Here endeth John Goodwillie's Journal.

N.B.—By the printed narrative referred to in the end of Mr. Goodwillie's Journal, and mentioned by him in his short note to me,[1] is meant that newspaper which was printed at Bannockburn to give an account of the battle of Falkirk and was called the *Bannockburn Journal*, a copy whereof is in my custody bound up in an 8vo volume with a collection of the Prince's papers, etc. It is worth remarking here that James Grant, the quondam author of the *Caledonian Mercury* (who joined the Prince before the battle of Gladesmuir), took care when in Glasgow to have himself provided in types and a printing press, and brought them along with him to Bannockburn. *fol.* 1106.

In a conversation I had with Mr. Goodwillie before he sent me his journal he told me that in the retreat from Bannockburn and Stirling he marched in that column of the army which went by Aberdeen, Banff, etc., and that he had taken an exact journal of said march. But in destroying of papers after

[1] See f. 1095.

the battle of Culloden, when making his way down the country he had without thought thrown the said journal into the
fol. 1107. flames so that he could never recover it. Mr. Goodwillie was so lucky in his skulking that he was never seized upon, and therefore the indemnity set him at liberty to go about his business as formerly. He skulked for some months in Crail, where he had some relations. At last he got over in disguise to Edinburgh where by the favour of a friend he made his abode for the most part in the Duke of Queensberry's house in the Canongate. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1108. Thursday, October 13th, 1748.—I was favoured with a visit of Ranald MacDonald, son of Angus MacDonald of Boradale.

13 Oct. 1748 The said Ranald MacDonald[1] informed me that he himself was the first man that went on board the frigate in which the Prince was when he and his few attendants came first upon the coast of the continent of Scotland near Boradale. The Prince then (the better to disguise himself) was in the same dress used by the students of the Scots College in Paris. As Ranald had travelled and had been about eight years before this both in Rome and Paris, so he knew Vizozi Michael (the Prince's valet) immediately upon seeing him: but the gentlemen would not allow it to be said that there was any such man as one of that name on board with them, they giving themselves out to be rich smugglers come upon a jobb of trade. Mr. Buchanan knew Ranald well, having seen him in foreign parts, and in due time discovered himself to him. Ranald stared much upon the Prince, seeing something uncommon about him, but did not know him, though he had seen him frequently in Rome, eight years having made a great alteration in the Prince's looks and person. Ranald began to think they were come upon some extraordinary business, and Sir Thomas Sheridan first discovered the matter to him. As the said Lieutenant Ranald MacDonald had been much with the Prince in his difficulties along with Glenaladale, I asked him if he could

[1] See ff. 603-611.

give me the names of the famous Glenmoriston men.[1] He said he had forgot them, but that he would get them from Glenaladale and send them to me.[2] ROBERT FORBES, A.M. 13 Oct.

Substance of LORD TINWALD'S Speech to the GRAND JURY, met at Edinburgh the 10th of October, 1748.

fol. 1109.

He introduced his speech with observing that he had but lately come to town and so had not had long time to prepare himself, and that the present state of his health, together with his unacquaintedness with the matters that were now to be the subject of enquiry by the Grand Jury, made him in many respects perhaps unable to perform his duty in opening the charge to them. However, as his brethren had done him the honour to chuse him their præses, it was incumbent on him to explain to them such things as were proper and necessary for them to be made acquainted with. And then he began with observing that the occasion of their being met together this day was a very solemn one, viz. to enquire into all treasons and misprisions of treasons that had been lately commited against his Majesty; *fol.* 1110. and that it was a particular pleasure and relief to him to find so many men of honour and probity upon this jury, who were of known affection to his Majesty's government and attachment to the Protestant religion. After this he took notice of the many blessings we had and did enjoy at present under his Majesty's mild and gentle administration, who had always shown a tender regard to preserve the laws and enforce their execution. Notwithstanding which happiness, at a time when we were at war with our natural enemies and struggling with all the difficulties attending thereon, a rebellion broke out in this country headed by the Pretender's eldest son, the particulars of which it was needless for him to enumerate, as all of them were still fresh in their memory. However, several battles were fought and many of his Majesty's subjects killed, 10 Oct. 1748

[1] See ff. 547, 624, 633.

[2] See f. 1447.

10 Oct. as well as several other acts of oppression committed, which
fol. 1111. had thrown this country into the utmost confusion and disorder; all which had raised a melancholy prospect in the minds of all persons well affected to his Majesty's government, as thereby the certain prospect of a Popish prince and arbitrary government would have necessarily followed had the Rebellion been attended with success. But the Divine Providence had mercifully interposed to free us from such evils, by raising up his royal highness, the Duke of Cumberland, as an instrument under God to crush such a vile attempt. That therefore punishment became necessary to chastise such as had been accessary to these evils brought on their country, and that after some examples had been made, which was necessary to satisfie justice, his Majesty was pleased to grant a most gracious act of indemnity whereby all concerned were pardoned,
fol. 1112 excepting such as had appeared to be most guilty, and therefore least merited a pardon: And that, notwithstanding this indemnity, a bad return had been made by many of these deluded people, and even by those who had reaped the benefit thereof. In these circumstances the Government considered it as their duty to show these deluded people that they would not allow such crimes as these to go unpunished or unnoticed, and that they had resolved to present bills to them against those that were excepted in order to force them to ask pardon of the Government for their bypast conduct. And if this step was not now to be taken, they would obtain their pardon by an act of King William the 3d, whereby it was statute that all treasons should prescribe in three years; and that the present[1]

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[1] Here begins volume sixth of Bishop Forbes's manuscript collection. It is entitled: THE LYON IN MOURNING, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Letters, Journals, etc., relative to the affairs, but more particularly the dangers and distresses of . . . . Vol. 6th, 1748.

Quis se ita delusum peregrino ab Rege videbit?
Quisve feret SCOTIS *talia verba dari?*

In this volume are two loose papers.

(1) A strip about 6 × 3¼ inches contains:—

Anglia continuo famulis vexata scelestis
Ancillam dixit des mihi, Flora, tuam.
Accipe, Flora inquit, ni me mea Burka fefellit
Restituet, cito res illa Puella tuas.

procedure was designed only with this view to barr those people from pleading the benefit of that act, and that as no further was at present intended, they could not complain of this step as an hardship. He farther took notice, whatever might be the motive and considerations influencing the Government to order this procedure, it did not seem material for the gentlemen of the jury to enquire into, since the oaths they had taken and the duty they owed their country were obligations of a higher nature than any other. You are therefore (continued he) to consider what accession those persons who are nominatim excepted from the late act of indemnity had to the late Rebellion, and against whom bills are to be presented, together with the proof that shall be adduced in support thereof. Here he observed the present state of our treason laws as they now stand and wherein they differed from our statutes relating to treason before the Union; that before that period his Majesty's advocate had power to prosecute any person who appeared to be guilty of treason upon a precognition taken of the facts; at which time several complaints were made that persons were frequently harrassed with prosecutions on the statutes of law; but that this was now altered by an act of the 7th of Queen Anne, whereby the treason laws of Scotland were taken away, and those of England substituted in their place; and that by the said laws of England it was necessary to present bills to a grand jury, and a verdict to be returned

fol. 1113. 10 Oct.

fol. 1114.

Vexed with bad servants, thus Old England said,
Prithee, Dear Flora! Let me have thy maid.
Take her, said Flora, If I know my Burk,
She is the girl to do Old England's work.

On the back,

'This is the copy that came from England.' [See at f. 1383.]

(2) A smaller piece about 4 × 2 in. contains :—

'This fall the P(rince) was like to gett over a rock was climbing up the hill Drimchaosie after passing by the camp formed in Glenchosy.'

The above in Glenalladale's own handwriting received on August 3, 1753, from Donald MacDonald, merchant in Edinburgh, by me, ROBERT FORBES.

The above is written on the back of part of an old account
for on back is 'John Innes . . . . 6. 6.
£38 17 10. London Journy £12.'

10 Oct. by them before any person could be brought to a trial. He likewise spoke of several other parts of English law with respect to treason, particularly that every treason behoved to be tried in the county where it was committed, and that this had been so far altered by an act of the last session of Parliament that *fol.* 1115. all the treasons committed in the disarmed counties might be tried in any county where the Court of Justiciary sat. He further observed that it was undoubtedly a great security to the lives and properties of the subject that no officer or servant of the Crown could bring a prosecution against any person, since that power was now lodged in the hands of the Grand Jury, and even twelve of them behoved to concur in finding of any bill; and that it was certainly a more just and equitable law to allow such enquiries to be made in other counties than where the crime was committed, since thereby disinterested juries would be more easily got, who were not influenced by relation or favour, than if they had been obliged to sit in these counties where most of the excepted persons were connected and related.

In the next place, he considered the nature of the evidence that ought to govern and influence them in their conduct, *fol.* 1116. and a quotation was mentioned from Lord Chief Justice Hales, who says that probable evidence is sufficient for a jury to return a verdict finding a true bill; that other lawyers seemed to require somewhat further, by maintaining that it was necessary that the evidence offered to them should be persuasive. At the same time they generally agreed in this doctrine that a less accurate evidence was necessary before a Grand Jury than what ought to be brought before a petty one, where any person was brought on trial for his life, where only he could offer his defences and be allowed council, neither of which were allowed when the bills of indictment were presented to them. But at the same time he added that it was his own opinion that there should be a reasonable evidence offered to them in support of each bill, although he did not *fol.* 1117. believe there was any necessity in the present case for entring into such abstract questions. Here he mentioned the law of Scotland with respect to the manner of laying the circumstances of time in all indictments, that with respect to the

circumstances of time it was likewise necessary by the forms of the law of England to charge in the bill the day on which the treason was committed, but that it was not necessary to prove it; and that it was likewise necessary to charge the place where the treasonable fact was done, though it was not necessary precisely to prove it, providing by the proof it appeared to be committed in the county within which the place charged did lie. He further observed from the above Act of King William that it was necessary that two witnesses should concur as to the same kind of treason, although it was not necessary that they should agree as to the precise place or time, and therefore two witnesses deponing against any person as to treasonable facts committed might be conjoined though they differed in the circumstances of time and place. That a proof of treason charged to be committed in Lochabar might be supported by a proof of treason committed in any part of Great Britain seeing it was all one treason though carried on in different counties. He concluded with observing that it was to be hoped that they would have great regard to the oath they had taken to their King and country not to give any ground (to the reproach of the country) for saying that one part of the country had rose in rebellion and that another part of it had perjured themselves in order to acquit them. And wishing that God might assist them to finish the work that they were now to undertake, he ended. 10 Oct. *fol.* 1118.

N.B.—It was observed by those who were present that Lord Tinwald made several hesitations and stammerings in delivering his speech to the Grand Jury insomuch that they were afraid his Lordship would have fallen through it altogether. This same Charles Erskine of Tinwald was once as flaming a Jacobite as any one whatsoever. He was deeply engaged in 1708 and 1715, insomuch that he had a meeting at the Hague with his own brother, Dr. Erskine, physician to Czar Peter the Great, importuning him (the doctor) to use all his endeavours with the Czar not to act offensively against Charles of Sweden so long as he should be acting for the Chevalier, in which the Dr. proved so successful that the Czar said he *fol.* 1119.

10 Oct. would not only do no hurt to Charles, but also take care of his dominions while he should be doing for James. After the affair of Glenshiel the Chevalier writ to his friends in, etc., complaining that in all the attempts there was one great want, viz., that there was nether a magazine of arms nor money to purchase such a thing for his service when opportunity should offer, and therefore advising that a sum should be raised and deposited in a proper hand. Accordingly the scheme was complied with, and the then Earl of Eglinton gave 600£ Sterling, Dame Magdalen Scott, Lady Bruce, gave 100£ Sterling, etc. etc. etc., and all the money was deposited in the hands of said Charles Erskine; and very many affirm strongly to this day that he kept for sweet self 1500£ Sterling of said money when making account of it. Mr. David Kennedy (brother to the Countess of Eglinton) and the above Lady Bruce, not to name others, were my particular informers.

Juxta se posita magis elucescunt, ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1120. COPY of a Paragraph of a LETTER (dated October 25th, 1748) from the Rev. Mr. JAMES HAY in Inverness, to me, ROBERT FORBES.

25 Oct. 1748 Your kind, oblidging letter, September 19th, was most acceptable, etc.—I am doing all I can to answer your desire, but as the information depends on many cannot promise to be so soon as I could wish. Assure your self I'll lose no time after the things come to my hand which I want.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1121. *Monday's Morning, October 31st*, 1748.[1]

31 Oct. 1748 I was favoured with a visit of Mr. Francis Stewart who narrated to me three particular and remarkable events that I had never heard of before. I desired the favour of

[1] See also f. 1086. This paper is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 237-241.

him to give me them in his own handwriting, which he accordingly did on Thursday morning, November 3rd, in six 8vo leaves, an exact 31 Oct.

Copy of which is as follows.

As you say it will be a favour done you, I give you the particulars of the three events you mentioned in as far as I saw them myself or cou'd learn them from others.

1st. As to Murdoch MacRa, the Kintail man, he was, as I was inform'd, one that had no concern directly or indirectly in the late troubles; but being at the house of MackDonald of Leek about his private affairs in the middle of May 1746, he was there seiz'd by a party of Sir Alexander MacDonald's men and sent with a line from said Alexander to Lord Loudoun who then lay at Fort Augustus. His Lordship sent *fol.* 1122. him under a strong guard to his royal highness, the Duke, then at Inverness. He arrived there about 8 o'clock in the morning, and was hang'd before 10 the same forenoon on an apple-tree which grows at the cross, with a written accusation of his being a spy hung on his breast. I myself happen'd to be standing by the cross and to see this poor unlucky man hang'd. A little after he was hang'd his body was strip't naked, in which way it hung over the said cross for the space of 2 days exposed to the whole inhabitants. His royal highness rode by the said cross on his way to Fort Augustus and the said body thus exposed. It was at last cut down by the beggars and burried at the back of the church.

2ly. As to Mackvee,[1] *alias* Cameron, his history is a singular instance of constancy and great courage. He was taken, as I was credibly informed, in some part of my Lord Seafort's *fol.* 1123. country, and some letters found about him, writt in French, without either direction or subscription. He was brought to Inverness, where General Blackney then commanded, being in September or October 1746, and was put into a vault in the

[1] This heroic poor countryman, no doubt, has been going either from or to the French ship that landed about Polliew in Seaforth's country. The letters in French and other circumstances concur to make this probable. [See pp. 175, 626, 1318, 1427.]—Robert Forbes, A.M.

bridge of the said town, in order to make him confess who gave him the said letters or to whom he was carrying them. But this proving ineffectual, he was carried to the cross where being strip't naked, he was lash'd by the drumers of both the regiments then at Inverness from heel to head. In the interval 'twixt the lashes given by each drumer he was alwise asked to confess, but to no purpose, for confess he would not. I myself saw him carried up from the vault he was kept in a second time in order to be lash'd; but by what accident this second lashing was prevented I can't tell. However it is certain Mackvee made no confession, for he was sent back
fol. 1124. again to prison, where he died miserably of cold and want after lying there some weeks. It is remarkable that while he lay in the prison in the greatest misery he was desired by some people to save his own life by making a confession, but he answered that his life signified nothing in comparison of those his confession might betray.

3dly and lastly. As to Anne M'Kay; she 's a poor Isle of Sky woman who happened to be at Inverness the time of the battle of Culloden, and to live above the cold cellar into which one Robert Nairn, and M'Donald of Bellfinlay[1] (two wounded gentlemen) were put after the battle. She being a wise, sagacious creature, some of the charitable people in town thought proper to employ her as the person shou'd convey to the distressed gentlemen the supplies they intended for them.
fol. 1125. She continued faithfully in this practice from the 18th of April 1746 till the month of March (if I don't mistake), 1747, when a plot was laid by some charitable ladies[2] for helping Nairn to make his escape (M'Donald not being able to escape, being lame). Of this plot the poor Highland woman was made principal manager, and indeed she managed wonderfully. For after equiping Nairn in warmest manner he cou'd then be cloathed in, she decoyed the century of the door of the cellar into a back close just of it, by which means Nairn slip't out

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[1] See f. 706.

[2] Charitable, indeed, with a witness! when the many cruelties and barbarities committed in their hearing and eyesight could not deter them from risquing their own lives. May God bless and reward these compassionate and couragious ladies, and the brave poor Anne M'Kay. Amen.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

and made his escape. The guard was not alarmed with this accident till next morning, when all were in an uproar, but particularlie one Collonel Leighton, then lieutenant-collonel of General Blackney's regiment,[1] who ordered immediately this woman to be seized and her house ruffled. He caused her first *fol.* 1126. be brought to his own room, and called for one Baillie Fraser to examine her in the Irish tongue. He first caused ask who they were used to supply him with food; to which she answered 'I no ken dat, for he no pe shentleman; he no pe a M'Leod or M'Donald or any Mack at all, for he pe Nairn, a fisher, and deel a mans or womans of dat name in a' dis town.' He then put 5 guennies into her hand and desired her tell who help't Nairn away. But she said, 'I no tak money, I have a pill of my own,' and with so saying she pull'd out an old bill she had in her pocket. He then desired she might tell, or he would confine her in the Bridge hole. To which she answered, 'Lord pless your honour, no put me in the prick hole.'[2] All methods *fol.* 1127. proving ineffectual he ordered her to be carried to the gaurd, and, as a punishment for not confessing, he ordered her to be kept on her feet without allowing her sit or ly. By this punishment she contracted a swelling in her legs of which she is not yet recovered. While she was in the gaurd in this situation there was an Irish woman, a soldiers wife, sent to the gaurd with some strong liquors in order to intoxicate her, that then she might confess. The wife came to her accordingly and offered her a hot pot or some possat, and said she wou'd drink Prince Charles his health. But she answered, 'I no pe trink Sharly health. I like de Duke, for I pe a M'Leod,[3] and M'Leods no pe like Sharly. But I no trink hot pot or possat, for I no ken dat; I pe trink milk and whey.' Every *fol.* 1128. method proving ineffectual to extract a confession she was put into the town's tolbooth, where she was kept for some weeks, and she was to be drubbed through the town had not interest been made to get it prevented.

The poor century that was upon Nairn at the hour when he

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[1] See f. 1322.

[2] *i.e.* Bridge-hole.

[3] It seems M'Kay (*i.e.* the son or child of David) was only the woman's patronimick name. So said Mr. Stewart to me.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

escaped being discovered (a strict examination having been made into the matter) was whip'd and received five hundred lashes.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

13 Sept. 1755

Leith, September 13th, 1755.

Anne M'Kay was with me when I read to her the five preceding pages, and page 1317, and she declared all concerning herself was very exactly narrated, only it should be ten in place of 5 guineas offer'd by Leighton. She told me that after her getting out of prison, the soldiers so beat and bruised her son of 17 years of age that he died three days after.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1129. COPY of a LETTER from the Reverend Mr. JOHN MACLACLAN in Argyleshire[1] to me, ROBERT FORBES.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of Aprile last, 19th, came safe to hand, but I had not the pleasure of receiving it till the 20th instant, and I'm affraid this too may be long on the way, because sent by a private hand whose motions I'm uncertain of, tho' I'm confident of fidelity.

It gives me much uneasyness that I cannot afford you that assistance you are pleas'd to ask, and I woud be fond to give if I cou'd, to forward your very commendable undertaking. But my situation was such that after the battle of C[ullode]n I was oblig'd to run to Lochbroom, where I sculk'd for about three months without pen, ink, or paper, or several other conveniences of life. Nay I lurk'd in such a wild place that I saw no newspaper nor knew but little of what was adoing in the shire I was in, to wit, Ross-shire. In harvest '46 I creep'd by degrees towards Dingwal, accompany'd by my brother, Mr. Stewart

[1] See f. 844.

(whose agreeable conversation did very much alleviate all alongst the irksomeness of sculking), but continu'd still in very uneasy circumstances, so that I cou'd not think of plying any business. In Spring '47, my dear comrade, Mr. Stewart, was kidnap'd and laid up in prison, upon which I betook myself (tho every way ill provided, yet to divert melancholy) to write somewhat of a different nature from what you have in hand, as our brother, Mr. W. Harper, can inform you, by whom, I suppose, this will be deliver'd to you. When the general indemnity indulg'd me the freedom of coming to Inverness, I engag'd our brother, Mr. Hay,[1] as having been constantly in Inverness near the main scene of action and centre of intelligence to make up the best collection he cou'd possibly of all occurrences and transactions in that shire during the hurry, and if you fall on a safe way of conveyance I'm persuaded he can furnish you somewhat considerable. On my way homeward last October I employ'd a gentleman in Lochaber to the same purpose, but he has not been so kind as to let me hear from him as yet. *fol.* 1130. *fol.* 1131.

As to this shire, the Campbells rais'd a powerful militia to serve the Government, and, I suppose, you 'll not trouble yourself much about them. But then if you are to insist on particular persons, I hope you 'll take notice of Collonel MacLachlan of that Ilk, whom the newspapers and magazines neglected. 'Tis true he got but few of his clan rais'd, because most of them are situated amidst the Campbells. However he attended the Prince at Gladsmuir, and march'd with him to Carlyle, from whence he was detach'd by the Prince with an ample commission and 16 horses to lead on to England the 3000 men that lay then at Perth. But my Lord Strathallan (who was governour of Perth) refus'd to comply with the Prince's orders, tho' the men were willing. The Collonel join'd us again at Stirlin, and when we retir'd to Inverness. the Prince made him Commissary of the army. At the battle of Cul[lode]n he had a regiment of 300 men, whereof 115 were his own people and 182 were Mackleans, who chose to be under his command, seeing their chief was not there. *fol.* 1132.

[1] See f. 1120.

The said Collonel being the last that received orders from the Prince on the field of battle, he was shot by a canon ball as he was advancing on horseback to lead on his regiment, which was drawn up between the Macintoshes and the Stewarts of Appin.

If you 'll make mention of any of our clergy that were in that army, I expect you 'll not forget your writing friend who was the only clergyman at the battle of Gl[adsmui]r, and who can get several gentlemen to attest that if his project and example had been follow'd, neither Cope nor any of his horses had escap'd, which wou'd have made the victory still more compleat. He attended the Prince to Darby and back again, was at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden, acted chaplain to
fol. 1133. the Prince, and had a commission to be chaplain-general to all the loyal clans.

I heartily wish you great good success to your laudable, loyal enterprize, and begg to hear of your progress from time to time when a sure, private occasion offers, whereof Mr. Harper can best apprize you. Make my kind complements to your colleague, Mr. Law, and to your namesake, our brother in Fisher-raw. If you can get soon an opportunity, pray acquaint me what common measure our clergy have concerted to ward off the thundering force of that Act of Par[liamen]t that is to bolt out against our mission at Michaelmass next. I live for the most part now like a hermite, because all my late charge almost were kill'd in battle, scatter'd abroad, or are cow'd at home, and the people of this country are generally so bigot in Whiggerie, and so insolent on their late success, that it is vastly mortifying to me to live amongst them. My great comfort is the testimony
fol. 1134. of a good conscience and confidence in a most righteous Lord, who though he be longsuffering, patient, yet will not neglect to convince the world that He is just. Meantime the pinching hardships we suffer and are more and more threaten'd with make me often recollect that old saying, Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Pardon the length and blots of this abrupt epistle, and notwithstanding my being discourag'd by the publick and discountenanc'd by neighbours, assure yourself I shall always boldly own myself every honest mans faithfull friend, and par-

ticularly, my Dear Reverend Sir, your most affectionate brother and most humble servant,

Sic subscribitur, Jo. MacL . . . .

N.B.—On Sunday, November 20th, 1748, I received the original of the above, which is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Letter from Baillie John Stewart to me, Robert Forbes.

fol. 1135.

Inverness, 16 *November* 1748. 16 Nov. 1748

Reverend and dear Sir,—My last letter to you was by my dear son, Francis,[1] who has since frequently advised me of the manie great and uncommon civilitys and kindness you show'd him, for which I return you my sincere, heartie thanks. I understand he imbarked and sailed from Leith in Captain Cowan's ship for London the 7 instant, and as the weather has proven verie fair, and the winds tollerably so, I doubt not he gott safe and soon to London, and it was not the smalest of your favours to recomend him to such ane honest, freindly man as Mr. Cowan is, to bring him to his designed port, who, I doubt not, has used him verie discreetly. I should have wrot you long befor now annent what I could learn with certainty of the bloodie, barbarous transactions in this country *fol.* 1136. for a long time after the memorable batle of Culloden, but as I was absent at that dismall period I refered to your freind, honest Mr. Hay, to give you what certain accounts he could gather of these affairs. And no doubt my son, Francis, has likeways informed you of manie things hapened then not to [be] known to me, as both of them were here on the pleace. But by all I can learn I may say, without exagerting, that I doe not think there were ever greater, inhuman barbaritys and cruelties of all kinds perpetrat in anie countrie, either Cristian or Infidel, than was in this at that period; and all by order of the

[1] See pp. 1086, 1121.

16 Nov. commander, as some of the officers then in that service have since told me. And those that comitted the greatest barbaritys, whither by murder, rape, rapin or fire, have since been most liberally rewarded and prefered. But God is the Lord to whom vengeance belongs, righteous in all ways, and just in all
fol. 1137. his judgements, so shall say no more on this subject at present; but when I can learn anie thing new of these transactions not commonly known befor I will inform you. Pray give my best wishes to my worthie freind, Mr. Harper, when you see him, and my thanks for his kindness to my son Francis, who did not fail to writ me of the same.

Wee are here in a deprest, confin'd condition as to the publick profession of our religion, tho' our good, worthie pastor does all he can. But I dare say matters will not long continue so. Meantime God grant us patience and resignation to his unering providence.

My wife joyns me in her prayers for you and all in distress, and I am sincerly, Reverend and Dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant, *Sic subscribitur*,

JOHN STEUART.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1138.

1 Dec. 1748 Thursday, December 1st, 1748.—I was favoured with a visit of one Robert Stewart,[1] who had been in the Prince's army in station of a captain under the command of Colonel John Roy Stewart. As the said Robert Stewart had been engaged in the skirmish at Keith, he gave me an exact and particular account of it, and at the same time he repeated to me an epitaph upon Cumberland composed (as Stewart declared to me) by a Highlander in Glenlivet. I begged he would favour me with a narrative of the skirmish, and likewise with a copy of the epitaph in his own handwriting, which he frankly complied with, and accordingly made his promise good on Saturday's evening, December 10th, when he made me another visit, and delivered to me the papers out of his own hand, exact

[1] See other references to Captain Robert Stewart, ff. 1153, 1163, 1385.

Copies of which are as follows:—

Reverent Sir,—Att your desire the underwritten is a true and distinct account of the skirmis at Keith, fought betwixt a detatchment of the Prince Regent's men and a detachment of the Ducke of Cumberland's upon the 20th of March 1746.[1] *fol.* 1139.

Alexander Campbell, brother of Bircalden, having marched from Strathbogie in the evening upon March 1746 of March 1746 for Keith, being guided by Mr. Campbell, helper at Kirk of Karnie, with 70 Campbells and 30 of Kingston's leight horse, all choice men and horses, as an advance guard, having come the length of the burn of Harnie, 3 miles and halfway to Keith (that being a very hollow burn with a good dale of planting in it), the minister thought proper to plaint that men in ambuish, there to remain till he shou'd go to Keith and see if any of the Prince's men was there; which according was done, and forward he went. Betwixt that and morning the minister returned with ane account that they might advance forward, for there were none of the Prince's men before them at Keith. Captain Campbell then at beginning his march gave his men precise orders in case ane action should happen that they shou'd neither give nor take quarters. Then forward they marched and entered the toun about daylight with braking open of shopes and plundering, etc. *fol.* 1140.

The Prince's men at Spey that day having passed the water about 10 o'clock to Fochabers to refraish themselves, about 12 o'clock an alerm was rumered through Fochabers that Cumberland's army was upon them, comeing down the burn of Ault-chace, and wou'd cut them all to pices (that is a burn which comes betuixt two hills, and they could be within 2 or 3 musquet shote to Spey before they cou'd be observed). Lord John Drummond, who commanded then at Spey, ordered the pipes to play and drums beat to arms, and after drawing up at his order, they began their march down the back of the town to the waterside to take up ground for action (providing they had the least prospect for victory; for upon the

[1] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 115-120, footnote.

March 17th there had come about 3000 of Cumberland's men, commanded by General , to Strathbogie, 12 miles from Spey or Fochabers, and dispossessed Roy Stewart and Abachie
fol. 1141. Gordon's batallions, a part of Lord Elcho's troop of guards and a few of the hussars, amounting in whole to about 500 men, who formed the Prince's advanced guard, and made a safe retreat without the lose of one man after they were within musquet shote of the 3000 men), and when they joined Lord John Drummond at Spey, the whole of them wou'd not have been above 900 or 1000 men at that time. But to return to the subject again. The day being a little mistie, and surrounded with hills, they could not see far about them. At last Cumberland's light horse appeared within less nor a mille upon the hill of Fochabers patrolling that ground, upon which the hussars sent out a patrolling to observe if any body of men was at hand, and returning with accounts that they could see none, the whole returned to Fochabers again for a 2d refreshment, after they had standed about 2 or 3 hours under arms. A detatchment of Roy Stewart's men was order'd to take the guard under the command of Captain Lodowick Stewart, representative of Sir Walter Stewart of Strathdown
fol. 1142. and Glenlivet, who examined very strictly all passengers that passed and repassed. About an hour after the pipes play'd and drums beat to arms to march to the berracks on the other side of the Spey. At passing the water Major Glasgow came to Collonell Stewart by order of Lord John Drummond and demanded an detatchment of his men to go on an expedition with him. The Collonel refused by reason they had undergone a great dale of fatigue by forming the rear guard on the retreat from Stirling, and had never been relieved from the advance guard and outposts since they came to that country, and that it was hard they should undergo so much fatigue, and the rest having lyn at more ease. The Major returned to Lord John with this accounts, and obtained a second order, and in half an hours time he was at the Collonel again and told that he had Lord John's express order, and would not ruske the expedition unless he got his detatchment (the regiment being under a prettie good character). Then
fol. 1143. the Collonel gave orders for 5 men of a company to be turned

out, the whole fifty (which accordingly was done) to be com- March
manded by Captain Robert Stewart, younger, representative of the said Sir Walter Stewart of Strathdown and Glenlivet, and upon his examinen the men's arms and ammunition found them in a very indifferent order, was obliged to disperse the most of all his own powder and shote (who keept himself always well provided on all occasions). Then throwing away his plaid he desired that every one might doe the like, etc. Then order'd by the Collonel to march his partie to the cross of Fochabers, there to wait for further orders from Major Glasgow who was to command the whole partie in chief, upon his marching back to the cross again the inhabitants seem'd a little surprised; but to prevent further conjectures, Captain Stewart called out prettie loud to get the keys of the guard-house, for he was come to take the guard of the town that night; but at the same time disered his sholdiers quaitly, if they inclined, to take any small refreshment by half duzons, they *fol.* 1144.
might. He had not been a quarter of a houre at the cross, when a small body of hussars came ridding down the street on heast, and told him that Cumberland's leight horse was in the Fir Park, within rig length of the toun, that they had been fireing on one another for some time, that they wanted a partie of his men to line the horse, and wou'd go into the Park and attack them. The Captain told them they behived to go to Major Glasgow, and on getting his order for that effect, as he commanded above him, they shou'd have them, but not otherwise; upon which they went off. This detatchment had waited upon the street about three quarters of an hour, when in the duskish of the evening the Major came up with a detatchment of Lord Ogilvie's men, about 16 of the French and about 20 or 30 horses of different cores. Upon seing the partie before them the French officer challanced how was there. Captain Stewart answered it was Collonel Stewart's men. The French officer replied he was very well pleased to see them there, that was the brave men. The Major called Captain Stewart, told him *fol.* 1145.
to allow the French to go in the frount, and that they would shew them the way, that Lord Ogilvie's was to follow him in the rear, which accordingly was done. Away they marched and entered the Fir Park, the horse commanded by Lieutenant

March Simpson, surrounding the same and searching it out to the other end, finding none of the enamie, then sat down very quite till such time as the horse had patrolled the whole bounds and returned again, finding none of the leight horse. Then they began their march again towards Keith; at the same time Major Glasgow told Captain Stewart that the French was to form the advance guard with the horse, that he was to march at a hundered paces distance (which was pointedly observed). Then upon their way they got intelligence of their enamies patroll having passed before them. After 5 miles marching they parted from the Keith road eastward, and passed by Taremore. They searched it, but found none of their enamies there, then passed the Water of Illa at Milln of Keith,
fol. 1146. made a circle round the toun to the tents of Summer-eves fair, as if they had been from Strathbogie. Then Captain Stewart was ordered to close up with his partie to the advance guard. As 12 o'clock at night struck they came near the toun. The Campbells' sentry challanced how was there. It was answered, Friends, the Campbells. He replied, You are very welcome, we hear the enamies at hand. On there coming up to him they seased his arms, griped him by the neck, and threw him to the ground. Then he began to cray. They told him if he made any more noice they wou'd thrust a durk to his heart. Then Lieutenant Simpson surrounded the toun with the horse, the Major with the foot entered the toun, marched doun the street and up to the church yeard, when finding their guard in the schooll, their main body in the kirk, the French began the action with a platoon on the guard, and a general huza was given with these words, 'God save Prince Charles.' The action continued very hote on both sides about half an houre (the fire
fol. 1147. from the Campbells coming very hard from the windows of the kirk). Captain Stewart, turning to the kirk, called out with these words, You rebells, yield or die. About the middle of the action Captain Stewart was severely wounded with a musquet ball through both his shoulders.[1] Part of his men

[1] *i.e.* In at the left shoulder and out at the right, for Captain Stewart made me feel the wound, like a furrow on his back. He told me when he got the wound he happen'd to be looking about to see if his men were keeping close by him. This wound prevented his being at Culloden battle.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

observing this seem'd a little disheartened, but he observing told them, Gentlemen, no more such things take notice, but still to act as he commanded. Att the surrendery of the kirk and guard, the Major sent to Captain Stewart desiring that he might come with a pertie of his men, for he was like to be overpowred in the streets (for Kingston's leight horse was quartered in the toun). Captain Stewart immediately came down to the street with a partie, where there was a prettie hot action for some time in the street, vaankished them and made the whole of them prisoners, carried them over the Bridge, and sent back a partie to assist bringing up the rest of the prisoners. Upon their coming up Captain Stewart began at the first end of the prisoners, and ranked them two men a rank, and planting his sholdiers on each side of them, at the same time giving his men strick charge over them as he went forward. By this time with the loss of blood that Captain Stewart had sustained was begining to turn a little wake, was obliged to put off his arms and take a horse, but there being accounts amongest them that there was 700 of Cumberlands horse lodged in the country about, they were a little doubtsom that they might be attacked by the horse and the prisoners taken off. For this reason Captain Stewart road in the rear, keeping too the men, and in due order to prevent any of them falling into their enamies hands, providing they were attacked. March *fol.* 1148.

In this action there was 9 of Cumberland's men killed, a good number wounded, about 80 taken prisoners, and betuixt 20 or 30 horses, which Major Glasgow with his partie delivered at Spey a little before Sun rising.

Of the Prince's there was only one Frence man killed, but a good many wounded, particularly Lord Ogilvie's men, as they happned to stand in the south side of the kirk yeard, by the fire from the windows of the kirk. *fol.* 1149.

The above is a true and distinct account, which at your desire I have ingeniously reported without favour to one or another. This with my dutifull respects.—I remain, Reverent Sir, Your most obliged and humble servant,

Sic subscribitur Robt. Stewart.

An Epitaph.

O! vile rebellious villian, Death!
To stope our great deliverer's breath,
And leave us sick a sighing spreath
Of whigs to groan
And mourn for our undeemus skeith
Since Willie's gone.

Ohon! he 's dead! wha can we trust?
We did not think our Duke was dust.
Nay ev'n Mess John himself wha wist,
Or else its ode,
Did place him equall, or at least
Ay next to God.

I wish our saints may not despaire,
For mony a saul will miss him sair;
We man hae a recource to prayer
And trust in God,
Since he can feight for us nae mair
Heir nor abroad.

fol. 1150. Vow, Sirs! how well he lik'd our nation
(Witness his acts of generation),
With a' our women of ilk station,
Our Churches Warden,
For which she gae him wi' great discretion
Her gracious pardon.

Thy flock't about him like bee hives,
And humbly meant theyd risk their lives,
Or lend their stipends or their wives
To serve his highness;
Our clergy thus devoutly strives
To do'm a kindness.

But he, O condesension rare!
Accept the boon they best cou'd spair,
And if young loyall Miss come there
And look but trig,

He taught her with a courtly aire
A London jigg.

Now think ye was not death most fauty
A rogue, too impudent and haughty,
To midle thus with Dad's ain dauty,
His warlick Willy,
Far dearer to him than dull Feachy,
Or all but Polly.

O cruel death! Pox on your snout,
You are a rebell without doubt,
To lend our hero sick a clout
Who fought our battles,
And put the rebells to the rout,
What loss is that till 's?

Vow! what he did to please pappa, *fol.* 1151.
And us, his true blue creatures a',
Couragiously to brake the law,
Even risk'd's sweet saul;
And murdered rebells great and sma',
Baith young and auld.

But since our dear deliverer's gone,
The Whigs have cause to sigh and moan
Wi mony a douff and dreary groan,
Tis guid their pairt's
The foulest sack cloath to put on
As black 's their hearts.

Yet some who didna like our hero
Compair'd him to that monster Nero,
And said that none in a' our æra
Was sick a butcher,
To murder men and take there gear a'
Without a voucher.

To brake divine and civel law,
And when he fought nae quarters gae,
But slaughtered arm'd and armless a'
Wi' divilish fury,

And having stript them left the craws
The dead to bury.

He burnt and rob't, undeemus skaith!
And starved the saikless unto death.
He levied them o' baith meat and claith
The bony Duik,
For which he sits now scarce o' breath
In a heat nook.

fol. 1152. Fan his aspiring saul wan gae,
He try'd to speel up Heavens strate brae.
But O! what follows maks us wae,
It woul'd no mount,
But heels o'er head to hell, they say
Fell wi' a dunt.

But a' this time he 's in a trance,
And dreamt he was to fight wi' France,
Cried Hanley, Make the Scots advance.
G—— damn them! Risk them all at once,
I hate the race;
But mind, Dear Buff, and make our stance
I' the safest place.

Old Pluto ferli'd at the dinn, and swore
That sick a bully came neer till 's door;
Said, Ground your arms and rowst no more
Your stuff wi' ken;
You got your pack sheets paid before,
Or I mistain.

Young Billy shortly temper'd 's cracks,
Cried quarters, quarters, M—— Saxe,
Or lets but safely show our backs,
And by Hanover,
The Dutch shall a' be bur'it like flacks
Ere I come over.

Says Pluto, Sir, I 'll undeceive you,
You are Hell's prisoner, and to give you
All Hanover shall not relive you,
Nor a' the gowd

Your father stoll shall hence retrive you,
An immense sowd.

With devils you must fight and bruly; *fol.* 1153.
And still like French they 'll win the tulzie
You 'll find Whigs plenty too ay willye.
But think na odd;
No chappells here to burn and spuillie,
Nore men o' God.

To take your post, you now retire
To the torrid zone of my empire,
Where you 'll find far more scorching fire
Than that of Titan;
Or what you raised at my desire
In a' North Britain.

N.B.—Both the original of the above epitaph and that of the preceeding narrative of the skirmish at Keith as delivered to me in the handwriting of Captain Robert Stewart are to be found among my papers. At parting the said Captain Stewart gave me his promise that he would use his endeavours to make up an exact and well-vouched account of all the cruelties, pillagings, plunderings, etc., that had been committed in Glenlivet, Strathdown, etc., and to transmit it carefully to me.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

In the morning of Tuesday (December 20th, 1748) the *fol.* 1154. Lion, the crest of the Scots arms placed above the outer entry 20 Dec. 1748 of the Parliament house in Edinbnrgh, was found dressed in a white wig and a blue bonnet, with a large white cockade on one of the sides of the bonnet. When this was reported to the Magistrates, they ordered a party of the town-guard under the command of one of the captains, to march up to the Parliament Close and to pull down the blue bonnet and the wig. For that purpose a ladder was got, and the person who went up the ladder could not with all his strength pull off the wig and the bonnet, they having been well cemented to the Lion's head; upon which he told the captain that he behoved to have a knife to cut them off. It being some time before a

20 Dec. knife could be got, the mob (a very numerous one) cried several times, 'Huzza! huzza! the blue bonnet has won the day! the blue bonnet has won the day for ever!' With the help of a knife, the business at last was made out.

fol. 1155. In the foresaid morning, it was likewise observed that the eyes of the picture of the Duke of Cumberland (drawn upon each side of a sign-post at the Crown Tavern, in the entry of the Parliament Close) had been scraped out. Upon this the mob of Edinburgh had a witty saying, viz., 'That Cumberland had grutten out baith his een to see the lion better busked than himsell.'

In the evening of the said day, a large bonfire was kindled on that point of Salisbury Craigs which is exactly opposite to the Castle of Edinburgh. The bonfire flamed briskly for more than three hours, and several persons were seen dancing and skipping round it. The bonfire was seen by the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Leith, and of the places adjacent.

Throughout the whole night of the said day, December 20th, all the streets of Edinburgh were crowded with cabals and processions of people, insomuch that it was dangerous for a redcoat to appear on any street. There was one company consisting of about [40] or 50, who marched in great order down all the Canongate to the Abbay gate, most of them

fol. 1156. being dressed in blue bonnets, with white cockades and in tartan cloaths. They marched up the Canongate again in the same order as they had marched down, one marching on the head of them, and another immediately at his back, and all the rest advancing in their several ranks at a proper distance from each other. In the center they had white colours displayed, the tops of the standards being decked with ribbands flying like streamers of a ship. They huzzaed several times in their marching up and down. No riot or squabble happened on any of the streets of Edinburgh throughout that whole night.

10 June It is likewise worth remarking that in the morning of June 10th (Friday), 1748, a large white rose was seen fixed in the paw of the foresaid lion. A detachment of the town-guard was ordered to pull down the rose, and Provost Drummond honoured the action with his presence. Severals of the soldiers

struck the rose (which was of paper or cambrick), with long poles and Lochaber axes, but to no purpose; and at every stroke the mob huzzaed. At last a ladder behoved to be got, and the man who went up the ladder found enough of difficulty to pull the rose out of the Lion's paw, for it was strongly fixed and wrapped about with brass wire. 10 June *fol.* 1157.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a paragraph of a LETTER (dated January 4th, 174$\frac{8}{9}$), from the Reverend Mr. GEORGE INNES in Forress to me, ROBERT FORBES.[1] *fol.* 1158.

Tho' I doubt not but you will still entertain the same notion of me you express'd formerly, viz., 'that I am the most sauntering, dilatory correspondent you ever met with,' yet I cannot allow you to drop me altogether; at least I resolve, if possible, not to drop you. I must, therefore, tell you that after a number of disappointments, too many to relate here, I have at last drawn up what I think a well-vouch'd narrative of the facts relating to your process from the time it was brought back to this country to the day when the fatal interlocutor was pass'd, which I have had by me for some time, waiting in vain for a proper bearer to transmitt it to you. But what I chiefly wanted I have never yet been able to procure, viz., a full and particular account of what was done in consequence of that interlocutor. Of this I say I have only got a few hints, which, however, I think may be depended upon as genuine. *fol.* 1159. But now, I 'm afraid all these will come too late to be of any use to you; and, therefore, unless you bid me, I shall not trouble you with them. Please then to signify your mind to me soon after the receipt of this, as I expect to find a proper bearer in a few weeks. 4 Jan. 1748

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

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[1] Printed at p. 275 of *Jacobite Memoirs*.

Copy of a paragraph of a Letter (dated January 16th, 1749), in return to the preceeding paragraph.[1]

16 Jan. 1749 I still retain the old opinion of you, that you are a very dilatory correspondent; but then (my friend) what is well done is soon done. Pray lose no time in sending me by some sure hand what you mention, for it will be most acceptable. Correspondents can never superabound with me in that point. I must own I liked much your caution and scrupulosity, for everything should be as well vouched as possible.

Robert Forbes.

fol. 1160 *N.B.*—In the end of 1746 or in the beginning of 1747 the foresaid Mr. George Innes had (altogether of himself) made a promise to his own cousin, the Revd. Mr. George Cheyne, deacon, that he (Innes) would use his endeavours in making up as exact a narrative or journal as possible of the Prince's affairs in the North before, at, and after the battle of Culloden, and that he would transmit the said journal to me. As the promise proceeded altogether from Mr. Innes's own goodwill without any the smallest suggestion from me, I therefore expected the more exact and faithful performance of it. After waiting a long time to no purpose at all I at last writ him several short notes, wherein I used him with much freedom and plainness. We made choice of writing in a dark way calling the matter a process of mine, because letters were frequently opened in the post offices.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1161. *Saturday's afternoon, January 28th*, 1749.

28 Jan. 1749 John Goodwillie and Alexander Stewart[2] were with me in the Citadel of Leith, the former of whom had served in Secretary Murray's office as one of the clerks, and the latter had served in the Prince's household as one of his footmen. I told

[1] Printed at p. 276 of *Jacobite Memoirs*.

[2] See ff. 1095, 1176.

them that in conversing with James Gib[1] I had asked him about the truth of the Prince's having a horse shot under him on the field of Culloden, and that Gib had assured me he himself was near the Prince all the time of the action, viz., in the Prince's rear, and that it was not true that the Prince had a horse shot under him. Meantime, I remarked that I had not committed to writing Gib's assertion, suspecting that he might be mistaken, especially as Mr. John Cameron and Captain O'Neille[2] had affirmed in their journals that the Prince had a horse shot under him. I then asked Goodwillie and Stewart how they were stationed on the field of Culloden, and if they could affirm anything about this point? Mr. Goodwillie answered that he himself had his station on the Prince's right hand, not above five or six paces from the Prince's person; and Stewart answered that he himself was on the Prince's left hand, not above five or six paces from the Prince's person, and both of them agreed in affirming that the Prince had not a horse shot under him upon the field of Culloden, and that he was mounted that day on a grey gelding, which he had received in a present from Dunbar of Thunderton. Moreover, Stewart added that he himself accompanied the Prince from off the field of battle, and parted with the Prince at the side of the Water of Nairn, about two miles from the field, and that he left the Prince still riding on the foresaid grey gelding. Both of them likewise affirmed that the bullets continued flying very thick about their ears upon the spot where the Prince was, and that they saw Thomas Ca's head blown off with a canon-bullet very near the Prince's person.[3] ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

28 Jan. *fol.* 1162.

Captain Robert Stewart[4] sent me a letter (dated Craighead of Milton, 16th January 1749), to which he had added a postscript concerning the taking away the Highland dress, in the following words:—

fol. 1163. 16 Jan. 1749

I had almost forgotten to tell you that it is clipping time[5] with use in this country already, and the most of our wodders

[1] See f. 966. [2] See ff. 161, 182, 674. [3] See f. 1024. [4] See f. 1138.
[5] By this the Captain means the taking away the use of the Highland dress.—F.

16 Jan. are already barebacked. We expect wool will be plentie this year since clipping has begone so earlie.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1164. COPY of a paragraph of a LETTER from Mrs. MAGDALEN CLERK (London, January 23d, $174\frac{8}{9}$), to Mrs. RACHEL HOUSTON at the Citadel of Leith.

23 Jan. 1749 I don't know if you have heard of a squabble that happened here. Last week a man put out an advertisement that he was to go into a quart bottle,[1] and to do several odd things else. The people were all very fond to go. The day came, and there was a crowded house. He had 7 shillings a head, and from some a crown. When all the folks were gathered together, Cumberland among the rest, the man disappeared, after he had got about 200 pounds. Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage, and called to pull down the house, which in ten minutes was done. He drew his sword, and was in such a passion that
fol. 1165. some body or other got slipt in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say 'Fools should not have chapping sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard tell off, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it. I am sure I wish he may never get it. They say it is a valuable one. Monster of Nature! he was well roasted at the Masquerade last week, and a good squeeze he got from me. I could not get the fat sides of him to go out of the way. He stared at me and spoke. I bid him go out of the way and let people pass.

Here ends the paragraph.

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[1] See f. 1175; also *Scots Magazine* for January 1749, pp. 19, 49, 50.

Upon the above from the London Evening Post, *January* 24.

The Haymarket Conjurer,

This *bottle scheme* was deep. Who sees it not?
On less occasions some have smelt *a plot*:
Howe'er 'tis happy peace was well restor'd
Before the General lost his cutting *sword*.

By a gentleman after the battle of Val. A Whig hymn for Will Plunder, to the tune of Nero. *fol.* 1166.

In the dread day of battle, Lord,
Cover his Highness head!
Mess John bawls out, and thumps the board
With fervency indeed.

These pray'rs were heard. A head-piece was
Bestow'd on Plunder Will.
His heels it was that from death's jaws
Saved him. Pray so be 't still!

And the same way secure his rump!
May 't never come to pass
That ball go through the royal lump!
From shot preserve his ——

On tree in teather hoise him high,
If not the length of Heav'n;
At least such mercy with him try
As he gave at Culloden.

By a gentleman when the Dutch were bestowing high and full-some encomiums upon the Duke of Cumberland before the election of the Stadtholder. *fol.* 1167.

As Isr'el once a golden calf did frame,
And Moses did to powder pound the same,
Just so the British do collect their ore,
Of it to make what Isr'el made before.

A Duke or calf, it makes no diff'rence which
The Dutch will worship, if the idol's rich.
But when Count Saxe descends into the plain,
The calf he 'll bruise, was first erect on Mayne,
And Britain free from all that Vit'line race
Under their vine that all may dwell in peace.

fol. 1168. ## Copy of a Letter directed to Donald Jacobite in the North-West parts of Scotland.

3 July 1745 Friend Donald,—Great is thy faith, O thou Jacobite. Thou puttest thy trust in every man who says I am a lover of James. But verily I say unto thee that many in these days of evil shall come in sheep's cloathing and will be ready to deceive thee. But thou shalt know the tree by its fruit, and so mayest be able likewise to judge of the fruit by looking upon the tree, for it is rare to find fair stems and wholesome fruit spring from a soure, rotten-hearted stock. Nevertheless thou leanest to every broken reed. I warn thee to beware of those who have sworn to maintain George upon the throne. Beware of those, I say, who have abjured James and his little ones; for they have vowed and promised to deceive thee, as
fol. 1169. often as thou shalt put thy trust in them. Accompany not at all with them, nor walk thou with them in the way. Have they not in times of old disappointed thy hopes? And although some of them have fallen into the snare they laid for others, put thou no trust in their sincerity. They may send out their babes and sucklings to bear thee company, whom they think by their interest they shall be able to protect at all hazards, go things right or wrong: but their designs are to do thee no good but evil all the days of their life. They are made up of gall and bitterness, yet is their seed grown mighty upon earth. Verily, verily I say unto thee, these men have sworn in their hearts to destroy James and frustrate all his designs. Their iniquity is waxen hot, and the sin of their corruption descends from generation to generation. It is a true saying that the tree is known by its fruit, and so

may the fruit by the rotten-hearted stump from whence it comes. And, friend, I tell thee that oaths were made palliate untruths: but Ay, Ay, and Nay, Nay, express to the full the sentiments of an upright heart; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. Be thou therefore like unto one of us. Swear not at all and have thou nothing to do with those who have sworn to their hinderance. But be thou wise and no more foolish, but take this kindly instruction in good part from, Thy friend *fol.* 1170. 3 July

Sic subscribitur, ABRAHAM QUACKING, A.S.P.

Plaintruth hall, 3rd July 1745.

Wednesday's Evening, February 1st, 1749. *fol.* 1171.

I had the good luck to be in company with Captain MacDonald of Bellfinlay[1] in the house of James MacDonald, joiner in Leith. Captain MacDonald owned that he had sent me by the hands of Captain Donald Roy MacDonald a short narrative in his own handwriting.[2] Belfinlay likewise declared that he lay naked on the field of battle about twenty, or one and twenty hours, without any manner of sustenance, and that several of the sogers in marching off from the field of battle gave him knocks upon the head and shoulders with the club ends of their muskets. He was only eighteen years of age when lying in the utmost misery upon Drummossie Muir. He promised to be with me on Saturday, February 4th, in the Citadel of Leith. 1 Feb. 1749

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Saturday, February 4th, 1749. *fol.* 1172.

MacDonald of Bellfinlay was with me and dined with my Lady Bruce. I had but little conversation with him upon particulars, as there was a goodly company at table and as several persons called for me in the afternoon. However several questions were asked at Bellfinlay to which he made distinct answers. He said that the night he lay (naked and wounded) upon the field of battle, which was a very slushy muir, he was exposed to the inclemency of rain, sleet, and frost by turns, that he crawled a little sometimes from place to 4 Feb. 1749

[1] See ff. 1212, 1230, 1234, 1324, 1369, 1403, 1441.

[2] See f. 707.

17 April. place till at last the skin came off from his knees and the palms of both his hands; that he endured an excess of pain in the jolting of the cart to Inverness and that with the jolting he heard the bones of his legs rubbing and jirking against one another. He said he believed he himself was the single person that had been saved on the field of battle when the wounded were put to death (by orders) in cold blood; but that some others who had got off the field had been saved
fol. 1173. through the clemency of particular officers. He observed to the company that the big bones of his legs were broken and shattered a little above the ankles, but that the small bones had received no fracture, which had preserved his legs from shrinking up and growing shorter, and that out of one of his legs a piece of iron had been extracted, he having received his wounds from small shot out of the belly of a cannon; and that from first to last there had been no fewer than four-and-twenty splinters of bones taken out of his legs. After being brought into Inverness he never had the good luck to see his benefactor, Lieutenant Hamilton, who had saved his life when others about him were knocked in the head, but he wishes much to have the happiness of seeing Hamilton again. Bellfinlay said that Robert Nairn was among the wounded who had got off from the field of battle, Nairn's legs being quite safe, but one of his arms was almost cut off with wounds; that the said Nairn was his fellow-prisoner in the same room with him, and that Nairn (when pretty well recovered) made
fol. 1174. his escape out of the said room. Bellfinlay added that Mr. Nairn had almost died of a mortification in his back, when bedrid in his wounds, and he believed Mr. Nairn would never have the right use of his wounded arm. The ladies in and about Inverness were exceedingly kind and beneficent to Bellfinlay and Mr. Nairn in their woeful confinement and distress. Bellfinlay has recovered the use of his legs so well that in his journey to Edinburgh he walked from his own house to Inverary, being no less than sixty long miles; but he is still afraid that there are some more splinters of bones to be taken out. He is a tall, strapping, beautiful young man, but has contracted a delicacy of constitution with his sufferings.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of an Advertisement inserted in *Old England* or *The Constitutional Journal.*

fol. 1175.

Found intangled in a slit of a lady's demolished smock-petticoat a gilt handle sword of martial temper and length, not much the worse of the wearing, with the Spey curiously engraven on the one side and the Scheld on the other: supposed to be taken from the fat sides of a certain great general in his hasty retreat from the battle of Bottle-noddles in the Haymarket. Who ever has lost it may enquire for it at the sign of the Bird and Singing cane in Potter's Row.[1]

fol. 1176.

Upon Wednesday, January 25th, 1749, I happened to meet with Alexander Stewart (see f. 1161) and after some conversation about his imprisonment, banishment, etc., I desired to know if he would draw out in his own handwriting an exact account of all the hardships he had undergone. He frankly agreed to the proposal and accordingly delivered the said account to me on Monday, January 30th, an exact copy of which is as follows:—

25 Jan. 1749

A Memorial.

Ane account of the misfortins that hapned to me after the murder of Culloden, the 16th of Aprile.

After his royal highnes came over the Water of Nairn, after the battel, escorted by a partie of the Fitze James's horse, his highnes went to the right of the highway that leads to Ruthven of Badenoch. I having the cantains behinde me, I went a little of the highway after his highness, and asked his highness if he would be pleased to take a refreshment of any thing, as he hade not eate nor drunk any thing that day. His highness reply to me was, 'Stewart, no meat no drink;' but desired me to go on the highway to Ruthven of Badenoch and the Fitze Jamess horss would escorte us, which I went, but

16 April. 1746.

fol. 1177.

[1] See f. 1164.

16 April with a soriefull heart to parte with my royal Prince and master, and arived at Ruthven about on o'clok the next morning, and stayed there till about two aclok in the afternoon, that his Grace, the Duke of Perth, and Lord John Drummond cam upe to us. So they consulted that everie man should doe for himself and God for us all, which accordingly we all disperseed, and everie on took his own way, and I went southward till I came to Mr. Rattrays of Craighall,[1] on Saturday the nineteenth about six o'clock at night, where I stayed for five or six dayes, till on Reid, a Justice of the peace, came their to dine, and beged of Mr. Rattray that he would
fol. 1178. not give quarters or entertainment to any of those men called rebells, for which Mr. Rattray came and told me after dinner that he was not safe to keep me any longer about his house. So I went directly away to Mr. Rattray's of Rannegoolen, which is about a mile of from Craighall, where I found Sir James Kinloch with his two brothers at Mr. Rattrays, and theire I stayed for on night, till a countrie woman came the next day and invited me to come and stay at here house, where she said I should be verie safe. Which accordingly I went that night and stayed their for two nights. But unhapely her husband hapned to fever, to my great misfortune, for the countrie people comming in to see the seek man, I could no longer be conceled, so that I was forsed to remove from that
29 April on the evening of the twentie ninth, and came back to Mr. Rattrays of Rannegoolen in Perthshire. And about two
fol. 1179. o'cloke in the morning Sir James Kinloch and his two brothers and Mr. Rattray and his brother in law and three servants of us was all taken by a pairtie of the Queene of Hungaries hussares, commanded by a cornell, a Pollander he was, but I never could know his name, of which they robed the two ladys and

[1] Alexander Stewart told me out of his own mouth that at this time he delivered to Mr. Rattray of Craighall in trust a silver flask (belonging to the Prince) containing about a chopin, upon this condition that Craighall should deliver back the said flask to Alexander Stewart when it should please God that he (A.S.) should call for it again. The flask (as Stewart himself told me) had a cup that slipt on upon the bottom of it, and he said that to the best of his knowledge the Prince brought the said flask along with him from France. I saw the cup and flask at last.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

gentlemen of all their money and watches. And from that we was taken away to Couper of Angus, where we dined in on Clerks, a vintner their, where I served the table the time of dinner, and the cornell, when he asked a drink or bread in French, I went and gave it to him directly. For so doing he tooke me to be a Frenchman, because I served him so readily; for which he asket Sir James what I was, or if I was a Frenchman? and Sir James told, without asking me, that I was a servant to Mrs. Murray, the Secretares lady; and he told Sir James to tell me in English to call for any sort of liquor, and doe not want as long as we wer in his custode, for which I made his bill amount to on pound five shillings sterling money. And after dinner their was horsses prepared for the gentlemen and a cart for us three servants, and from that we was cairried away to Perth, and taken to the Prince of Hess quarters, and was examened by him and the Duke of Athol and the Earle of Crafoord, and several other gentlemen that I did not know; but on of them that they called Cornell Stewart, who came upe to me and asket what was my name. I told my name was Stewart. So, says he, my lad, you dont think proper to deny your name for all that's done. I have done nothing as yet, Sir, says I, dishonourable but served my master, for which I have no reason to deny my name. And he went away sueiring and lughing to the dor, and the Prince of Hess say to him, 'Poor gentlemen, I am sorie for their misfortunes.' At the same time I asket a pass frome the Earle of Crafoord to cairrie me to Edinburgh, and his Lordship was pleased to swer be his soul I was not bleat to aske a pass from him, for I would make a good evidence. So I told his lordship that the day that I turned evidence, I should make a verie good one. 'Then, Sir,' says he, 'you shall be hanged.' Then I told his lordship that I should hang nobody but myself. Then we were all cairried from that to Mr. Hicksons untill George Miller, that common hangman, the sheriff clerk of Perth, should be found, because he was out of the way at the present; and their we stayed about a quarter of ane hour, and then Miller came and we were all taken away to the Councell chamber, and the said Miller examened us all, and then we were all put upe into prison by his orders, and remained their in Perth goal untill the ninth

30 April

fol. 1180.

fol. 1181.

9 Aug. of Agust following. And from that we were taken to Falkland on the ninth of August, and from that to the Cannongate in
fol. 1182. Edinburgh on the tenth, and rested their till the twelth. But I have omitted our examenations while at Perth, which is this. After our being confin'd we was taken on by one and examened to see if any of the nintie that was in the prison knew the Earle of Cromerty, of which their was non found but one, David Toshack, a butcher in Perth, who was made turnkey over the Hazarde Sloop's men who was taken by the Prince men, and Miller put the fellow in prison for that, and he hapned to say before Miller that he saw Lord Cromarty in the street called the Watergate mustring his clan in order to go to Fife to gather upe the sess and leve money, for which Miller told him that he behoove to go to London to be ane evidence against the Earle of Cromerty, for which the fellow seemed very fond of for some time, because they promised to give him a birth in a stage coach to London. But the fellow being poor and loved a dram verie weel in the morning, there was three or four
fol. 1183. of us keept a dram for taking in the morning, and before this hapned we never used to take on to our selves, but we gave this fellow Toshack a dram. But after we found out that he was to go for London ane evidence, we dropt our correspondence with him, which the fellow took notis of and asked what was the reason of it, for which we told him that we was verie sorie to see on of his birth degrad his fathers family so much as to go and satisfie Miller to go to London. But for all this coxing I really was informed that he and his family was come of the greatest blackgaird in all Perth, and we told him that instead of a coach he would be shure of a coal cart, at which the fellow repented of what he had done. So we told him if he hade repented we would use him as formerly, and so told if he would deny all that he hade said to Miller befor the Justice Clerk that he would give him a pass and send him hom again. So the day of Davids departer from Perth to Edin-
fol. 1184. burgh was fixt, and as we said, it hapned that a coal cart and two horses in it came to atend Mr. Toshack instead of a coach, for which reason the fellow fell a weeping, and told us he should deny to the Justice Clerke what he said to Miller when he went to Edinburgh; which he did, and got his pass

from the Justice Clerke, and came directly hom again, and *c.* July.
Miller told him he should mind him for what he hade done in denying befor the Justice Clerk what he said to him. But all this time their had been several ladys of quality and others[1] soliciting the Prince of Hess, Brigadeer Mordaunt, and the foresaid Miller to send me into Edinburgh that I might be examened by the Justice Clerk, and he was to drop me in order that I might get off. But after this we were frequently taken out to the Council Chamber and examened again. But their was on, John Neish,[2] who was on of the Prince's groomes, who was much oftener taken out and examened then any of all *fol.* 1185.
the rest, and on day after he came in to the prison again I hapned to aske Neish what was asket at him by Mordant and Miller, and his reply to me was, that they asked him nothing but granting him libertie to go out to a roome in the toun because of his health. But after all he told them I asked him what Mordant and Miller said to him, for which Mordant and Miller said I (Stewart) should not be sent to Edinburgh to the Justice Clerke, petition for me who will, but I should go to Carlisle and hang, supose all the rest should go free. So last of all Mr. David Bruce, commenly called Judge Advocate, came to Perth, and we was all called on by on and examened by him. When I hapned to be called out (theire was about twentie or thirtie called before me), Bruce asked me if I knew him? No, I told him I did not know him. Says he, I ame verie much surprized at that for he hade verie often ben about Provest Collhouns where I hade been serving at the same time. Bruce and Miller told me certenly I behoove to on of the most stupeed servants that ever they knew to follow a gentleman or *fol.* 1186.
lady. I told them I could not help those things. Then asked me if I knew any of those men that was standing their? I told them I hade the misfortune to know them too weel since they and me hade been in prison together, but never befor. 'Weel,' says Bruce, 'you will not know on another heir, but I

[1] Particularly by Lady Elphinston, junior [Jean Rattray], who writ to the Prince of Hesse in favour of Stewart. Her Ladyship received a very polite return from the Prince, which I myself saw and read.

[2] This Neish turned out to be an evidence as Alexander Stewart declared again and again to me.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

9 Aug. shall cause cairrie you to Carlisle, and caus the on of you hang the other.' I told him I would defye him or any one to doe so, for if I was to be hanged I should hang no man but myself. However he said he would try for it, which accordingly he dide to the fatal experience of many a brave fellow. After all thiss there was a great many petitions put in both to Bruce and Miller in my behalf, for which they both gave their words of honour that I should not go past Edinburgh, and when wee came their I found neither honour nor honesty. So we all marched from Perth on the ninth of Agust following, tyed with rops two and two, and came to Falkland that night and stayed
fol. 1187. all night. On the tenth we went to the Cannongat goal and stayed their till the twelth, and during our stay in the Cannongate I hapned to fall bad, with several others of us, for which Mr. John Douglas and Old Cunningham, both surgeons, wer apointed by the Justice Clerk to see who was fit for travel or not, and them that was not fit to be keept behind, for which Mr. Douglas told them that I was not fit for travel, for I was feverish, and Cunningham said I was not feverish, and might go verie weel. So Mr. Douglas was rejected and Cunningham sustained. So a cart was got for two of us, and to Carlisle we must go. So, the twelth, we marched to Lintoun that night, and on the thirteenth to the Kirk of the Beild, and on the fourteenth to Moffat, and on the fifteenth to Lockerbe, and on the sixteenth to Gratne Green, and on the seventeenth, being Sunday, about ten a clock, to Carlisle, and about twelve a
fol. 1188. clock all the prisoners from Stirling came upe, and about two a clock in the afternoon [1] a rascall of the name of Gray, Soliciter Hume's man from Edinburgh, with his hatfull of tickets, and Miller and Soliciter Web from London, with this fellow Gray, presented the hat to me, being the first man on the right of all the twentie that was to draw together. I asked Gray what I was going to doe with that, and he told me it was to draw for our lives, which accordingly I did, and got number fourteen. So he desired me to look and be shure. I told him it was no great mater whether I was shure or not. So among the twentie that stood upe from Stirling there was on Huchison,

[1] See f. 385.

one of the Princess groomes, who had drawen and was safe for transportation, but a little boy belonging to the town of Carlisle came in by and touched Web on the arme and told him that Huchison was one of the Princess groomes, for he knew him verie weel, for he used to get a ride from him when he was watring his horsses; for which, upon that same words, Web went with his own hand and pul'd back Huchison from out among the rest after they wer all dispersed thorou the Castle yard, and said to him that he hade got account that he was one of the Pretender's groomes, as he was pleased to call him, for which he behoved to go to the Castle and be put in irons, and get a tryall before the judges, which accordingly was done. So ther was no less then two sentancess past on that on lad. And betuixt five and six a clock at night Web, Miller, and Gray, and on Henderson, came all out to the yarde, where we was sitting on the grass, with a verie large paper like a charter, and read so much of it to us as they thout proper, and told us that it was to petition their king for mercy to us, and that it was to go of that night for London, and as soon as it came back we probably might get hom, or els transportation, which would be the worst of it; and that we behove to put down our names at the foot of it, and them that could not, and some that would not, Miller did it for them, and told me that I might be verie glade to doe it; for such mercy that was but to hang only one of twentie and let ninteen go for transportation, pointing to me in particular with his fingar, and told me if that Popish spairk had cairried the day he would have hanged nineteen of them and only let the twentieth go free. And about eight a clock at night we was all cairried to the countie goal that was for transportation, and during the time of the judges sitting it was the business of Miller, Gray, and Henderson, two or three times everie week, to come in to the goal yard to se if they could make any more evidences out among the transporters. And one day in particular, Miller, and on Campbell, who was interpreter from the Justice Clerke at Edinburgh to the judges for the Highlandmen, and they brought a list of the prisoners names that was in the Castle and read them over to us, on by on, to se if we knew any of them, and it would be a great service done the government, be-

17 Aug.

fol. 1189.

fol. 1190.

Aug. sids the releasment of our selves, but they found non. And then they asked me if I knew my Lord Traquere or Sir John Douglass of Killhead. Thiss Campbell asked me, 'How doe ye
fol. 1191. doe, Sanders?' I begged him pardon, he hade the advantage of me. 'O,' says he, 'don't you mind since you hade me prisoner at Bannockburn?' I told him I could not say that ever I had the honour to take a prisoner in my life. 'I ame not saying you,' says he, 'but your men.' I told him I never hade the honour to have any men. 'Not your men,' says he, 'but your Prince men. And don't you mind that you brought me some verie good beef staks, half a thripenne loaf, and a quart of good beer?' 'That may be, Sir,' say I, 'but I doe not minde of it, if it was so.' 'For you mind,' says he, 'you hade on scarlet cloths that day, and was verie kind to me.' And this was the reward that I got of the gentleman for my entairtining him, for which Miller said to me that it would be a mean to afront him, Miller, for giving upe my name as Mrs. Murray of Broughtons servant, for if he had known the truth of it befor, I had gone to the Castle and gotten my fate of the gallows with the rest. This was the friendshipe
fol. 1192. that Miller was to doe me after all his fine promises. If he had known a little beforehand, by the advice of his assistant, Mr. Campbell, who made it his business to come back frome Scotland after all the judges were all gone from Carlisle, to see a friend, as he said, and came to see me, pretending that he hade a hand in transporting of the prisoners, and that he would endevar to have me freed if possable he could, and any favour that he could doe me it should not be wanting as far as in his power lay, but he gave me two drams. So he asked me if I knew Sir John Douglas of Killhead, or if I saw him either with the Prince, or in his army, or speaking to any of them. He would be shure to take me of, even supose I was on shipe board. So I told him I did not value him, for he hade done me evill for good already, and for the feuter I expected non from him, so that I would take my fate with the rest of my bretherin; and then he paide his two drams and went his way. So we continued in Carlisle from the seventeenth of August
fol. 1193. till the 24th of Aprill 1747, that we went to Pennerith, and on the 25th to Kendall and lay their till the 27th, that we

went to Lancaster, and the 28th to Preston, and on 29th to Orrom Kirk, and the 30th and last day of Aprile, 1747, to Liverpool, about ten of the clock that day, and went directly a board, all of us Carlisle prisoners. The names of the two ships was the *Gillder* and *Johnstoun*, both belonging to Gillder, member of parliament for Liverpool, and their was eighte eight of us in the shipe called the *Gillder*, Richard Holms, captain, and Robert Horner, supercargor, a Yorkshire byt. When we went aboard we wer all stript and searched that we hade no armes about us, or any instrument for taking of our irons, and thene we put on our cloths again, and then we was desired to go aft to the steirreg until we got on the Hanoverian pleat on our leags, and went to se the apartment where we was to ly. And the shipe lay till the 14th of May befor we sailed from the Bay of Liverpool, and in going past the Isle of Man their was eight sail of ships alltogether bound for sea, and their came of from the island a poillot boat with several casks of brandy to see if we would need any befor we went to sea. So they came aboard of us and we bought two of them, and the Captain asked at the master of the boat if their was any privatiers lying out, and he said their was two lying in the mouth of the Channel. So our captain spoke all the rest of the ships with the trumpet, and they consulted what to doe, but all returned in again save two that went on. And we lay in the Bay of Liverpool till the fifteenth of May, and from that they went till they came to Bellfast Loch in the north of Irland, and their we cast ancor on the same evening of the fifteenth, being Fryday. And on Saterday afternoon their came in a verie large Dutchman in to the loch and ancored verie nigh to us, and our Captain spoke him with the trumpet and asked him if he had seen any privatiers in his way, and he said he had meet with two in latutid 58, and had waited so long for us prisoners that they hade spent all their provision, and they had taken all the Dutchman's provisions from him which brought him to ane ancor. And one the Sunday afternoon their came in ane other Dutchman, and our Captain asked him if they wer gon, and he said they wer so. On Munday, about twelve o'clock, we weied our ancors and sait sail and away for sea, and all the four ships for four days kept

27 April.

fol. 1194

fol. 1195.

18 May together till a most violent storm separat us, and we never meet again the whole voyage, and so we proceeded on our way till we came in sight of Cape Charles and Cape Henre, which are the two remarkable placess on right and left as we entred in the river between Virginia and Maryland. Cape Charles is on the right, and Cape Henre on the left; and we was not one leag within the capes when Don Pedro appeared in purshout of us, but could not come within the Capes after us.

fol. 1196. So this was our misfortune, for if we hade but two hours more play at sea we had been all his own. So being got within the river, our supercargor and the Doctor went to take their rest, and our Captain came and sat down on the trap that came down between dakes and discours'd us, and asked us what we was to doe now when we was near our journey's end. So we told him we was to depend on Gods providence and him, for which he said he would make all the intrest for us that in his power lay. Which certainly he was as good as his word. So when we came upe forgainst St. Maries, the Captain[1] went ashore, it being the pleace where the Custom hous was, that he might enter us all their, and in two or three hours time he came aboard again, and caused the carpenter go and take of all our irons, which accordingly was done. I was the first that

fol. 1197. got them on, and my comerad (James Strachan)[2] and me the last that got them of. And that night being Sunday the 19th of Jully 1747, we came to ane ancor at the port called Wecomica, where we was to be put ashore at, and as soon as the shipe came to ane ancor, we was all ordred below dake, for Robert Horner, the supercargor, wanted to speak a queet word to us, which accordingly went all doun between daks, and Horner came doun and made a verie fine speach concerning the goodness of the countrie that we was going to; and if we would atest for seven years, the men that would by us, if we pleased them weel, would probably give us doun two years of our time, and a gun, a pick and a mattock, and a soot of

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[1] Who was a Roman Catholick, as Stewart himself informed me.

[2] This James Strachan, having been bred at one of the Colleges in Aberdeen, was engaged (for a term of years) to be tutor to a gentleman's children in Maryland, in which family (as Stewart told me) Strachan was used exceedingly well with much kindness and respect.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

cloths, and then we was fre to go thorou any place of the illand we pleased. So I told him that it was quet usless to direct all his discourse to me, for I was to answer for non but myself, for what he should doe was to go and bring doun the list of all our names that he hade and reade them over, and them that was willing to answer yes, and them that was not willing to answer no. Which accordingly he did, and they all asked me what I would doe. I told them they might doe as they pleased, but for mee I would sign non for no man that ever was born, though they should hang me over the yard arme. Then says they, We will sign non neither. So I told them, Gentlemen, stand by that, then. So they said they would, which accordingly they all did. By this time Horner was come back with the list of all our names, and began to read them; and they unanimosly called out, No—no. I thank you, Stewart, say Horner, If you would not doe yourself you nedded not hindred others to have done. Thene he shoed us two letters; he said the one was from their King to the Duke of Newcastle, and the other from the Duke of Newcastle to Mr. Gillder, the merchant who hade the transportation of us; and if we would not assign, those letters impowered him to go to the Governor of Maryland and Virgine (the Governour's answer to Horner was, the law had passed on us before we cam from England, and he could not pass any mor upon us till we made a new transgration) and get a sufficient guard to keep us all in prison untill we all should sign. I told he might doe so, but we did not value his guards, for we hade the misfortune to be under better guards the time past then that countrie was capble to put upon us, so he might doe his pleasure. And so away ashore with the Captain he went that night, for our Captain's wiffe lived about a mill and ane half from the shipe, and from that Horner hade about ninteen milles to go where the Governor lived to Annapolis; and the time he was there our Captain sent letters to all the Roman Catholick gentlemen[1] and others, who was our friends, so that

19 July

fol. 1198.

fol. 1199.

[1] Alexander Stewart assured me that there is a great number of Roman Catholicks in Maryland, and that they have a bishop residing amongst them in a pretty country seat, and that his character as a bishop is well known in the country. Stewart told me the bishop's name, but I have forgot it. Stewart himself is a Protestant.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

22 July *fol.* 1200. we might not fall in the common buckskin's hand, for so the people that are born their are called so. And upon Wednesday, the twentie second of Jully, Horner returned back and all the buckskins in the countrie with him, and Cornel Lee, a monstrous big fellow, in order to bulle us to assign ; and this Lee said to us he would make us sign. And we told him God Almighty hade made us once, and he neither could nor should make us again, for which he said no mor. So as I told you befor that Captain Holms acquanted all the gentlemen of three or four counties of the province of Maryland to atend on board the day of the sale, which hapned one the 22d of Jully 1747, after the shipe came to ane ancor at Wecomica, in St. Mary's countie, Maryland, which all the following gentlemen did atend, viz. :—Jestinian Wharton, Mr. Edward Digs, Mr. John and Joseph Lancasters, and on Mr. Thomson, all of St. Marys countie, and Mr. William Digs, commissioned by a great many more gentlemen out of Prince Georges countie, Maryland, who bought all the eightie eight that was aboarde of our shipe except thre or four that went with two of *fol.* 1201. the common buckskins, them that are born in the countrie, for so they are called, and would not take advice to go allong with the above gentlemen. Doctor Stewart and his brother, William, both living in Annopolis, and both brothers to David Stewart of Ballachalun in Montieth, Scotland, who were all my loyal masters fast friends, and paid the nine pound six shillings sterling money that was my price when sold to Mr. Benedict Callvert in Annopolis, who is a verie pretie fellow, and on who hade my being set at libertie at heart as much as any man in the province. And now being at my owen libertie,[1] I came down the countrie from Annopolis, and got the len of a horse from Mr. Callvert, 26 miles down, to Mr. Ignasious Digs in Prince George countie, and 2 horss and a servant from Mr. Digs, 17 miles down to Mr. Henre Neils, and from Mr. Neils two horss and servant, 10

[1] Alexander Stewart told me that all of them (after being purchased) were asked one by one at a proper time, whether or not he would take service in Maryland, if a servant, or follow his occupation, if a tradesman, or if he would chuse rather to go to his own country again? He told me also that a tradesman sold at a higher price than a servant.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

miles down to Portobaco to on Mr. Collen Mitchell, who keeps a great ins their, who used me verie sivale, and never would take anything from me, neither in passing nor repassing; and their I meet with my good friend, Mr. John Mushet, and his brother, Doctor Mushet, where I stayed when I had the ague, and wanted for nothing that hous and shopes could affoord me. These two Mushets ar sister sons of old Lendricks in Stirlingshire, Scotland. And from that I went twenty miles down to on Viddow Neils, who was as kind a motherly woman as ever I meet with in all my travels, and her sone-in law, Mr. Edward Digs, who was on of the gentlemen that assisted in purchasing my freedom; and I stayed their untill Mr. John Mushet found out ane honest man, a captain of a shipe (called the *Peggie* of Dumfries) bound for Dumfreece, one David Blair, who was lying at Matticks in Virgine oposite to Mrs. Neils, where I was staying, only seven miles of Potomock river to cross; and the 11th of January 1748 I took my livee of all my friends, and went aboard[1] on the 13th of the said month, but our cargo not being all got ready so soon as was expected, it was the 28 befor we set saill to fall down the river towards the Capes, and being within 3 leags of the Capes we was obliged by ane easterly wind to put in to Hampton Road and their we dropt our ancors and lay for 12 days, and on the 13th of February 1748 about two in the morning we got cleare of the Capes and put to sea and befor daylight we got out of the sight of land, and in 27 days we saw the Irish land; and yet because of contrary winds we sailled back and for in St. Georg Channel till the 24th of March that we was oblidged to put in to Campbell toun[2] in Argyle shire, being Fridays afternoon. I sheaued the Captain and two or three more merchants that was comming for Scotland, and because it was a verie long way to travel by land to Edinburgh I begged

January *fol.* 1202.

fol. 1203.

[1] After getting money in his pocket (as Stewart himself told me), some of which he had still as a reserve when he came to Leith from Campbellton, for he showed me a broad piece of silver coin which he got in Maryland.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] I asked Alexander Stewart if he knew any other person that returned home at the same time. He answered, Only one, Duncan Macintosh, a man well advanced in years, but not in the same ship homewards with Stewart.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

24 March *fol.* 1204. the favour of the Captain if he could hear of any fishing boats going to Air or Irven or Saltcots, which accordingly he found on Mr. Knight going for Saltcots on the Monday morning by four of the morning, but he had all his lines to fish before we went in, and we catched 80 fine cod in our way. But to return to my Captain's kindness. He could have used me no better if I hade been the best in Scotland, for I eated and drunk as good rume punch allong at his own table, and we eated not a mouthful of salt provisions all the voyage. And then I asked him what my passage was to be. So he told he would make a present of that till he would see me in France, and then we shall speake about it. But your verie welcum, says he, till then. And he spoke to Mr. Knight not only to cairrie me over to Saltcots, but he begged the favour of him that as he the said Blair had made me a present of my passage from Maryland, hoped that he would doe the same from Campbelltoun to Saltcots, and he would doe him the like favour if he asked it. To which Knight agread to, for, say Blair, Mr. Knight, I give my word for it, supose he has been transported, *fol.* 1205. it was for no bad action but for loyaltie to his king and his countrie. So says Knight, was it for that, then Captain, says he, If it was for that affair I would give hime or any of his master's men their passage ten times farther then that supose it hade not been by your desire. So on Monday, 28th of March 1748, by four in the morninge we set out to sea, and after we fished our lines, sailled for Saltcots, and arived their about sun seet. And the verie first thing that presented me on the peer was six or seven of Hamilton's dragowns that we hade prisoners at Gladsmoor. However, Mr. Knight and I went away into the town and went to our quarters, and the morning of the 29th he not only complemented me with my passage but he cleared my quarters in the morning and went a mille on the way with me, but lamented verie much that he hade not sold his cod fish, otherways he would a given me money, and having no more upon him but seven pence, he would have me take it. So we parted, *fol.* 1206. and I came on my way, but does not mind the names of the placess that I quartred in between Saltcots and Glasgow. So on Thursday, being the last of March, I came to Livestoun

and stayed their all night; and Friday being the first day of Aprile, I came to the Coltbridge about 12 oclock of the day but thought it over soon to come in to toun, but I tooke a bottle of ale to myself to pass of the day. I would a have drunk more, but I hade no mor small money about me. So I was oblidged to make a turn towards Breads hills till night, and about nine a clock at night the first of Aprile, I came safe in to Edinburgh from my long and teadeous journey. And this is fact as neare as I can remind. While I was among strangers and being come to Edinburgh I hade the honour and good fortune once more to see my royal Princes good and faithful friends and mine, where I was verie grashiously received by my good friends as ane emblem of the restoration on the first day of April 1748. 1 April

Vivat Rex.

Jestinian Wharton
Edward Digs
John Lancaster *fol.* 1207.
Joseph Lancaster
Mr. Thomson
Ignashious Digs
William Digs
Doctor Stewart
William Stewart
John Mushet
Doctor Mushet
Collin Mitchell in Portobacco
who were all concerned in my releasement.[1]

Sir,[2]—To the best of my knowledge in the morning of the 13th or 14th[3] of February 1746, as I can remember his royal highness being in the house of Lochmoy belonging to the Laird of M'Intosh, it being the headquarters for that 17 Feb. 1746

[1] When Stewart had done with his own history I desired him to recollect himself and to note down exactly all he could remember of the design of surprising the Prince and of making him prisoner at Macintosh's house, because I knew that Stewart was in Macintosh's house that night. [See ff. 258, 648, 989.]
Robert Forbes, A.M.

[2] This letter is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 102, 103.

[3] It should be 17th.

17 Feb. night, Lord Loudon and M'Leod intended from Inverness to surprize his royal highness, befor he could get upe, with the numbers of about 17 hundred or two thousand men, whereas
fol. 1208. his royal highness hade not above fiftie[1] men of a guard that night, but what was all quartred some little way off. And as soon as Lord Lowdon and M'Leod set out from Inverness their was a little boy[2] about twelve or fourteen years of age that set out along with them in order to alarme the Prince, but for the space of two or three milles he never could have the opportunity of passing by them, and at last he got cleare of them and made the best of his way for Moy that he could and gave the cry as soon as he came to the Closs where the guards was standing and call'd out the enamie was withine a mille of us. And then he came into the kitchen wher I was lying on the table head asleep and awakned me by pulling and halling at my greatcoat, and desired me for Gods sake to go and
fol. 1209. waken the Prince, which accordingly I went upstairs and meet on of the guard comming down from the Princes roome dore and I asked him if the Prince had made him answer and he said he hade, for which his highness heard us speaking and call'd out who was their. Upon which I made answer, and he desired me to call the piperach, for which I did and his highness went down stairs and his feet in his shooes by the way of slippers, and buckled them in the Closs. Upon which my Lady M'Intosh and her sister and me went to the roome where he sleept and took all the most vaulable things that were in the roome where he lay and went upe to the garrats and hide them in fether stands that was almost full of feathers, and my Lady was always calling at me to follow with the curtains for I would stay till they would take me by the neck, for by this time the Prince was more than a mile of toward the southwast end of the loch thorrou a wood. Then I went after and overtook them all at
fol. 1210. the other end of the loch and by that time Locheal and all his

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[1] About thirty men, says Gib. [See f. 990.]

[2] Lauchlan Macintosh, says Gib, who (as he himself told me) was very kind to the boy and took him into the kitchen. I asked Stewart if he remembered the name of the boy, but he told me he did not remember it. Stewart's agreement with the other accounts of this matter is the more remarkable that I did not let him know anything of them.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

men was comming, and when he came we was to go no farther but stand it if they came upe. But in the mean time that they wer all taking a dram their came ane express from my Lady M'Intosh acquanting his royal highness to return back again for the five spies that she sent out the night befor was come back and had hapned to surprize Norman M'Leod (the Laird) who was upon the advance guard with about 70 men with him lying in a hollow not knowing what to doe by reason of the flashes of lightning from the heavens,[1] that was confounding all their desines: for which a blacksmith, on of the five men that my Lady M'Intosh sent out as spies, fired upon them and killed M'Leods pyper hard by his side and wounded another of them, and then they all tooke the flight and returned to Inverness, halling the pyper after them till they got a horse and cart to cairrie him of. And so his highness returned back to Moy and stayed another night and marched the next day for Inverness. And this is truth as far as I have wrot you, but I knowe no more of the mater, by

17 Feb.

fol. 1211.

Sic subscribitur ALEX. STEWART.

Leith, January 30th, 1749.

N.B.—Upon the foresaid 30th of January I went through the Memorial with Alexander Stewart and in his presence, and by his direction, I interlined (with my own hand) some few words to make the narrative somewhat plainer. The Memorial in the handwriting of the said Alexander Stewart in seven pages folio is to be found among my papers.

30 Jan. 1749

Once more I remark here that in making out transcripts of letters and papers I am favoured with I observe as exactly as possible the spelling and pointing of the originals.[2]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Saturday's afternoon, February 18th, 1749. *fol.* 1212.

Bellfinlay was with me in the Citadel of Leith when I read in his hearing the transcript of the paper I had got from Cap-

18 Feb. 1749

[1] This is a circumstance not mentioned by any other as yet, but whether true or not farther information may happen to discover.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See f. 933.

18 Feb. tain Donald Roy MacDonald in Bellfinlay's own handwriting.[1] Bellfinlay owned the narrative to have proceeded from his own hand and affirmed again the truth of all contained in it. Then I read to Bellfinlay the three particular events given me by Mr. Francis Stewart,[2] and Bellfinlay owned he had heard the two first (when lying in his wounds in Inverness) at the times when they happened, much in the same manner as narrated by Mr. Stewart. As to the third and last concerning Nairn's escape and the management of it by poor Anne Mackay he said it consisted with his own knowledge, and that it was so justly and exactly represented by Stewart, that he (Bellfinlay) had nothing to add to it and as little did he see anything in it
fol. 1213. that needed to be corrected. Then I read to him the two short conversations I had had with him, and Bellfinlay [3] said I had done him all justice, for that he owned every word I had noted down. He remarked withal that he did not remember anything else he had to inform me of except only that when the Highlanders were retreating from Drummossie Muir, Donald Roy MacDonald passed by him (Bellfinlay) lying in the field, that Donald Roy spoke to him and expressed his concern for him, but that he could give him no assistance as he himself had received a bullet through one of his feet.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1214. COPY of some Sentences of a LETTER (dated January 31st, 1749) from Mrs. LEITH in Inverness to me R. F.

13 Jan. 1749 I have been still in this place from the begining of the troubles, in wich I had some share, the effects of wich I now severly feel. I have this twenty monthes been so distresst with the reumatising in my limbs that I can hardly make a street lenth at any time.

When once I have a letter from you I shal give you a history of my adventurs in time of the common calamity.—Adew.

Sic subscribitur, ANNE LEITHE.

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[1] See f. 707. [2] See f. 1121. [3] See f. 1171.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a Paragraph of a LETTER (dated February 28th, 1749) in return to the above.

You will oblige me much by transmitting to me by some sure private hand (and not by post) what you mention. And if you would increase the obligation by giving me all that consists with your own knowledge, and all that you can have well vouched from others I will deem it as the greatest favour you can do me. Be as minute and circumstantial as possible, even though the narrative should take up several sheets. I know I can rely upon your veracity, and therefore it is that I am so earnest upon the subject. Take time and perform it with the utmost exactness. Pray remember me kindly to my friend and brother Mr. Hay and his family, and tell him I long very much to hear from him. Perhaps he may find out a private bearer when you intend to write me. You 'll understand my meaning well enough. ROBERT FORBES. 28 Feb. 1749 *fol.* 1215.

Saturday's afternoon, February 18*th*, 1749. *fol.* 1216.

When Bellfinlay was with me I was favoured with a visit of the Rev. Mr. William Bell, and Mr. James Elphinston, both from Edinburgh, who witnessed what passed between Bellfinlay and me. Mr. Elphinston informed me that when in London he had got several scrapes of journals from Mr. John Walkingshaw, who had desired him (Elphinston) to be at pains to put them together in a coherent, chronological method, which at last he said, he had made out at his leisure hours, and that he had brought it to me that I might compare it with my collection. Accordingly he delivered it into my hands. It bore this title: 18 Feb. 1749

'A Genuine Account of the Prince's escape from the time of the battle of Culloden to the 11th of July 1746.'

It was all in the handwriting of the said Mr. James Elphinston

and was contained in 21 pages folio with a pretty large margin on every page.

fol. 1217. 6 March Monday, March 6th, 1749.—I read and considered the said account at some leisure, and compared it with the several journals of the foresaid period of time in my collection. Upon this comparison I found the said account pretty exact and true (some few things excepted) in its contents. But then the person or persons who had taken the scrapes of journals down in writing had been in too great a hurry, for they (the scrapes) had not contained scarce one tenth part of what might have been inserted in them from the mouths of those who had been personally concerned in the escape, and who were carried prisoners to London. If I bring into the reckoning Kingsborrow's part of the history, Donald Roy MacDonald's Account, the journal drawn up by young Clanranald, Glenaladale and Captain Alexander MacDonald, etc. etc. etc., all which the people in London could know very little or nothing about, then indeed the foresaid account is very lame and imperfect.

fol. 1218. The said account ended with Captain John MacKinnon's part of the management, along with the old Laird of MacKinnon, an exact copy of which is as follows:

1746 4 July At 6 they put off for the mainland, whither the Prince would have had his late trusty guide to accompany him.[1] But Malcolm excused himself, alledging that as he had been four days absent, it might create suspicion, and prove dangerous to the Prince's own safety. The Prince therefore suffered him to take his leave, but not till after generously forcing upon him a good share of what money he had, though Malcolm absolutely refused it for sometime, having even brought a small supply with him, in case the Prince had wanted. The Prince, having promised to meet Dr. MacLeod at Camisdinuck the Monday following, before he went into the boat with the MacKinnons, wrote him the following line:

'God be thanked I parted as I intended. Give my service to all friends, and thank them for their trouble.—I am, Your humble servant, JAMES THOMSON.'[2]

'Ellagol, July 4, 1746.'

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[1] See f. 246.

[2] See ff. 871, 879, 1219.—F.

The Prince[1] and his company arrived next morning about 4 on the south side of Loch Nevis, near little Mallack,[2] where they landed and lay three nights in the open air. The Laird and one of the men (John M'Guines) having gone the fourth day to seek a cave to lie in, the Prince, with John MacKinnon and the other 3 rowers, took to the boat, and rowed up Loch Nevis along the coast. As they turned a point they spied a boat tied to the rock, and five men with red crosses over their bonnets standing on the shore. These immediately called out, demanding whence they came. John MacKinnon's people answered, 'From Slate,' whereupon they were ordered ashore. But not complying with this summons, the five red crosses jumped into their boat, and set 4 oars agoing in pursuit of them. During the parley the Prince insisted more than once to be put on shore; but was absolutely refused by John, who told him that he commanded now, and that the only chance they had was to pull away, or if they were outrowed, to fire at the fellows, there being four fire arms on board. Upon this John, taking an oar himself, plied it so manfully, and so animated his fellow-tuggers, that they outrowed their blood-thirsty pursuers, turned quick round a point, and stood in towards the shore, which they had no sooner reached than the Prince sprung out of the boat, and attended by John and another, mounted nimbly to the top of the hill. From hence they beheld the boat with the militia returning from their fruitless pursuit, and John congratulating his young master upon his escape, asked pardon for having disobeyed him. The Prince replied that he had done well; that his reason for desiring to go ashore was, 'that he would rather fight for his life than be taken prisoner, but that he hoped God would never so far afflict the King, his father, or the Duke, his brother, as that he should fall alive into the hands of his enemies.'

fol. 1219. 5 July

fol. 1220.

On this eminence the Prince slept three hours, and then returning down the hill, he re-imbarked and crossed the loch to a little island about a mile from Scotus's house, where Clanranald, to whom he sent a message by John MacKinnon, then

fol. 1221.

[1] From this point, with some variations, this narrative is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 488.

[2] See f. 600.

5 July was. Upon John's return they repassed the loch and landed at Mallack, where having refreshed themselves, and met with Old M'Kinnon and servant, they set out for M'Donald of Moran's[1] seat, which was about 7 or 8 miles distant. As they passed a sheiling (a cottage) they spied some people coming down towards the road. Whereupon the Prince made John fold his plaid for him, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it, tying a handkerchief about his head, the better to disguise himself. In going along John was asked if that was his servant, to which he answered in the affirmative, adding that as the poor fellow was not well he intended to leave him at Moran's. So after receiving a draught of milk from Archibald MacDonald, son of Ranald MackDonell, son of
fol. 1222. Scotus, they pursued their journey, and came to another sheiling belonging to old Scotus, where also they bought a draught of milk and procured a guide (the night being dark and the road bad) to shew them how to take the ford near Moran's
6 July house. A little before day they arrived at Moran's borthe[2] or hut, his house having been burned by Captain Fergusson. M'Kinnon went in alone, and Moran immediately getting out of bed, they both hasted to the door to introduce the strangers. This done, Moran's first care was to dismiss all the children and servants, keeping only his lady, who is Lochiel's daughter. She knowing the Prince at first sight, he saluted her, and the meeting was extremely tender, the lady bursting into a flood of tears. After having some refreshment of cold salmon warmed again, but no bread, the travellers left the borthe, and were conducted by Moran to a cave, where they slept ten hours, Moran being in the meantime dispatched in quest of young
fol. 1223. Clanranald. About noon Moran returned with accounts that Clanranald was not to be found. So it was resolved to part with old M'Kinnon and Moran, and in the evening to set out with a boy for the house of Aneas or Angus M'Donald of Burghdale,[3] in Arisaig, which was the first house the Prince was in when he came to the continent. Here they arrived before day, found the house burned by Captain Fergusson, and

[1] It should be Moror. See f. 600.—F.
[2] It should be bothie or bothy. See f. 323.—F.
[3] It should be Boradale. See ff. 600-603.—F.

Mr. M'Donald himself with two men at a borthe hard by. 7 July
John M'Kinnon went in abruptly, desiring that unfortunate gentleman to rise. Angus MacDonald at first was surprized, but presently knowing John's voice, he got up and went to the door, having thrown his blankets about him. Then John asked him if he had heard anything of the Prince. Aneas answered 'No.' What would you give for a sight of him? says John. Time was, returned the other, that I would have given a hearty bottle to see him safe, but since I see you I expect to hear some news of him. Well then, replies John, I have brought him here, and will commit him to your charge. *fol.* 1224.
I have done my duty. Do you yours. I am glad of it, said Angus, and shall not fail to take care of him. I shall lodge him so secure that all the forces in Britain shall not find him out; which he accordingly did, till he delivered him safe off his hands. John M'Kinnon stay'd only to eat a little warm milk; but here he met again with old M'Kinnon, who was taken next morning in Moran's borthe. John escaped at this time, having lain near the boat, and went home under cloud of night (being the 11th). He no sooner landed than he was made prisoner at his own shieling in Ellagol[1] by a party of militia, under the command of Lieutenant Hope, who used him with great civility, but was obliged to carry him to Kilmory, where was Captain Fergusson.[2] This barbarous man examined him, and two of his rowers, who were taken with him. One of these, John MacGinnis, he caused to be stripped naked, tied to a tree, and whipped with the cat and nine tails[3] till the blood gushed out at both his sides, threatening John M'Kinnon with *fol.* 1225.
the same usage and with irons, if he did not discover where the Prince was, and swearing bloodily that when he got him on board, Barisdale[4] and the cat and nine tails should make him squeak. When John M'Kinnon was put aboard the *Furnace* he was examined by General Campbell, to whom he maintained that he knew nothing about the Prince, that he had not conducted him a gunshot from the shore, and had left him with a

[1] See f. 242. [2] See f. 207.
[3] Kingsborrow witnessed this scene of cruelty, as he himself frequently declared to me. [See f. 1579.]—Robert Forbes, A.M.
[4] Meaning Barisdale's machine.

July little boy they met accidentally, who had gone along with him as his guide. From that ship he was turned over to the *Thomas*, which lodged him on board of a transport. He was first put ashore at Tilbury Fort; from thence he was removed to the new goal, and discharged the 3 of July 1747.

When the Prince and he were about to part, John asked *fol.* 1226. him if ever they might hope for the happiness of seeing him again. To which the Prince made answer, that if ever it pleased God that he should reach the Continent, though he should go and beg assistance of the Grand Turk, he would not suffer the usurper to sit easy or quiet on the throne.

(Here ends the Journal.)

N.B.—If ever John MacKinnon favours me with an account of his own history as to the part he acted in the preservation of the Prince in his great dangers, I then can compare that with the preceding account. I have several times attempted to procure such an account from John's own hand, but still to no purpose as yet.[1]—Robert Forbes, A.M.

25 April 1761 *Nota bene.*—Saturday, April 25, at 11 o'clock forenoon, 1761, I was with said John MacKinnon in the Infirmary in Edinburgh, he being lame from the tops of his thighs down, and read in his hearing the above account upon which he very frankly gave me his corrections and additions. [See f. 1831.]

fol. 1227. Copy of a Paragraph of a Letter (dated London, March 3rd, 1748-9) from Ralph Bigland to Alexander Macmorland, peruke-maker in Leith.

3 March 1748-9 I believe I forgot to tell you that the gay world at Bath and other parts of England seem very fond of white rosed buttons, plaid or tartan. Some of the very horses furniture is so. So you see what a humour prevails. I have since I came here been lately two or three times at the play and what invited me most was to see a new dance called the Scotts

[1] See ff. 313, 856, 1080.

dance consisting of about 20 lads and lasses dress'd after the Highland fashion. The scene represents a very romantic, rocky, or mountainous country seemingly, at the most distant view you behold a glorious pair (which far surpass all the other actors) sitting among the rocks, while the rest are dancing below among groves of trees. Some also are representing with their wheels a spinning; all the while the music plays either Prince Charles's minuet or the Auld Stewarts Back Again. At last descends from the mountains the glorious pair which to appearance is a prince and princess. Then all the other actors retire on each side while the royal youth and his favorite dance so fine, in a word that the whole audience clap their hands for joy. Then in a moment the spinning wheels are thrown aside and every lad and lass joyn in the dance and jirk it away as quick as possible while the music briskly plays—Over the water to Charlie, a bagpipe being in the band. In short it is so ravishing seemingly to the whole audience that the people to express their joy clapp their hands in a most extraordinary manner indeed. By this you 'l have an idea of it, if you have not heard it before; but in order to save the opportunity of Captain Dick who I am told is just a going I write in such a hurry that I have only time to say that I am with great respect to you, your family, and all friends that know me, Your most humble servant, *Sic subscribitur*, R. Bigland. 3 March *fol.* 1228.

N.B.—The above transcript I made out from the original letter which Alexander Macmorland favoured me with the use of on Tuesday, March 28th, 1749. *fol.* 1229.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. MacDonald of Bellfinlay,[1] for the present in the Canongate, Edinburgh.

My dear Sir,—Lest you should happen to set out upon your return to the Highlands at a time when I may have 29 March 1749

[1] See ff. 1171, 1212.

29 March little leisure to write is the reason why I so soon give you the trouble of this as a memorandum, which I hope you will allow to have a particular place in your attention.

I have been frequently well informed that Mr. MacDonald of Boisdale had a long and particular conversation[1] with a CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN immediately after his landing in the Island of Eriska upon the subject of his intended expedi-
fol. 1230. tion about which they happened to differ widely in their sentiments, and that in consequence of this conversation an express[2] was dispatched to Sir Alexander MacDonald. I beg you 'll employ your good offices with Boisdale to transmit to me in writing an exact and circumstantial account of the said conversation, which (to omit other considerations at present) would serve as a proof of the Young Gentleman's bold and enterprizing genius, and of Boisdale's sagacity and penetration
fol. 1231. if the conversation was really such as has been represented to me by several persons. I never chuse to take matters of fact at second-hand if I can by any means have them from those who were immediately interested in them, and therefore it is that I have the greater anxiety to see this set in a true light by Boisdale himself, who must know best all the particulars that passed in that interview.

I am likewise well apprized that Clanranald kept an exact journal[3] of all the hardships and distresses which he himself

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[1] See ff. 256, 302.

[2] In conversing one day with Bellfinlay upon this subject he told me that young Clanranald was the person dispatched by the Prince to Sir Alexander MacDonald, but that this happened after the Prince's landing upon the continent; that young Clanranald (after returning from Sir Alexander in Sky) was much shaken in his former resolutions from the reasoning that had passed between him and Sir Alexander, who actually insisted upon having a promise from young Clanranald not to join the Prince, and that young Clanranald accordingly declared his backwardness to join in the expedition. However, Clanranald's followers on the Continent, after seeing the Prince, declared their resolution of running all hazards with him, whatever should be the event, and whether their young chieftain should head them or not. This soon determined young Clanranald to lay aside his backwardness and to take the command of his resolute clan. I well remember that Ranald MacDonald (Boradale's son) gave me the very same account of this matter. See a remarkable and well vouched instance of Sir Alexander MacDonald's inconstancy and want of resolution, see ff. 253-256.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] See f. 1058.

and his fellow-prisoners endured when on board a ship of war. 29 March
If Clanranald can be prevailed upon to transmit to me a copy of his journal, it would be extremely obliging and a service done to truth.

I have enquired at several persons about the names of the Glenmoriston men [1] that proved so trusty and useful in a certain period of danger and distress, but could never yet meet with *fol.* 1232.
any one to give me them. When I had the happiness of seeing Boradale's son here I begged the favour of him to get the names of these men [2] from Mr. MacDonald of Glenaladale, who must know them, because he was engaged in the same scene of difficulties with them. But I have never yet been favoured with any return as to this point. Pray then, Dear Sir, be so good as to procure the names of these famous guardians in writing from Glenaladale, and transmit them to me.

Make an offer of my most respectfull compliments and best wishes to all the foresaid gentlemen, and assure them that whatever journals or accounts they are pleased to honour me with they shall be as dead secrets as ever till a proper and seasonable opportunity offer.

I will not allow myself to doubt of your readiness in using your endeavours to procure me all the well vouched accounts *fol.* 1233.
you can of facts during the late troubles. I will gladly embrace every right opportunity of maintaining a frequent correspondence with you, than whom none can be more welcome to any place where I can pretend to have the smallest interest.

I sincerely wish you all health and prosperity, and that you may have a happy and comfortable meeting with your lady (to whom I beg to be remembered in the kindest manner), is the hearty and earnest prayer of, My Dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, March 29th, 1749.

Saturday, April 1st (10 *oclock forenoon*), 1749. *fol.* 1234.

I paid my respects to Captain MacDonald of Bellfinlay at 1 April 1749
his lodgings in the Canongate, Edinburgh, he being then con-

[1] See ff. 547, 623.

[2] See f. 1108.

1 April fined to his room with two splinters that were pointing out in his right leg. In the course of the conversation I told him that I had heard a very odd story, which it was in his power to clear up to me either as to the truth or falshood of it, and it was this:—That the Countess of Finlater (daughter of Lord Hopeton) should in her coach and six have driven over the field of battle, Drummossie Muir, while the corpses were lying on the field. 'O Sir,' said Bellfinlay, 'did I never mention that to you? I wonder much if I have not told you of it.' 'No,' answered I, 'you never mentioned one word of that subject to me.' 'Then,' continued he, 'I can assure you that in the afternoon of the day of battle, after that Cumberland and his army had marched from the field into Inverness, and when I was lying on the field stripped of all my cloaths I saw a coach and six driving over the field towards Inverness, and approaching so near the spot where I was lying
fol. 1235. that I begun to be afraid they would drive over my naked body, which made me stir a little and look up, and then in their passing I saw ladies in the coach, but I dare not say from my own proper knowledge that it was the Countess of Finlater's coach. Only I heard afterwards that the Countess of Finlater's coach was the only one that had been there at that time, so that I have it only by report that it was her coach which I saw driving over the field of battle and which came so near me, that the coachman made a lick at me with his whip as if I had been a dog. However I suffered no harm by it, for the point of the lash touched my head but slightly.'

Upon this I could not help remarking to Bellfinlay it was a very strange employment for any of the sex to be driving over a field of battle immediately after an action when the bodies of the dead and wounded were lying on the field naked and bleeding. Unaccountable doings indeed!

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a paragraph of a Letter (dated April 11th, 1749) from the Revd. Mr. John Skinner, at Longside in Aberdeenshire.

fol. 1236.

The story of the plundering my house take as follows. 11 April 1749
When our meeting was burnt the officer of dragoons came to my house in quest of me, but mist me. After that I was often alarm'd, but never in danger till July 29 that Hardy[1] and 6 of Loudon's regiment came to my house. I was that day at Rora baptising a child or so, and came not home till pretty late when to my surprize I found 7 armed men at my wife's bedside who had lien in about 10 days before, and had not yet left her bed. I ask'd the fellow, Hardy, what he wanted here, on which in great confusion he told me I was the King's prisoner and behov'd to go to Aberdeen. This was Tuesday night, and I *fol.* 1237.
was oblig'd to go under two screw'd bayonets to Mr. Brown's for a letter to Hardy to let me stay at my own house till Friday. Brown, it seems (our Presbyterian Teacher), was in the plot, and, as I 'm inform'd, he and other two of them had receiv'd Hardy with great kindness and hounded him out in search of me. You may believe it was no small mortification to me to apply to my enemy for a favour. But what could I do? It was my wifes condition that prevail'd with me, not my own fears, and I 'm confident had I been carry'd off that night, as they threaten'd, I had lost her. While I was at Brown's they had packed up all my shirts and stockings, most of my books, with several other bits of portable furniture, and 10 shillings sterling of money, and carry'd it off to Brown's, where they deposited all as in a place of shelter. Thus I was left naked except what was on my back, and Brown, like a good Christian and clergyman, resetted chearfully all that the ruffians

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[1] This was a low mean fellow of whose doings I have been informed by many. He lived in Kintore and was exceedingly active in being guide to the redcoats (after Culloden battle) to discover the hiding places of the distressed gentlemen and to show them the houses of reputed Jacobites for pillaging. He it was who guided the party that seized Mr. Gordon of Terperse. However, Hardy at last became as much neglected and despised in his own country that he was obliged to enlist as a recruit in the Dutch service.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

11 April plunder'd me of. Hardy went down to Pitsligo, where he
fol. 1238. stay'd 12 days, and on his return, because I was a missing, threaten'd to burn my house, wife, bairns and all, to which good action Brown piously advis'd him. But Providence disappointed all these and deliver'd me,[1] etc.

N.B.—The original of the preceeding paragraph is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1239. ## AN ACCOUNT of the SIGNAL ESCAPE of JOHN FRASER taken from the Copy Printed at Edinburgh.

1746
16 April John Fraser, Ensign in the Master of Lovat's[2] regiment, was shot through the thigh by a musket bullet at the battle of Culloden, and was taken prisoner, after the battle, at a little distance from the field, and carried to the House of Culloden, where a multitude of other wounded prisoners lay under strong guards. There he and the other miserable gentlemen (for most of them were gentlemen), lay with their wounds undressed for two days in great torture. Upon the third day he was
18 April carried out of Culloden House and with other eighteen of his fellow prisoners flung into carts, which they imagined were to carry them to Inverness to be dressed of their wounds. They were soon undeceived. The carts stopt at a park dyke at some distance from the house; there they were dragged out of the carts; the soldiers who guarded them, under command of
fol. 1240. three officers, carried the prisoners close to the wall or park dyke, along which they ranged them upon their knees, and bid them prepare for death. The soldiers immediately drew up opposite to them. It is dreadful to proceed! They levelled their guns! They fired among them. Mr. Fraser fell with the rest, and did not doubt but he was shot. But as those gentlemen who proceeded thus deliberately in cold blood had

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[1] [Note in another hand, dated 1806.] The above Mr. Jo. Skinner is still alive; his son is a bishop at Aberdeen, and his grandson is now coming from Forfar to Edinburgh for Mr. J. Webster's Chapel. Mr. Skinner prayed for George the 2d sometime before the 1745 for 2 Sundays only. He does it now every day altho' past 80. He is an excellent poet; he composed Tullochgorum, John of Badenyon, and many others.

[2] See ff. 1326, 1372, 1429.

their orders to do nothing by halves, a party of them went along and examined the slaughter, and knocked out the brains of such as were not quite dead; and observing signs of life in Mr. Fraser, one of them with the butt of his gun struck him on the face, dashed out one of his eyes, and beat down his nose flat and shattered to his cheek, and left him for dead. The slaughter thus finished the soldiers left the field. In this miserable situation, Lord Boyd, riding out that way with his servant, espied some life in Mr. Fraser, who by that time had crawled to a little distance from his dead friends, and calling out to him, asked what he was. Fraser told him he was an officer in the Master of Lovat's corps. Lord Boyd offered him money, saying he had been acquainted with the Master of Lovat, his colonel. Mr. Fraser said he had no use for money, but begged him for God's sake to cause his servant carry him to a certain mill and cott house, where he said he would be concealed and taken care of. This young Lord had the humanity to do so, and in this place Mr. Fraser lay concealed, and by God's providence recovered of his wounds, and is now a living witness of as unparallel'd a story in all its circumstances as can be met with in the history of any age. 18 April *fol.* 1241.

Mr. Fraser is well known and his veracity attested by all the Inverness people. *fol.* 1242.

N.B.—Mr. David Chisholm, Presbyterian Minister at Kilmorack in the shire of Inverness, when in Edinburgh at the General Assembly in May 1758, told that said Fraser or MacIver still lives at a place called Wellhouse in said parish of Kilmorack, that his name is *Alexander* and not *John*, and that he himself (Mr. Chisholm), is a blood relation to said Alexander Fraser's wife (See f. 1619). ROBERT FRASER, A.M.

Friday, April 21st (afternoon), 1749.—I was favoured with a visit at my house in the Paunch Market in Leith of John Goodwillie,[1] with whom I had some conversation about Prince Charles's bond granted to Hepburn of Kingstoun. Mr. Goodwillie told me he himself had the original of the said bond in his hands, and that if I pleased I might have a sight of it. I *fol.* 1243. 21 April 1749

[1] See ff. 1095.

21 April heartily accepted the kind offer, and for that end invited Mr. Goodwillie to dine with me on Tuesday next (April 25), when he accordingly kept the appointment and brought the original paper along with him. He told me that the way by which this bond had become so public was this. Hepburn of Kingstoun being dead, his heirs had found the said bond among his papers, upon which they raised a process before the Lords of
fol. 1244. Session in order to fix it as a debt upon the Laird of MacLauchlan his estate, because he (MacLauchlan) had been the receiver and the deliverer of the cash. After dinner I begged the favour of Mr. Goodwillie immediately to make out a transcript of the bond for my use, at the foot of which transcript two gentlemen then present would, I said, subscribe witnesses, all which was instantly done. Mr. Goodwillie assured the company that he himself delivered the pen out of his own hand to the Prince to subscribe the bond, and that he (Goodwillie) accordingly saw the Prince subscribe the bond, an exact copy of which is as follows:—

17 Oct. 1745 (L.S[1]) We, Charles Prince of Wales, etc., Regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, Whereas Patrick Hepburn of Kingstoun in the County of Haddington hath advanced
fol. 1245. to us by the hands of Collonel Lauchlan M'Lauchlan of that Ilk the sum of seven hundred and fourty pounds sterling in numerate money of Britain, we therefore hereby authorise and appoint our Treasurer for the time to repay the aforsaid sum of seven hundred and fourty pounds to the said Patrick Hepburn, his heirs and assigneys whomsoever, and that how soon we shall arrive at our Palace of St. James, London, our Royall Father settled upon the throne of our royall ancestors, and our said kingdoms in peace and tranquillity, under our government. Given at our Palace of Holyroodhouse, the seventeenth day of October, 1745. (Signed) Charles P. R.

Hæc est vera copia ita testamur. Johannes Benevole, *Scriba.*[2]

Sic subscribitur } Robertus Ross, *testis.*
Alexander Mitchell, *testis.*

[1] i.e. *Locus sigili.*—F.

[2] So Goodwillie chose merrily to subscribe his name.—F.

N.B.—John Goodwillie's transcript, attested from which I writ the preceding copy, is to be found among my papers. Mr. Goodwillie informed the company that the original bond was in the handwriting of Mr. Andrew Lumisden, son of Mr. William Lumisden, Writer in Edinburgh. *fol.* 1246.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Ode (*taken from a copy printed in London*, 1749) *compos'd in the year MDCCXX, on the Birth of a great Prince.* *fol.* 1247.

Tu modo nascenti
Casta fave Lucina.

Virg. *Eclog.* 4.

Wrapt in one common wish three nations lay,
Liv'd on desire, and hop'd th' auspicious day;
At last kind Heav'n hath heard each loyal pray'r,
And with a royal babe hath bless'd the royal pair.

Just as the sun had finish'd his career,
And mounted fresh to gild the Latian year,
When Clementina's sharper throes begun
To promise Britain a more glorious sun,
A radiant host around th' Eternal stood,
An host solicitous for human good,
To whom th' Almighty—Seraphs! guard my care!
Protect the infant, and preserve the fair.
Th' adoring Seraphs bow'd,
Then swift as fleeting thought they wing their way
Through the vast ocean of empyreal day;
Down from th' immortal verge of purple light
They waft on Æther with angelic might.
Now in one glorious point contracted fly
(A radiant orb!) along the nether sky,
Then all around the royal couch they stand
An angel-guard—a bright celestial band.

Britannia's lovely nymphs (a royal train!) *fol.* 1248.
Assist their sov'reign, but assist in vain.
No mortal aid, no skill suffic'd on earth,
Where Heav'n alone must guide th' auspicious birth.

The Father's guardians haste (a shining throne!)
To ease the mother and preserve the son.
Ambrosial odours spread around the fair,
And in a moment brings Britannia's heir.

Hail! royal infant! Hail! divinely great!
Kind Heav'n's best gift and last reserve of fate!
See, See, Britannia! what majestick grace
Dwells on each infant-feature of his face!
Here all the Stewart mercifully shines,
And Sobieski fills the stronger lines!
Great Sobieski!

The trembling Muse starts at the awful name,
And only wonders at the mighty theme.
She thinks she sees the crimson crosses fly,
And swarming crescents waft along the sky.
She thinks she sees the hero from afar
In glitt'ring terrors lead the shining war.
Just ere Vienna's nymphs had fall'n a prey
To rage, and lust, and barb'rous cruelty.
Just as Vienna's nymphs, in floods of tears,
At once to Heav'n prefer'd their ardent pray'rs,
Great Sobieski thunder'd on the plain
O'er streams of blood and mangled heaps of slain.

Vienna saw the hero as he stood,
In storms of death and floating tides of blood.
Vienna saw her liberty restor'd,
And owes that freedom to his conqu'ring sword.
Immortal hero! may thy glories be
Transmitted whole to thy posterity!
fol. 1249. May those famed laurels Sobieski won
Descend all green to Clementina's son!
So shall it be.—The muse-prophetick sees
Thus Heav'n hath doom'd, and thus kind fate decrees.

Hail! royal babe! But see the Martyr smiles
From Heav'n on this vast blessing of his Isles.
See how he smiles auspicious on the boy,
And Albion lies dissolv'd in cloudy joy.

Hail! Royal Charles! Kind Heav'n shall send the day
When joy shall brighten, and our clouds give way.
It must be so.

Aloud I heard the voice of Fame
Th' important news relate;
While Echo caught the pleasing theme,
And did the sound repeat.

Mute when she spoke was ev'ry wind,
The zephyrs ceas'd to blow.
The waves in silent raptures stood,
And Thames forgot to flow.

While thus in early bloom of time,
Forth from an rev'rend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhime,
An ancient Druid spoke.

An hero from fair Clementine
Long ages hence shall spring,
And all the gods their pow'rs shall join
To bless the future king.

Venus shall give him all her charms *fol.* 1250.
To win and conquer hearts;
Rough Mar shall train the youth to arms,
Minerva teach him arts.

Great Jove shall all his bolts supply,
Which taught the rebel brood
To know the ruler of the sky,
And trembling own their God.

FINIS. [Price Two-pence.]

A Song by Mr. C——s. *fol.* 1251.

The Queen of Hungary, as fame doth report,
To heighten the splendor of Cumberland's court,
Hath sent him some beasts of a wonderful sort,
Which nobody can deny.

She knew such a present his highness would suit,
And therefore her wisdom let no one dispute,
In sending a parcel of beasts to a brute,
Which nobody can deny.

Her Majesty 's sure by this means to succeed.
From beasts of oppression her country has freed,
Who all were suspected of Hanover breed,
Which nobody can deny.

When Billy their landing at first understood,
His chiefest concern was the choise of their food,
Which at length, like his own, he resolv'd to be blood,
Which nobody can deny.

The cause of this present, as some people tell,
Was his zeal in promoting her int'rest so well,
And for what she obtain'd by the peace at Chapelle,
Which nobody can deny.

But others, whose judgment I chuse not to quote,
Insist that the boar, and the owl, and the goat,
Are emblems intended for persons of note,
Which nobody can deny.

fol. 1252. But here, I declare, 'tis not my intent,
To say whom the boar and the goat represent,
So to judge for yourselves you must e'en be content,
Which nobody can deny.

Yet the hornified owl, which remains for the other,
If true, was intended for Fecky, his brother,
The which he resembles far more than his mother,
Which nobody can deny.

But the lion of England, when freed from his den,
Shall chase to the forests these bloodhounds again,
Which that Heav'n soon grant, let us all say, Amen!
Which nobody can deny.

Then charge to the brim, since 'tis wine gives a spring,
Let us join heart and hand, and merrily sing
To the speedy and happy return of the King,
Which nobody can deny.

A poem by a gentleman, occasioned by hearing St. Peter's Bell at Exeter rung on the 16th of April 1749. *fol.* 1253.

Murder will speak, immortal Shakespeare sung,
With marv'lous organ, tho' depriv'd of tongue.
Thy peals, this truth, O Peter! do proclaim,
Compell'd to celebrate Britannia's shame.
Culloden's field thy ill-tun'd sounds renew,
And ope fresh scenes of horror to our view.
Remorseless fury raging o'er the plain,
Wide-wasting massacre, and thousands slain,
In his mind's eye each Briton sees again.
The baleful Tyrant of Imperial Rome,
Whose lifted dagger ript his mother's womb,
Outdone in blood, to Cumberland shall yield,
The modern butcher of Culloden field,
Whose heart, unmov'd, cou'd smile at widows' tears,
And broach the sprawling orphans on his spears.
Nor sighs, nor pray'rs avail'd to stay his hand,
While swift destruction blaz'd this half the land.
Edgeless for ever be thy sword in fight!
Still owe thy safety to ignoble flight!
The pangs of guilt, like Richard, may'st thou find!
Still see the air-drawn dagger of the mind!
Haunted, like him, with murder's vengeful cry,
Like him, unpitied, may'st thou fall and die!

Copy of a Letter from the Revd. Mr. George Innes in Forres to me, Robert Forbes.[1] *fol.* 1254.

Reverend Dear Brother,—As I wrote you some time ago, I expected to have found a bearer from this country, whom I could have trusted with a pacquet for you, viz., your acquaintance, Miss Peggy Gedd, who at that time intended to have been soon in Edinburgh. But her journey being so often put

[1] Printed in the *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 277.

15 March off, I begin now to think that she will not go before Whitsunday; and therefore must defer sending you some of the things you want till some other cast up. Meantime I send you two sheets of a narrative which, when you have perus'd, I shall be glad to have your opinion of; and would have sent you more, but did not care to risque the whole at once, especially by a bearer that I am not well acquainted with. Let me know if you think by the inclos'd that the rest will be worth sending you. I have been much troubled these several months past with sore eyes, which renders writing very uneasy to me, therefore beg you 'll return me these scrapes when you can, as I have not a correct copy of them.

fol. 1255. There is a little performance in imitation of Dr. Arbuthnots upon Charteris, said to be done in this country about the time of the battle of Vall, at which time indeed I saw it, which you may call for from Miss Gedd's sister at Edinburgh, to whom she is to send it. I wish you a happy Easter, and ever am, Reverend Dear brother,

Yours very affectionately,

Sic subscribitur, GEO. INNES.

15 *March* 1748.

COPY of the Two Sheets of a NARRATIVE mentioned in the preceding LETTER.

February 1746 When the Prince's retreat from Stirling came to be known at Inverness, Lord Loudon and the President made a shew as if they intended to maintain themselves in that important place. The Laird of M'Leod and Monroe of Culcairn had taken up their quarters at Forres from the time of their defeat at Inverury, and had pretty well recruited their respective corps. 200 of Sir Alexander M'Donald's men had likewise join'd them; but upon the news of the Prince's march they

fol. 1256. were all call'd in to Inverness, where with the Grants, M'Kenzies, Gunns, Loudon's regiment and others, they made up in all a body of about 2000 men. The Duke of Cumberland did certainly expect that these wou'd have been sufficient

to have done the business in the north, for a letter from him February
was intercepted at Huntly, telling Loudon that he had dispers'd the rebels, and that it was his positive orders to make head against them in case they shou'd attempt anything more. But Loudon and the President knew better how the case stood. They did not trust their own men, and had sure enough intelligence that the Prince's army was not so much dispers'd as was given out. Therefore they caus'd throw up some sham intrenchments on one side of the town; but their main design seems to have been the surprizing of the Prince's person,[1] which wou'd not only have ruin'd his cause, but wou'd likewise have entitled them to the £30,000. For this purpose, when he came to M'Kintosh's house, within a few miles of them,[2] the whole forse march'd out of Inverness very secretly in the night; and had it not been for the care of his female *fol.* 1257.
friends, 'tis very probable they might have succeeded in their attempt. Some of these at Inverness dispatch'd a messenger to inform him of his danger; and at the same time, his landlady, without knowing anything of the design, had order'd one Fraser, a blacksmith, a trusty stout fellow, who liv'd hard by, and knew all the roads, to keep a sharp look-out the whole night, as there were but a very few of the Prince's people with him at her house. Accordingly it happen'd that Fraser discover'd the enemy, upon whom he immediately fir'd his piece, and had the presence of mind to cry out, as if he had had a party near, to advance, for the dogs were coming up, which so allarm'd them that immediately they turned tail, and made the best of their way to Inverness. But tho' they miss'd catching the Prince's person, they hurt his health very much by this attempt. For upon getting the allarm he run hastily out of bed to call up his men, and as it was a keen frost contracted thereby such a cold as stuck to him very long, and I
may ev'n say endanger'd his life, which was one great reason *fol.* 1258.
of his staying so much at Inverness afterwards, to the great detriment of his affairs in other places. However, he advanced next day, and no sooner came in sight of Inverness

[1] The exact agreement in the several accounts of this affair by persons who could not compare notes with one another is truly remarkable. [See ff. 648, 989, 1207.]—Robert Forbes, A.M. [2] See f. 258.

February than Loudon and his party retreated in a great hurry by the ferry of Kessack to Ross, and afterwards to Sutherland ;[1] and in a few days after, Major Grant surrender'd the castle, which was of no considerable strength, and was garrison'd only by one company of regular troops, and 2 or 3 companies of the above mention'd militia, who had neither skill nor inclination to defend the place. Yet the Governour was afterwards tried by a Court-martial and discharg'd the service, one of the officers who were evidences against him having sworn, what was not only false but impossible in fact, viz., that he saw the Highlanders drawn up at the Market cross, and wou'd not allow to fire on them; whereas the whole streets except a little of the Kirk Street were entirely cover'd, and not a man upon them could be seen from the Fort. Meantime Lord
fol. 1259. George Murray came up with the other division of the army by the way of Aberdeen, and a detachment was immediately sent off to besiege Fort Augustus, which they soon took, and afterwards laid siege to Fort William, Lochiel and all the Highlanders being very anxious to have the country clear'd of garrisons which would have engag'd the clanns in those parts young and old to turn out. But they were not provided with the necessaries proper for attacking so strong a place, and so were oblig'd to raise the siege with the loss of several brave men. At the same time the Duke of Perth went in pursuit of Lord Loudon[2] and the President, and having got boats from the Murray side, very narrowly miss'd surprizing them all at Dornoch, where Major M'Kenzie and some others were taken. But Loudon, the President, M'Leod, and Culcairn got off, and went most of them to the Isle of Skie where they remained till after the battle of Culloden. Lord George Murray likewise march'd to Athole;[3] but I am not well informed of the particulars of that expedition. 'Tis said that
fol. 1260. he urg'd the Prince very much to send him a reinforcement of 1000 Highlanders, promising on that condition to give a good account of the Hessians. But that proposal was overrul'd, it seems, by those at Inverness, who were quite bent upon reducing all in the north, in order to bring out the clanns, and

[1] See ff. 261, 273, 649, 993. [2] See f. 655. [3] See f. 902.

leave no enemy behind them. About this time some of Fitz James's dragoons landed at Aberdeen; and 'twas said a good many more were then upon the coast, but did not know where to put in, as they expected to have found the Prince in the South of Scotland. And within a few days thereafter the Duke of Cumberland arriv'd there with his army, upon which the parties of the Highland army in that country retreated first to Huntly, and afterwards, upon the coming up of some regiments from Aberdeen, to Fochabers. A small detachment of Kingston's light horse and of the Campbells advanced as far as Keith, where they were surpriz'd in the night, some of them kill'd and the rest taken prisoners;[1] most of whom were sent to France aboard a small vessel from Findhorn. Mean- March
time money grew very scarce in the Highland army, which *fol.* 1261.
oblig'd them to disperse themselves up and down the country to raise the levy money, cess and excise, and to get in grain and meal for their subsistence. The *Hazzard* Sloop, which had been sent to France,[2] was unluckily forc'd ashore by a man of war upon Lord Rhea's country, where a few gentlemen landed with a considerable sum of money, most people say 10,000 pounds, all which, together with those that had the charge of it, was immediately taken by a posse of the M'Kays sent out by Lord Rhea for that purpose. The Earl of Cromarty and his son were sent to Caithness to raise what money and friends cou'd be got there. But they never return'd, being taken at Dunrobin[3] in their way back to Inverness, much about the time of the battle of Culloden. And here I cannot but observe that Lord Cromarty was the only person in the Highland army I ever heard of who caus'd burn a gentleman's house upon any pretence whatsoever. It belong'd to Gordon of Carrol, factor to the Earl of Sutherland,
who, having promis'd to pay the levy money, etc., against a *fol.* 1262.
certain day, instead of that went off in a boat to Aberdeen, whereupon Lord Cromarty gave orders to burn his house, which was of no great value, and everything in it was carefully taken out and put into the office-houses for the owner's

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[1] See a particular account of this whole affair in this vol. f. 1138, etc.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M. [2] See f. 656. [3] See ff. 156, 657.

April behoof. However, this procedure was very much condemn'd at Inverness, and I believe is the only instance of that kind can be given. [Since writing this, I am inform'd that Carrol lays the whole blame of his house being burnt upon Barrisdale.]

The Earl of Findlater's factor being likewise order'd to pay his proportion of the levy-money, there came a very arrogant epistle from the Earl himself, then at Aberdeen, directed either to his factor or to the Presbyterian minister at Cullen (I don't well remember which), insulting the whole Highland army, and particularly Lord John Drummond, who then commanded the forces at Spey, and forbidding to pay the levy money or anything else. This letter being publish'd, did so irritate Major Glasgow that he went with a party and pillag'd a good many rooms of Lord Findlater's house. 'Twas at first given out that this was done by Lord John Drummond's orders by way of reprisal for the innumerable things of the
fol. 1263. kind that had been and were daily done by the Duke of Cumberland's orders, and to try if the finding their own friends treated in the same way wou'd put a stop to such practices for the time to come. But a gentleman of honour assures me that he heard Lord John refuse the haveing given any such orders, and Glasgow take the whole of it upon himself.

Soon after this the Duke of Cumberland began his march from Aberdeen, and was actually at Banff e're any sure intelligence was got of his motions. For he had stay'd so long at Aberdeen, and so many false reports of his having march'd had been rais'd formerly that at last his enemies turn'd quite secure. As a prelude to what was to happen afterwards, he caus'd hang a poor innocent man at Banff and another at Boindy, within a mile of the former, on pretence of their being spies, tho' such as knew them affirm they had scarce wit enough to do their own country business, far less to play the spy. There likewise the army destroyed a fine chappel belonging to the Episcopal congregation, cutting down the roof, burning the seats, the books, pulpit and altar, and breaking
fol. 1264. the organ in pieces. And this was their constant practice all the way they march'd, with this difference, that in country places they stay'd not to take anything out, but burnt houses, bibles,

prayer-books, and all, as at New Durn, Clyn hill,[1] Keam of Duffus, and many others. And many, both officers and soldiers, have since declared that all this was done at the instigation of the Presbyterians, and was indeed a genuine new edition of their father Knox's first Reformation. The houses of a great many gentlemen that were with the Prince were likewise pillag'd[2] with the greatest rigour. And indeed facts of this kind were so many and notorious that it were quite superfluous to condescend on particular instances. From Banff the Duke march'd to Cullen, where I'm assur'd he was lodg'd by the worthy Countess in the room of the house that had suffered most to shew their distress and plead pity.[3] And next day he cross'd the river Spey without the least opposition, to the great amazement of ev'ry body, who knew how deep and rapid that river was. For tho' it was fordable ev'n by the foot, yet 'tis certain a very little opposition must have put his army into great confusion. April.

Let us therefore take a view of the other army that we may the better judge whence the misconduct happen'd. And certain it is that the unfortunate Prince labour'd under innumerable difficulties at that time, many of which were alone sufficient to have ruin'd his affairs. For, not to mention the private dissentions that had unhappily arisen among some of the great folks about him,[4] he was in great want both of money and intelligence. Several Aberdeenshire gentlemen, who were confident that it was impossible for the Duke to move thro' their country without their being inform'd of it, were nevertheless within an ace of being surpriz'd, drinking in a gentleman's house in the Enzie, by the enemies advanc'd guard, which was within a few miles of them e're they had the least notice of what was doing. This want of intelligence was of very bad consequence, for they who guarded the Pass of Spey under the command of Duke of Perth and his brother were oblig'd to march off in such a hurry that it both frighten'd and fatigu'd the men very much. And the Athole brigade with Roy Stuart's regiment, who were posted farther up the river towards the Grants' country, had scarce time *fol.* 1265. *fol.* 1266.

[1] See f. 1019. [2] See f. 1016. [3] See f. 1234. [4] See f. 659.

April enough to get clear off. There was indeed a design of bringing the whole Highland army towards Spey, in order either to attack that body of the enemy which lay at Huntly, or to dispute the passage of the river with them, shou'd their whole army advance, and a part of the Frasers were actually on their march for that purpose. But the Duke of Cumberland had so good intelligence from his friends in Murray that before the scatter'd parties of the clanns coul'd be got together, he made a quick march, pass'd the Spey, as I have already told, on the Saturday, march'd to Alves on the Sunday, and from that to Nairn on the Monday, where he rested Tuesday the 15th. There he gave an uncommon proof of his mercifull disposition; for a poor fellow, having been hang'd up as a spy, upon assurances of his innocency and at the solicitation of the Presbyterian minister,[1] he graciously order'd him to be *fol.* 1267. cut down, time enough to save his life.

Mean time those under the Duke of Perth, being join'd by the other parties who were canton'd in Moray, made a considerable body at Nairn upon Monday, and stay'd there till the Duke's army came pretty near. But wanting the clanns, in whom their chief confidence lay, they continue their march in good order towards the house of Culloden, having Fitz-James' horse, the guards and the hussars covering their rear, and skirmishing sometimes with the Campbells' light horse and dragoons, who had been sent to harrass them. Notwithstanding the many expresses that had been sent to hasten their joining the Prince at Inverness, the clanns were at that time so scatter'd that it was Monday night, the 14th, e're the Camerons arriv'd at the camp, and of them came only about half the number that had appear'd at Falkirk, it being impossible to get such of them as liv'd in the neighbourhood of Fort William, to turn out till that place shou'd be reduc'd. On Tuesday Keppoch's MackDonalds came up, as much reduc'd in proportion as the former. ClanRannald had but a mere handful of his people.[2] Clunie was still in Badenoch

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[1] Mr. Rose, who (when in Edinburgh at the General Assembly in 1748) owned the truth of this fact in all its parts to several persons who asked him about it.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See ff. 654, 907.

with about 800 men. The MacKenzies were with Lord Cromarty in Sutherland, as were the M'Greggors, the M'Kinnons, and a party of the M'Donalds with Barrisdale; and the half of the Frazers were only on their march with their young chief at the very time of the engagement; so that 'tis certain the Prince wanted upwards of 2000 of his very best Highlanders, ev'n upon Tuesday evening when his army was at the best. However, upon Monday night he order'd them to form and rest on their arms in and about Culloden Parks, while the artillery and ammunition was (brought)[1] carried out of Inverness. On Tuesday morning the whole army was drawn up to Culloden muir, and there form'd in order of battle, consisting of a front and second lines, with a small reserve. All the men seem'd to be in great spirits, expecting the enemy ev'ry moment. The Prince (who was dress'd in a tartan jacket and buff vest) rode with his aid-de-camps from right to left, and address'd each different corps with a chearful smile and salute, which they return'd with loud huzzas, especially when any of the scouts came in with an allarm, and the allarm was given several times on purpose to animate them. Thus past the Tuesday till towards the evening when a general council of war was call'd, in which after some disputes[2] it was resolv'd to march all night, and attack the enemy in their camp at Nairn, which was at about ten miles distance. It was agreed upon that the army shou'd be divided into two columns, the one consisting of the clanns commanded by Lord George Murray, was to advance about a quarter of a mile before the other in order to surround the town of Nairn,[3] and form their attack on the east and north sides of the Duke's camp, whilst the other column, consisting of the French and Lowland regiments, commanded by the Duke of Perth, was to attack them upon the south and west sides, all at one time. The night was dark and somewhat foggy, which no doubt gave great numbers an opportunity to desert, and the ground through which they march'd was very rough and unev'n. However, they went on till the first column was almost at a place call'd Killdrummie, within two miles of the Duke's camp, when all

fol. 1268. April

fol. 1269.

fol. 1270.

[1] This word interlined [ED.] [2] See ff. 430, 659. [3] See f. 440.

16 April of a sudden they were order'd to wheel about and return to Culloden.[1] Who or what it was that occasion'd this unlucky retreat, I shall not pretend with any certainty to determine. But common report and even the best authority I have yet met with fixes it upon Lord George Murray.[2] Some alledge that the column he commanded had gone a little out of the way, and that being afraid he shou'd not be able to reach the enemy before daylight, he advis'd with the gentlemen who commanded under him, and gave it as his opinion that they shoul'd retreat, to which 'tis said they unanimously agreed. 'Tis likewise said that they heard the dragoons at Auldearn, two miles eastward of Nairn, beating their drums for saddles and bridles, which they took to be an allarm in the Duke's camp. Others give out that Lochiel was the first who propos'd their marching back on account of the great desertion *fol.* 1271. he found among his men. But be that as it will, certain it is that the Prince was not consulted, and tho' master of his temper beyond thousands, 'tis impossible to express the concern he was in upon meeting the Duke of Perth's regiment in their way back. Some positively say that he cry'd out, 'I am betray'd. What need I give orders when my orders are disobey'd?' He call'd for the Duke of Perth, who came soon up to him, and inform'd him that the other column had retreated, and that Lord George had sent orders to him, viz. the Duke of Perth, to return to Culloden. He was very keen for sending orders to Lord George to return; but being told that Lord George was already so far on his way back that it would be impossible to bring up the army time enough to execute the intended plan, he said with an audible voice, ''Tis no matter then. We shall meet them and behave like brave fellows.' So back they march'd, and arriv'd at Culloden about sev'n o'clock in the morning. The fatigue of this night's *fol.* 1272. march, join'd to the want of sleep for several nights before and the want of food, occasion'd a prodigious murmuring among the private men, many of them exclaiming bitterly

[1] See ff. 158, 441, 661.

[2] As to the mistakes and aspersions thrown out against Lord George Murray, see this affair cleared up [f. 667 *et seq.*]; and see the whole of Colonel Ker's Account [ff. 648, 670] and the letter [ff. 429, 457].—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

ev'n in the Prince's hearing, which affected him very much. 16 April
Many of them fell asleep in the parks of Culloden and other places near the road, and never waken'd till they found the enemy cutting their throats. Great numbers of them went to Inverness and other adjacent places to look for some refreshment, so that when certain intelligence was brought of the enemys being hard at hand, I'm assur'd there were not above a thousand men ready to appear on the field of battle, and this oblig'd them to draw up about a quarter of a mile farther back than they had done the day before,[1] and on a much less convenient spot of ground. Such as were at a distance acted as their different inclinations led them. Many of them, no doubt, endeavour'd to provide for their safety by slipping off as fast as they cou'd, whilst the rest hurried to the field of battle. About twelve o'clock the lines were brought to some confus'd form. On the right of the front line were the Athole brigade, Camerons and Stuarts, commanded by Lord George Murray. In the centre were the M'Kintoshes, Farquharsons, *fol.* 1273.
M'Leans, M'Laughlans and Chisholms commanded by Lord George Drummond; and on the left were the Frasers and M'Donalds of Keppoch and Clanrannald, commanded by the Duke of Perth. The second line, commanded by Roy Stuart, was made up of Lowlanders, French, Perth's and Glenbucket's regiments, and the reserve of Ogilvies. The right wing was flank'd by the life guards, and the left by the hussars, which, except 40 or 50 French dragoons, ill-mounted, was all the Highland cavalry. But quite different was their appearance this day from what it had been the day before. The men were nodding with sleep in their ranks, and at least 1500 fewer in number. Ev'n the Prince himself, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, was not able to conceal that damp which his last night's disappointment had cast upon his spirits, and it is said that he strongly suspected his designs had miscarried thro' treachery. On the other hand, the Duke's army posted themselves on an advantagious ground, making three lines, cover'd with cannon in the front and *fol.* 1274.
dragoons on the right and left. They had likewise a reserve

[1] See ff. 157, 443, 663.

16 April of dragoons, and some of these with the Campbells had taken possession of a park upon the Highlanders' right, in order to flank them either when they shou'd advance or retreat. Some of Stoniewood's regiment assert that Colonel Baggot had advis'd to post them along the outside of that park dyke, which probably wou'd have prevented a good deal of the mischief these Campbells and dragoons afterwards did,[1] but that Lord George Murray wou'd not hear of it. Both armies being now within cannon shot of one another, the Highlanders took off their bonnets, and gave a great shout, which the enemy answer'd with a huzza. Then the Prince's cannon fir'd twice from right to left before the Duke's, but did little or no execution, only the dragoons on the left were observ'd to reel a little. Immediately after that the Duke's cannon began and fir'd without intermission the whole time of the action, and tho' many of the balls went quite over the Highland lines, yet *fol.* 1275. there 's no doubt but such a long and uninterrupted fire kill'd a good many, especially after the cannon were loaded with grape shot, which was done upon the Highlanders advancing nearer. Matters looking thus but very gloomy, the Prince call'd a short general council of war, in which some propos'd to retreat a little to the hills till Clunie, the M'Donalds of Glengarie and Barrisdale, the M'Kenzies, Frazers, and the other absent Highlanders, shou'd conveen, these being a great part of the flower of the Prince's army. It was argued that engaging with regulars so advantageously posted and compleatly form'd, and so far superiour in numbers, was a very desperate and unadvisable attempt.[2] That there were not above 5000 of the Highland army on the field, whereas the other army, consisting of 15 regiments of foot and of horse, besides a part of Loudon's regiment, the Campbells, and other volunteers, cou'd not be much under 10,000, and was given out *fol.* 1276. to be 15,000 strong. That their whole cause depended on the issue of this battle, and therefore that they ought not to engage without some probability of success. It was likewise proposed to continue the cannonading for some time, untill a detatchment which Roy Stuart offer'd to lead shou'd march privately about

[1] See ff. 160, 445, 664.

[2] See ff. 128, 447.—F.

by the Water of Nairn, and attack the enemy in the rear, 16 April
whilst the main body advanc'd and attack'd them in front; that this wou'd not only distract the enemy, and be apt to throw them into confusion, but wou'd likewise deprive them in some measure of the great advantage they then had by having the wind and weather in their backs, which at that very time was exceeding stormy. But notwithstanding all these overtures and arguments it was carried to attack without hesitation, to leave their cannon behind, and to rush in sword in hand, as the only chance they had to discomfit the regulars, whom they had so often defeated in that way. The Prince was quite against fighting;[1] and the only time it was that ever he appear'd to be of that opinion. But he behoov'd to yield, and accordingly orders were given to the respective *fol.* 1277.
officers to cause the men keep up their fire till they cou'd do certain execution, and then upon the first fire to throw away their guns and attack sword in hand. The Highlanders were yet at a considerable distance, and the enemies cannon playing upon them all the time with ball. But when they came within 300 yards, the regulars loaded their cannon with grape shot, and kept a continued running fire of their small arms upon them so long, that 'tis surprizing they did no more execution. In advancing, Lord George Murray had inclined a good deal to the right, probably to avoid being flanked by the dragoons, but this occasioning a gap towards the left, the M'Donalds were in danger of being surrounded, which made them stop till the Duke of Perth's and Glenbucket's regiments were drawn forward from the 2d line to make up the line. Meantime the right being batter'd with cannon and small arms in the front, and by the Campbells from the park dyke in the flank, fell into disorder and went off, and suffer'd more in their retreat *fol.* 1278.
than they did in advancing. The center of the Highlanders at the same time fell in with a part of the enemie's left, broke Barrel's regiment, and drove all before them, and took two of their cannon.[2] But the right wing having fled, and the left

[1] This appears to me not to be true. [See ff. 159, 662, 673.]—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] This, I believe, is a mistake, for the right wing it was (under Lord George Murray's command) that broke the left of the enemy, and took two of their

having stopt till the two regiments above mention'd shou'd come up, another regiment came up to the support of Barrel's, and the center of the Highlanders was almost surrounded. Then all went to wreck.

[Here end the two sheets of a narrative in the handwriting of the Revd. Mr. George Innes.]

The Revd. Mr. George Innes was with me in Leith from Thursday night, August 24th, to Friday forenoon, September 1st, 1749, when (at my request) he allowed me to keep the two sheets of a narrative in his own handwriting above-mentioned. [See in this vol. ff. 1280, 1281.]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[In another hand there is added on this page]

The late Glenaladale told the Revd. D. Mackintosh, that he saw the Major of the Mackintoshes a gun-shot past the enemy's cannon at Culloden muir. The Major's name was John MacGilvrae.

fol. 1279. *Copy of the Performance* (*mentioned in Mr. Innes's Letter*) *in imitation of Dr. Arbuthnot's upon Charteris.*

1.

Here continueth to stink
The memory of the [Duke of Cumberland][1]
Who with unparallel'd barbarity,
And inflexible hardness of heart,
In spite of all motives to lenity
That policy or humanity could suggest,
Endeavour'd to ruin S——d
By all the ways a T——t cou'd invent.

2.

Nor is he more infamous
For the monstrous inhumanity of his nature,
Than fortunate in accumulating
Titles and wealth;

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cannon, as appears from other accounts. [See ff. 129, 160, 446, 665-674.] —ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[1] See f. 1245.

For
Without merit,
Without Experience,
Without military skill,
He is created a Field M——l and Captain General,
Has the profits of two regiments,
And a settled revenue of 40,000 a year.

3.

He is the only man of his time
Who has acquir'd the name of a heroe
By the actions of a butchering Provo't;
For having with 10,000 regular troops
Defeated half that number of famish'd and fatigu'd militia,
He murder'd the wounded,
Hang'd or starv'd the prisoners,
Ravag'd the country with fire and sword,
And having rioted in cruelty, posted off at last in triumph *fol.* 1280.
With the suppos'd head
Of a brave unfortunate Prince.

4.

O! loyal reader!
Let not his success tempt thee to despair!
Heaven that punisheth us for our sins,
Cannot overlook such crimes as these.
Having once fill'd up the measure of his iniquity,
His glory will vanish like the morning dew.
And they who now adore him as a hero and a God,
Will at last curse him
As a madman and a devil.

Copy of my Return to the Revd. Mr. George Innes, at his house in Forres, by post.

Dear Sir,—Your kind favours of March 15th reached me only this day, and had come from Crieff by post. I highly 29 April 1749

29 April value your present, and shall be glad of the continuance of your good offices in the same shape, when a proper opportunity comes in your way, which I wish may be soon. Pray let me have your particular favours by some sure private hand. *Verbum sapienti sat est.* In due time your present shall be *fol.* 1281. returned. Yesterday I had your present in imitation of Dr. Arbuthnot's, etc., which is exceedingly well done with life and spirit, and according to truth and justice. In haste, but with much sincerity, I am, Dear Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS SMITH.

April 29th, 1749.

N.B.—Mr. Innes's letter to me was directed thus:

To Mr. Thomas Smith, to the care of the Revd. Mr. Robert Forbes at Leith.

The above direction was according to my desire; for when Mr. George Cheyne went north in the beginning of 1747, I desired him to tell his cousin (Mr. Innes) to direct his letters to me as above, when he had anything of consequence to transmit to me, especially when he was not very sure of his bearer. Mr. Innes's letter to me is to be found among my papers, as also the copy of the performance (in Mr. Innes's handwriting) in imitation of Dr. Arbuthnot's upon Charteris. The two sheets of a narrative in Mr. Innes's handwriting I keep by me till a right opportunity offer to return them.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1282. COPY of some parts of a LETTER from the Rev. WILLIAM ABERNETHIE (London, May 16th, 1749), to me, R. F.

6 May 1749 I was yesternight at the meeting of the Independent electors in Westminster, but I don't think I shall be there again. It seems to be greatly on the decline. None of the peers or commoners were present, nor indeed did I see anybody almost of fashion except the chairman, Sir Thomas Dykes. I passed

a few hours, however, pretty merrily, as every health was succeeded by 3 loud huzzas and a long clap with feet and hands. The 1st toast was prosperity to Ch—— and King; the 2d to the Prince; the 3d to the Independent Electors of Westminster. May their example be followed by every city and county in Britain, and thereby endeavour to save their sinking country. The 4th toast was to the P—— again; the 5th success to the next Royal visitation; the 6th and 7th were private healths, and the last that I witness'd was in these words: May the late ridiculous undertaking of fireworks illuminate the minds of every true Briton. Betwixt the toasts we were entertain'd with some songs, such as the 'Highland Ladie,' 'A Hero from fair Clementina,' 'The Character of a Whig,' etc. The last verse of every song was sung twice over, and a glass drunk without naming any toast. *N.B.*—At every health the company, which was about 67, stood up. The meeting is the first Friday of every month, and anybody who will pay 1 shilling at his entry may go to it. 6 May. *fol.* 1283.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

South Leith, April 27th, 1749.—I received by the hands of Mr. Alexander Leith, two letters and a narrative from his mother,[1] all in her own handwriting. One of the letters and the narrative were written on the same paper, and took up eleven folio pages without any date or direction. Here follows a copy of the first letter and narrative:— *fol.* 1284. 27 April 1749

SIR,—Your agreeable leter I received with pleasor, but not a litle surprised at sight of the berer, who was only four weeks and four days from this place when he return'd again, wich indeed was too weel performed by a foot traveler.

I delivered your compliments to Mr. Hay, who promised to writ you.

And now that I most proceed to give you my history I shal refer what ellss I have to say to another time, and am, Sir, yours affectionatly, *Sic subscribitur*, A. L.

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[1] See f. 1214.

2 Aug. 1745 August the Second, 1745.—I left Strathbogie and came to this place with ane intention to make no longer stay then to fitt out my son I had in this place for going with me to
fol. 1285. Aberdeenshire; but being detained two or three weeks in that time came General Coup with the army under his command, the beginning of so much confusition in the country that it was impracticable for me to travel; so that I resolved to setle for some time. I then took rooms in a convenent place of the town, putt my boy to school, and so composed myself; but that composer I did not long injoy. For my nearest relations, who are some of them the most conspikous persons in town, and wer then my freends, soon became my greatest enemies. They hapen, all of them, to be of ane opisit way of thinking, and at that time it was no easy matter for one to conseal ther real sentements, nor indeed had I policy enough to do so, for then my hops wer very great. Som weeks theraffter was Lord Lovat brought in prisoner, and it so hapened that his Lordships lodgeings and mine was under the same rooff. My apartment had so near a comunecation with his Lordship's bedchamber that I could hear every word spoke ther, and indeed at that time knew his greatest secrets. I had
fol. 1286. the honour to be his Lordship's relation, my grandmother being a daughter of that faimly. My sentements also runing in a chanel with his Lordships no wonder I should be ready to serve hime. It 's no secret that he then made his escape from Lord Louden, whose prisour he was. In this I was only thus far assisting. Ther is a door opens from my apartment to the room he sleept in wich for the convenencey of diffrent faimalys had been shut up a very long time, but upon this urgent occation was mad open, wich could not be don without my knowledge. So that justly suposeing me a frend it was found convenent to trust me with the secret, wich with the wise conduct of others and my smal concurance was prety weel performed. Ther was only one pair stairs frome me in to a gardin, of wich I had the keye, wich gardin has a pass door to the bak part of the toun wher ther was a caireage prepaird with frends to atend—he had been all the whil in areast in a privit house upon parole of honour. In the afternoon of that day they suspected his Lordship, and placed

double sentinals upon the hous wich entred by a stair from the street, but luckely my part of the house was within a close gate wich was not suspected until about six hours affter he was gone, wherin that proverbe was veryfyed that shuting the stable when the steeds stolen. *fol.* 1287. *c.* Sep.

He went of at 5 aclok in the evening, and was not mist until ten acloke nixt day, but they did me the honour to plant a guard upon my ladyship at ten at night, wich indeed deverted me a litle, and at ten acloke nixt day was the discovry when Lord Louden coming to pay his euswal complements to his prisoner found him not.

Then a general search over all the toun, but to no effect, only Mrs. Leith suposed guilty, wherupon the landlady of the house wher the prisour was —— was carryd by a guard of sixty men to the Castle and ther exaimend and let out upon bail, but I was allowed to keep my own house with a guard upon me twenty-four hours, then slightly exaimend and came off with flying coulerss, wich was owing to my being nearly intrested in some of the leading men in toun strickly atached to the Government. Meantime I got the spite of a great many who stil keep up a grudge against me. *fol.* 1288.

Some months theraffter when the most ameiaable of men came to this place I hade the good fortunn to see a great number of freinds, relations, and the best aquaintances I had in the sevrel places of my residence wich, together with the hops I had at that time, put me in tope spirits. But ah! how soon the scene was changed. I had bitter for sweet, but I had indeed mor then feamal courage at that time, for on the morning of the fatale day about three of the clock I put myselfe in disguise and went only accompanyed by your old handmaid, Eppy, to the place wher our freends lay, wher, alass, many of them wer in a starving condition. I carryed with me such succors for some of my freinds as strenthned and suported them a litle in ther extremity. I hade the pleasor to hear some time affter these my freends say that undr God this seasonable refreshment contributed much to ther coming saffe out of the feild. But litle did I thinke of the unhappy event being so near at hand when I set out on this adventer. February 1746 *fol.* 1289.

Nothing then but scenes of horor every moment, every day

17 April and hour fresh alarms of some freinds being taken til at last ther wer so many that I knew not whom to have most at heart. All the prisons wer fil; but of all the prisoners those in the French servise had the greatest liberty granted them, I mean such in the French servise as wer natives of our oune country, amongst wich ther was several pretty gentlemen of my acquaintance, and some my relations, in particular a brother of Castlehils, Collenel Cuthbert. He was then Captain in Lord John Drumond's regement. He is now Leuttenant-collenel of the same, and Lord Lewes, Collenl in cheife. Ther was allso one Captain Gray, a gentleman of a smal estate in Sutherland, who has been a few yearss only serving in France.
fol. 1290. This gentleman confided much in my freendship as being ane olde courteir of mine, and indeed at this time wod wilingly renewed his claime. Ther was also a gentleman in the Spainish servise, one Collenel Kendela, one of the best men I ever was aquaint with. It was he that cam to the Islland of Bara in the North Hylands, and landed the arms that were found ther.

These gentlemen had all a very great right to any favor I could doe theme in ther destress. Nevertheless ther felow prisoners depended as much upon my poor offices of freindship as they did. In short from the 17 of Appril until the 29 of July theraffter I never was two hours at a time in my own house but while I sleept, stil going from prison to prison, and from one great person to ane other soliciting favors for the destrest. And indeed I was for some time very successful therin. This Colonel Cuthberts, my relation, whom I mention befor, was very intimat with Lord Lewis Drumond and the French ambasader, whom we durst not at that time stile so, but when we spok of him call him the Maurqekes. Thos
fol. 1291. two great men wer only prisoners at large, but our countrymen wer confin'd in the keeping of the greatest tyrent in the whol army, one Captain Aires, so that when at any time this cruell man put them under any hardship, wich he offten did, then I hade recourss in ther name to Lord Lewis and the Ambasedr, who did not fail in applying to Lord Albemarle, Lord Carcart and others bearing command, demanding the eusage due to prisoners of war. This procured the prisoners better treatment, but mad this wicked man my great enemy, so that he

and others in power at that time took all occations of accusing me. April

It 's true at that time non ells wod have ventured as I did. Ther was neither man or woman in this place wold have venturd to visit ther nearest relation in prison; people wer so chikenharted and so much afraid of ther intrest, that they wold not visit even a brother. And indeed no wonder, as ther was nothing but persecuting of everybody suposed to have a good wish to that cause.

And so it hapened to me. As I was one day passing in the *fol.* 1292. street, in my way to visit my destrest freinds, I was seased and caryed prisoner by this Captain Airs, atended with some screwed bynots, wich he told was by General Husk's orders. Then I was narrowly searcht for letters or other papers, but luckly non about me. I had no accses to my relations, having forfiete ther favor by my sentements, nor did I give them any trouble on this occation; but I found means to convoy a letter to a true freend of our oune side, and not suspected. This freend waited upon General Huske, and represented the unjustice of Captain Airs proceeder, and told I was only a privat widow gentlewoman, who had neither husband nor son capable of rebellion, and that I only visit some of my relations who wer prisoners of ware. Huske gave orders I should be released, and protested he knew nothing of it; so that at that time I was soon liberat. But affter this I was three diffrent times taken up again, but not confined above four hours at a time. Lord Lewis Drumond took it very ill that I was so eused on account of doing good to his distrest officers. By this time I *fol.* 1293. had the honour of being pretty well acquainted with his lordship. He was then very bad of his wounds, but his good nattur stil allowed of being spok with on all occations. He had very litle English, and I no French, but thr was allways some gentlemen about him wich interpret betwixt us, and he was so tuched with what I suffered, that he made intrest with Lord Albermarle, and got my antagonest, Captain Aris, suspendeed from his officse. He had the care of all the prisons in toun, and surveyed them at all hours, but from this time had no mor charge of them until the 29 of Jun, that they wer all shipt for London to take ther tryal, and then he was sent along

April. with them, to ther great greeff. But the prison houses were no sooner emtyed but they were all ful again; numbers taken every day, amongest wich was Glenbueckit, younger, I mean the blinde man. This gentleman was my husband's relation,
fol. 1294. and I had a very great concern about him; his case called for pitty. When he was taken he had neither mony nor servants to take care of him, nor could he take care of himselfe, being blinde.

At his desire I went to every person in toun whome he had formerly any trust in, but to no purpose; for in this adversse state non wod com near him, nor do him the least servise. However, I got him som mony upon my oun credit, and I did all that was in my power for him and those that wer in company with him. Ther was M'Kneal of Barra, a brother of Loch Moidart's, three Popish preists, and two of our tounsmen taken up on suspicion, all in the same room, but they being rebele prisoners, as they called theme, I hade not such free accses to them as to the French officers. This was in the month of July. The grand army was all at Fort Agustus. Only tuo regments lay in toun, Blakeny's and Battraw's.

Genrel Blakny then commanded hear, a very strict man; he wod not allow any person to have the least intercourss with prisoners. But ther was one Captain Collinwood, now Governor of Fort Agustus, who luckely was an old acquaintance of Glenbucketts; this gentleman mad intrest with Genreal Blakny to have me priviliged to visit the prisoners at all howers that were
fol. 1295. seasonable. I was said to be Glenbucketts relation, and he at that time was in a very bade state of health. By this I had the honour to be marked in their orderly book, and every day as the gaurd was changed, the officer that mounted recived my name, with orders to let me pass and repass, and allso my servent, wich I most take the liberty to say was a great blessing to the prisoners, wich many of them hes returned with ingratitude.

Tho I have suffered in my health by the extraordinary fatigue I had, and in my circomstance as far as it was capable of being hurt; but blessed be God, not in my caracter, save only that I was commonly called the Grand Rebel. And altho I got many enemys on this account, yet I hop I did only what was pleasing to God and good men.

My situation at this time was something better than it had been for some time before—Jun, fortyfive, when my unkle sent for Sandye, he was so good as send me fortye pounds sterling to fitt him out, and to put me in some litle way of taking care of the other. This litle mony I was indevouring to turn to the best advantage by trading a litle in a privat way, but in a very short I reduced myself to my former straits by suporting those I have allready mentioned. July *fol.* 1296.

July the 29d.—All the prisoners then in toun wer shiped of again for London, so that the house was cleansed a second time, and was emty for a night or therabouts. But as ther was closs search everywher, ther was no day passed but ther was some taken, and I stil had the misfortun to have some acquaintance amongest them, and by being acquainted with one or two of a number I always became a slave to the whole. But now that the hurry was a litle over, maliciouse people had the mor time to inspect the conduct of such as wer not of their oune oppinion. Ther was some in place who mad it ther chief business to inform againest every bodey they suposed to have the least good wish to any that suffered in that cause, so that ther was a plot laid againest me that was somwhat deverting. 29 July

Ther was one, Captain Dunlope, a Scotish man, who to his shame be it spoken, was a very great persecuter. He belonged to Blakny's regment, and the Genral's great companion. Ther is also one, Mr. Cahoun, who is Fort-major in this place, a very great vilan. This Cahoun told Dunlope that notwithstanding my rebelliouse principels, that I was a sea officers widow, and that I had a yearly pension of the Government. It seems they had been told I was nece to Comisinary Geddess. They went to severals in toun to learn from these if my husband died in the Navy serviss, but they hapened to go to such as could not rightly informe theme, wich oblidged theme to com to my selfe to aske the question, wherupon I tooke occation to aske for what reason they disyred to know in what servise my husband died. *fol.* 1297.

Dunlope told me he was sent by Genrel Blakeney, who hade ane order frome the Crown to know if I was alive and in this place, in order that he might draw my pention, as my name was found in the list of the pentioner widows. I imediatly knew *fol.* 1298.

fol. 1298. July it was stratagem, and truly I had the ill nattur to keep theme in the darke, by making them a return in the following words: I am indeed the person you inqueir about. I return you thanks for the trouble you hav taken, and shal be much obliedged to General Blakny when he maks good my pention, as I need it very much.

Being then secure, as they thought, of working out their desine, they straightway drew up ane information againest me, wich they put in the hands of Genral Blakeny. The contents of it was, that from the day of Culloden I had gon on in a courss of treasonable practices; that I was aiding and assisting to the rebels who wer sculking about, and also conversing withe such of them as wer prisoners; that I had a pention frome the Government, and that I passed for a widow, but was certanly marryed to a French officer, and that I recived letters from the prisoners at London, Carlile, and other places, with privat intelligence for others. This information was sent to Lord Albermarle, who then commanded at Edenbrough. His Lordship sente it to London. In short ther was orders sent to the Naveye offices to look the books for such a persons name, in *fol.* 1299. order they suposed to have me cutt out of my pention, but ther could be no such name found ther. So that finding out ther mistake, my adversarys was the more incensed, and stil sought occation againest me. General Blakeny sent to the Post Office, stopt all letters derected to me, read them, some of them they keept, others they sent me when they had pereused them, wich I send you for ane amusement. Those youl see subscribed John Gray, from Southwarke Goail, is the gentleman I mention'd befor who willingly wod have made me his compainon for life. Those youl see subscribed Ultan Kindelan is the Spainish gentleman I likways mentioned, one of the most religious men I ever was aquainted with—ane Englishman born.

But at last ther was an order to search my keepings, that is trunks, or such like, for letters, but non found that I valowed much, only a letter frome a particwaler freend, wrott in Lord Seeforths house, but no name subjoyned, a coppy of wich I have sent you, datted December 11d., 1746, from the Land of For- *fol.* 1300. getfulness, as youl see. Ther was then an order given out that

no man, woman, nor child should be admitted to visit any prisoner, nor was any sargent nor corperal allowed to keep the keys of the prison as formerly, no, nothing less thane ane officer; and if those wer to disobey orders, it was to be at the perrel of ther commission. Dec.

This order was strikly obeyed for some time, wich added much to the miesery of the poor sufferers. But as it hapened ther was a gentleman, ane officer of one of those regments I mentioned befor, was my particular freind and welwisher, this freind wod go any lenth to serve me, and indeed he suffred much upon my account. This gentleman is natturly good humored, a mane of great parts, allways disposed to doe good offices, and in fine a common welwisher to mankind.

His oun good disposition with his wilingness to serve me occationed him to com to much trouble. He did all he could to acomedat the poor gentlemen prisoners when it was his turn to command the gaurd and to obleidge theme he offten mounted gaurd when it was not his turn on purpose to make them easey; also provided them in pen, inke, and paper wich was expressly forbid them. By this means they comunicat ther minds to me for I was stil ther soliciter genrel, and when any of the weldisposed people of the town or country had a mind to administer to the relieff off the poorer sort who wer offten in great want, then it was sent privatly to my hand to be delivered to theme. And when any of the poor gentlemen wanted to see me, if it was once or twice a week, then this freend of mine still ventered to bring me ther till at last it was discovered. *fol.* 1301.

Captain Dunlope, whom I have mentioned in the forgoing leaves, bore him a very great spite for no other reason then that he coresponded with me, so that he wached my frends steps each day he had the gaurd so closs that one night when we wer coming down the prison stairs my frend, who was then officer of the gaurd was imediatly put under areast by the Genrel's order, and then was tryed by a general Court Marshal. He was suspended three months and was prisoner two, and had he not had good freends he had certanly lost his commission. His tryal was sent to the King, and he stil prisoner until the return therof. All the time of his confinment I *fol.* 1302.

c. March myselfe was very bad. You may beleve it gave me unexpressable consern that any gentleman should suffer so much on my account; altho' indeed he submitted to his tryal with so much easeyness and greatness of soul that it was stil the mor shocking to me; for the extrem greeffe I was under gave him mor pain then any rusk he run in loss of his comission, and all the while durst not be known to corespond with me—that was treason. Nevertheles we exchanged letters every day but without any date or name; but hou soon he was at liberty and had his sword restored him he then visit me avowedly as formerly; and we stil corespond by letters. Some of these short nots he wrot me in his confinment I send to you by way *fol.* 1303. of voucher. Ther was also ane other officer of Blaknys regement, one Mr. Fraser, was brought to tryel on the same acount, but upon examination was found inocent. I never had the least aquaintance of him, nor did he ever admit me to visit the sufferers. Therfor his prosecution was easey and he was liberat in a fortnight.

Now about two months affter this came the order for liberating all the prisoners in general, wich gave me great pleasor, tho' too late. I was now out of danger. But had my enemys got ther desyr I had certaingly got the honour confered upon me of being carryed to London state prisoner.

You may beleeve my unkle, who is on of the present comissionarys of the Navy could not miss to be surprised at my name being searcht for in the Navye books, as he wel knew I had no right to that as my husband had never served in the Navy; wherupon I thought it advisable to writ hime least he *fol.* 1304. should intertain any mistake to my disadvantage, told him that I was called upon by General Blakeneys order, the question was put to me if I was his neece and such a mans relict, that they told me they had ane order frome the Crown to aske about me wich mad me suspect they had some bade desine againest me, it being a time that no person of the least charitable disposition could escape being taken notice of; that I knew myselfe guilty of nothing but what was incumbent upon me either by relation, frendship or gratutude; that visiting the poor prisoners was all they had to accuse me with, wich was a duty upon every Cristiane, and that by reason of my

narow circomestance I could not doe theme any material ser- May
vise; yet the meanest person of any had it in their power to doe some offices of kindness to those in destress wiche is all that my persecuters can justly lay to my charge; and that if it was a crime it was such a one as he, I hopt wold easeyly forgive. However from that day until this I never received one letter frome hime alltho I have wrot hime many, wich to *fol.* 1305.
be sure is a very great loss to me—for at the time he sent for Sandy he wrot to my Lady Braco that he intended to setle somthing upon me yearly, for he put to her ladyship wither she thought it fitt that he should give me a certain sum of mony to put me in the way of busieness or give me so much yearly. This letter my Lady Braco sent to me to consider of. Allso he proposed taking all my sons hou soon they wer fitt to be put to business, as you 'l see by my Ladys letter to me when at Strathbogie, wich I have sent you, not that I doubt your beleefe of what I say, but that youl be the mor certan of the realty of what I have here wrot.

Ther is allso a letter of Glenbuckets since he cam home to his own place, wich youl see is wrot in a very gratful strain. But this gentleman acts a quit contrary part. Not that I disyred any of his favors, but have not yet got one shiling of *fol.* 1306.
what I advanced for him, nor doe I beleeve I ever wil. It is uncrediable what unjustice I have met with by many of theme I did most for at that time. But I hop God will reward me. Ther is nothing mor certan then that the maledy I now labour under was brought upon me cheefly by the fatigue I took upon me at that time, wich I am afraid I never will get the better of. Gods will be don.

The few verses youl see marked for and against was done by the same person who was auother of the letter frome the Land of Forgetfulness.

Copy of the other Letter from Mrs. Leith.

Dear Sir,—I have sent you what you disyrd but am afraid 29 March
it wil give you trouble to read it. But you know I am a very 1749

29 March bad pen-woman, and indeed I did not chuse to have it done by ane other hand. It goes by Sandy.

I shal be somwhat uneasey until I know hou these baffels I send come to your hand. They are not directed to any body.

fol 1307. Ther are not one sentence therin contained but real truth. This with my blessing, wising you all maner of happyness, I am, Dear Sir, Your most affectionat humble servant

Sic subscribitur, ANE LEITH.

Inverness, March 29, 1749.

P.S.—This being the shurest berer I could get in the world mad me writ those sheets with the greater hury. Therfor I hop youl excuse errors.

N.B.—The originals of the two preceeding letters and of the narrative from Mrs. Leith are to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of the LETTER from the Land of Forgetfullness, mentioned by Mrs. LEITH in her Narrative.

From the Land of Forgetfulness,
December the 11^{d}, 1746.

11 Dec. 1746 Youl easyly percive by our epistles that ther is neither grammer, Dictioner, nor spelling books in this venerabl Castle. But without consulting Dictioners its known all over the world that Astrea was overpowered Spring last, and fled a land unworthy of her who spurnd the bless that courted them.

Mrs. Leith's epistle mad me dream last night of the saccred *fol.* 1308. person againest wich ther is no Act of Parlement, I hop. Methought I saw Astrea descend from the fair feilds of light to remount her forfathers thron wich was suported by law and loyalty upon wich she satte by the love of her piople and held the silkin reines of goverment, and with benevolence and clemency began to weild the septer of vertue and honour, while wisdome derected her hand to reward merit and punish vice. Beneath her sway flourised liberty, wealth, peace, truth and love. Content and joy appeared in every face,—when by

Astrea, bribery, corruption, factious strife, falshood, luxery and every licencious vice was banished far from her court, wher wrongs was redress'd and the afflicted found a freind; wher the widows tears were dryed and the orpahan found a father. 11 Dec.

But Ah! how soon the scene was changed when Astrea with her faithful few took the feild againest her enemys, and spite of a stout resistance was defeat, and forssed to fly befor the arme of unjustice. Then murder, rapin, ruin and desolation ensued. The fatal moment no age nor sex escape. Ane universal misery deluge all. When Astrea with a few that escaped the genrall wreck fled to the mountains, and being the peculiar care of heaven, was preserved for happyer days undaunted amidest *fol.* 1309. adversity and great in their sufferings; secur in this that Haven is just and they are but tryed, not punished; and wil one day shine forth a glorious example to bless her piople. I could have wished to have slept til I had seen her restored to her throne but was unluckily awaked by breakfast bell. I disyr no more folioues of blank paper eles I wil send my evil genious to haunt your apartment, and you shal have no peace at hom nor satisfaction broad. Adew.

N.B.—The copy of the above in the handwriting of Mrs. Leith is to be found among my papers. I received all the letters mentioned by Mrs. Leith in her Narrative as sent to me, and they very fully instruct her great care and concern for the distressed gentlemen, and her seasonable acts of compassion and pity performed to them.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to MRS. LEITH at Inverness, Scotland. *fol.* 1310.

DEAR MADAM,—After a tedious passage wee arrived here the twenty-first instant at Southwarke Goall, wher your friend the Collonell, Mr. Glasgowe, and two more French offichers and I are confined in lusty fetters that may weigh fourty pounds each. Wee are at a loss to learne the reason whey wee 28 June 1746

28 June have thus harss treatment more than our brother offichers who are lodged in the Marshalley prisson unfetterd. Meenwhile its the current oppion the Court will hold the cartell unviolable with France. I feell now the loss of such a valuable friend as you in my present distres.

Wee suspect Captain Earess recommend us to have thus ussage.

Im most uneassy to know your present state of health wich will infinitly relive, Dear Madam, Yow weell wisher and sincere friend, *Sic subscribitur*, JOHN GRAY.

London, 28 *Jun* 1746.

fol. 1311. COPY of a LETTER to MRS. LEITH, to the care of the Postmaster of Inverness, Scotland.

20 Sept. 1746 DEAR MADAM,—Last Munday I was favoured with yours of the 5 instant.

God be praised, Im now pretty weell recovered as to my health, only my fetters and the toothache does frequently exercize my patience, and were I of the oppinion of Pithagorus as to the transmigration of souls I shud thinke my former station behived to be no less than Sovereaigne of Turkie, or some dispoticke Assiaticke monarch. Such is my hard treatment in my present station. With the first opportunity shall make your complements to your coussin the Collonell. Mr. Olephant desires to be kindly remembered to you as doth, Dear Madam, Your most obedient humble servant,

Sic subscribitur, JOHN GRAY.

Southwarke Goall, 20 *September* 1746.

N.B.—I thought fit to make out the two preceeding tran-
fol. 1312. scripts (the originals of which are to be found among my papers) as vouchers of the treatment some of the French officers met with when brought to London. For it is worth remarking that (after all the harshness used against them) they were at last exchanged, even Captain Hay not excepted, upon whom sentence of death was passed at Carlisle.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Copy of a Letter to the Revd. Mr. John MacLachlan in Argyleshire.[1]

My dear Sir,—Your kind and obliging letter of August 24th I received not till November 20th, and till now I could never meet with an opportunity of acknowledging the favour. 19 May 1749

Herewith you'll receive a book in a present which I have had lying by me for a long time, till a proper bearer should cast up, and at last (being wearied with waiting) this honest cock [2] came in my way, who was my fellow prisoner.

I must beg leave still to importune you to favour me with a narrative of such facts (within a certain period of time) as you can have well vouched. For you cannot readily fail at last to make up a collection of remarkable occurences, as your place of abode is well situated for such a purpose. But be sure to let me have your commands by some sure private hand, and not by post; for they still have the custom of making open letters at post offices. I am as busy as ever in making up a collection, and am still meeting with a fresh pacquet from one correspondent or another. But when I may come to an end of collecting I know not. *fol.* 1313.

We have really no news here that one can depend upon, and therefore they are not worth mentioning.

I heartily thank you for your kind remembrance of me, and sincerely am, Reverend Dear Sir, Your most affectionate brother, and very humble servant, Robert Forbes.

May 19*th*, 1749.

By the foremention'd Mr. Alexander Leith I received a letter from the Revd. Mr. James Hay at Inverness,[3] a copy of which is as follows:[4]— *fol.* 1314.

Reverend dear Sir,—Silence cannot be my fault since its owing, I do assure you, to a disapointment. I applyed, timely, 14 March 1749

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[1] See f. 1129.
[2] Archibald MacLachlan.
[3] See ff. 1120, 1284.
[4] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 244.

14 March to one, who hase, I am told, a greater stock of materials than any, who, and several times since, promised what I wanted. The last return I got was that my orders should be soon obeyed, when you may expect all the return in my power. Let me know if I can send them with the common post.

All your friends mind you with great esteem. I ever am yours, *Sic subscribitur*, Ut Ante.

March 14*th*, 1749.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1315. According to the promise contained in the preceding letter I received by a private hand (Mr. Patrick Baillie) a large pacquet on Friday, May 12th, 1749, from the foresaid Revd. Mr. James Hay, which pacquet contained 15 pages (quarto) in the handwriting of said Mr. Hay, and 11 pages (folio) in the handwriting of some other person whom I knew nothing about. But (perhaps) he may be the one mentioned in the preceding Letter. Here follows an exact copy of the 15 pages (4to) in Mr. Hay's own handwriting.

16 April 1746 One of the dragoons who came first into Inverness after the battle of Calloden oblidged a servant maid to hold his horse in a closs and then he followed two Low Country men into a house where he hash'd them with his broad sword to death. The maid heard their lamentable cryes, and when he came out he was all blood. Poor men! they had no arms.

At the same time some of these dragoons found a gentleman,[1]
fol. 1316. who was highly distressed with a fever, not able to stur from his bed, and there they cut his throat. He and the other two were sometime unburied, for none durst venture to do it. Ther was a poor beggar killed on the street.

The prisoners were in a most miserable condition, being stripped of their cloaths when taken. They were sent to prisons, and some had not wherewith to cover their naked-

[1] This is more circumstantially narrated by Mr. Francis Stewart, vol. v. f. 1091, *et seq.*—Robert Forbes, A.M.

ness. No regard had to the cryes of the wounded or to the groans of the dying. No surgeon allow'd to apply proper remedies for their care or recovery, and when any of these were in the same unhappy circumstances their instruments were taken from them that they might give no relief. It was reckon'd highly crimenal and very dangerous to give them anything, even water. The servant maids had more then common courage. They did (men and boys being allowed to go to the prisoners, but the guards were dischargd upon their peril to let any of them out) all that was possible for them, tho' they were sure of maletreatment. And Anna M'Kaye,[1] a poor woman, descended of very honest substantiall people in the Isle of Sky, who had her house and effects of a considerable value burnt, as was attested by the best in that island, made it her chief bussiness to get for and carry to the prisoners every thing that possibly she could; so that she was justly called the prisoners' nurse. When Mr. Nairn made his escape, sad and dismall was the treatment she met with. Poor woman! what small effects she had got (she being in town sometime before) was taken from her, and she was carried to the guard among a house full of sogars, and the orders were that she should not be allowed to sitt or ly down, and in that condition she was keept for three days and three nights. The common language she was intertaind with she will not nor cannot express. She was at five court martialls, had many promises and many threatings, such as scourging to tell who had a hand in Mr. Nairn's escape. She was keept seven weeks thereafter in common prison and contracted a swelling in her legs that she 'll never get the better off. 16 April *fol.* 1317.

Murdoch M'Raw was taken in or near Fort Augustus,[2] who had no concern in the Highland army. (He was nearest relation to the chieftain of that name.) Being sent prisoner to *fol.* 1318.

[1] See f. 1124, where this story is more minutely told. The agreement or sameness of circumstances in the narratives of Mr. Hay and Mr. Stewart is the more remarkable, as I never allowed Mr. Hay to know that I had got anything from Mr. Stewart, who went from Leith to London and from London to Carolina, so that Mr. Hay and he had no opportunity of comparing notes together—an undeniable proof of the truth of the facts. I take the same fact from ten different hands if I can have it from so many.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See f. 1121.

April Inverness, where he was not above one hour, when he was hang'd at the Cross on the Apple tree. The only thing they alledg'd against him, that he was a spy, which he positively deny'd and when they put the rope about his neck, he believing they did it for diversion said, You have gone far enough, if this be jest. He was keept hanging there naked a night and the most of two days. He appeared all the time as if he had been sleeping, his mouth and eyes being shut closs, a very uncommon thing in those who die such a death. Sometimes they coverd, at other times they uncoverd his secret parts and whiped the dead body for their diversion.

Eavan M'Kay[1] was taken in the Highlands by a whig teacher with letters in French or cyphers, and was sent into town where he was most barbarously and inhumanly treated. Being asked from whom he had and to whom he was going with the letters, to which he giving no answer, got five hunderd lashes, being
fol. 1319. ty'd to a stake, and then sent to prison again. Some days after he got five hundered more, and they threatn'd to whip him to death if he would not discover what they wanted. None durst go nigh him while in the pit with any necessary; and when they threw down a pound of meal, which was all the allowance given to any one of the prisoners, it was found untouch'd, he being sickly, full of sores, and most barbarously struck by one of the sogars with the butt of his gun in the breast, of which he complain'd while he lived. At last he was carryed to the Tolbooth. One there said to him that he was a great fool not to discover what he knew, to which he gave a noble return: You are the fool. It signifies nothing what they can do to me (Let them do the worst) in respect of what could be done to those from whom I had and to whom I was going with the letters. Their deaths would be great loss, but mine will be none. His father and he had considerable effects, and all were taken, and the poor father was begging in the
fol. 1320. town that very time, but durst not say that he was his son. A charitable person, when he died, sent word that if they would allow his body one hour to lie unburied a coffin and grave cloaths would be got; but that was refused. Being carryed

[1] Mackvee, says Stewart, f. 1122.

to the grave by two or three beggars a sogar went and thrust his bayonet several times into the body to try (as he said) if the rebell was dead. April

Jo. Fraser, then present provost,[1] was taken from denner by an officer and musquetiers to Cumberland's stable, where he was orderd to clean it. He said he never cleand his own. He was oblidged to gett men to do it, and there stay for some hours untill they had done.

Provest Hosack, with the majestrates, having gone to the levie to pay their complements, hearing orders given to shut the ports that no rebell might escape, and that the meeting house should be burnd and the man who preachd in it, said he hoped they would mix mercy with judgment. Upon which they said, 'D——n you puppie, do you pretend to dictate here.' They orderd him to be kickd down stairs. Accordingly he was tossd to the stair head from one to another, and there one of a considerable character gave him a toss that he never touchd the stair untill he was at the foot of the first flate of it. These two gentlemen were ill rewarded,[2] for none could be more attached to the Government than they were. But they had compassion on the distress'd and oppress'd which was then ane unpardonable crime of the deepest dye. When the orders about the meeting house were given by Halley, Husk said that it should be taken down and the timber given for the ovens, which was done. *fol.* 1321.

Its not possible to find out the certainty of the poysoned bread. I was told by a person of credite, that a woman in great want saw them burying bread, which afterwards she took a part of, and she and her two children did eat of it and all the three were dead within 24 hours. One of C——d's sogars said there were some wagons with poysoned bread, and ane gentleman belonging to his army told the same, for he would not, he said, midle with there bread. This is all I can learn about it.

A gentleman who was long prisoner in Inverness told me that he saw an officer, winter '46, when it was excessively cold *fol.* 1322.

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[1] See ff. 380, 1378.

[2] Lucky indeed! for I had it from one of Inverness that lists of the disaffected were made up, but this treatment prevented any information of the kind.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

April and the fireing so scarce that the inhabitants had the greatest difficulty to get any at the greatest price, when the prisoners many times were crying that they would sterve with cold, give half a crown to the sogars to go in a very cold night and extinguish the prisoners fire and light, which they did accordingly. All the officers of Blackney's regement, except three, were extremely cruel, but none exceeded Captain Dunlope, who occasioned the prisoners much misery; he being Blackney's advicer, who being a man of a timorous disposition,[1] was affraid to leave undone what he, Dunlope, thought proper to be done. Collonell Leightown was like an infernall fiand when Mr. Nairn made his escape, and was one of poor Anna M'Kayes greatest persecuteors, who sometimes offerd her severall guineas, and promisd to do great things for her if she would tell who assisted Mr. Nairn, and who were in the knowledge of his
fol. 1323. escapeing. At other times he threatnd her in a terrible manner with severall punishments, particularly scourgeing. But all proved in vain.

When an account was given that there were many wounded in houses on the field of batle the orders given were that the houses should be burnt and all within them, and if any offerd to come out that they should be shot. Its impossible to know what number suffer'd. There were three tennants' houses and all their office houses. The first that ventur'd to go near that place saw most shocking sights, some of their bodies boiling and others lying with the marks of their ruffels, which when they touched they went into ashes.[2]

Orders were given on the Fryday to ane officer, Hobbie, or such a name, that he should go to the field of batle and cause carry there all the wounded in the neighbouring houses at a miles distance, some more, some less, and kill them upon the field, which orders were obeyed accordingly. When these
fol. 1324. orders were given at the levie, an officer who was well pleased

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[1] Not only so, but likewise of a most peevish, tyrannical disposition, to my certain knowledge and experience, of which I may come to give some instances when I have more leisure [see ff. 1125, 1296].—Robert Forbes, A.M.

[2] I well remember that Mr. Frances Stewart in conversing with me upon these dismal matters, mentioned this circumstance of the ruffels and their turning into ashes when touched [see also ff. 1087, 1090, 1376].—Robert Forbes, A.M.

told it to his comrades. One of them replyd, 'D——m him who had taken that order.' He could not do ane inhumane thing, tho no mercy should be shewn to the rebels. April

An officer was heard more than once say that he saw that day seventy-two killed, or, as he termed it, knocked in the head. He was a young captain.

An officer upon his return from seeing the field of batle told he saw a beautiful young man[1] quite naked and mortally wounded, who begged of him that he might shoot him, which shockd the officer who said, 'God forbid, how can you imagine that?' He replyed that he had seen seventeen shot by an officer and those who were orderd by him. The officer gave

[1] Upon reading this paragraph I plainly saw that MacDonald of Bellfinlay behoved to be the person meant in it [see ff. 707, 1171, 1212, 1234], and, therefore, I waited upon Bellfinlay in the Canongate (he being still confined with the sore leg), at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, May 23d, 1749, when I read in his hearing the above paragraph, and asked him particular questions about all the circumstances contained in it, to which he gave me plain and distinct answers. Bellfinlay said that he himself behoved certainly to be the wounded person meant in the said paragraph, but that it was not literally true that he (Bellfinlay) desired the officer (Hamilton) positively to shoot him, for that he earnestly begged Hamilton *to have pity upon him or to dispatch him.* To which Hamilton answered, 'Be not afraid. I don't believe the sogers will shoot you.' To this Bellfinlay replied, 'How can I expect that they will spare me more than those whom they are now dispatching?' But Bellfinlay mentioned not seventeen or any particular number. Then it was that Hamilton gave Bellfinlay a cordial dram (as Bellfinlay himself termed it), and interposed for his preservation. After this Bellfinlay was put upon a horse (not like a sack, but) astraddle, and was carried to a tenant's house in the neighbourhood where there were wounded redcoats, etc. From this house he was taken next day in a cart, and on his way to Inverness he fell in with Robert Nairn in another cart, and both of them were thus driven to the door of the Church in Inverness, where there were many prisoners confined. But the sentry would not allow them access, telling that his orders were 'to allow access to no person whatsomever.' Then they were driven (being still quite naked) to the hospital, where the nurse received them with great tenderness, making a bed for them near the fire, as she looked upon them to be of Cumberland's army; but next day when the surgeons came their round and took a note of their names, then the nurse became very surly and ill-natured, and repented of her kindness to them. The surgeons reported them to some principal officer, who immediately gave orders to remove them out of the hospital (where they had been only one night), and one, Captain Sinclair, of General Ruth's regiment, who had been in the hospital before them. All the three were carried to a cellar below Anne Mackay's house, and orders given to take the blankets from them which they had gotten in the hospital. In three weeks Sinclair was removed to a room, having only a slight flesh wound.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

April him a dram, which he greedily took, and no wonder, and put [him] like a sack upon a horse and carryed to an house where there were wounded redcoats, who were most disagreeable neighbours to him. From that he was carryed to an hospitall, and therafter to Anna M'Kays house where there were very poor intertainment, but she did all she possibly could for him. By her care he was preservd, and is now healthy and strong.

fol. 1325. When the redcoats wounds were dressd by ane surgeon one of the P——'s men beggd he might dress him; to which

fol. 1326. he replyed that he would willingly do it, but it was to no purpose for he would be shott the morrow, which made the poor distress'd crawl[1] in the night on his fours an incredible distance, by which means he escaped.

Its most surprising, and never can be accounted for how the wounded, quite naked, and without any kind of nourishment, lived so long in the open fields, the season being very cold. One instance is most remarkable of one[2] who was disabled in both legs, and sadly wounded in many other places, particularly a sogar struck him on the face with the butt of his gun which dung out his eye. When the generall massacre was he lay as if dead, and on the Saturday an officer viewing the field cryed were there any of them in life, to which he answered. The officer gave him half crown, and orderd him to be carryed to an house, where the redcoats mockd and ridiculed him, surprised to see such a sad spectacle, gave him halfpenny at parting. But the inhumane, ungenerous, most barbarous canibells rob'd him of all he got. After staying some dayes there he was carryd to his friends, and is now going on crutches.

fol. 1327. As it is very wonderfull that these men sadly wounded, lying in the open air without any nourishment for so long a time, its no less wonderfull that when any of the bodies were coverd some dayes after their death, for none durst do it in a proper

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[1] This I have before heard of by report, and that this particular instance happened on the field of battle, from which the poor wounded man crawled by favour of the dark night.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] Here, no doubt, is meant the singular instance of John (Alexander) Fraser whose story is more exactly narrated than above at ff. 1239 and 1372.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

time, or carry them away,—I say its wonderfull that one was taken up twenty dayes after, and another twenty-eight dayes, and were without any corruption or smell in the least, as if they had dyed only that day they were taken up. But one exceeds all very much. A country man at the distance of two miles from the field, who had no concern with the Prince, was shot standing at his own door, where they were oblidg'd to dig the ground and lay him, for none durst carry him to his burial place. Many months thereafter his wife was disturbed in her sleep with a voice crying, Take up my body and burry it. This she told to her friends the first and second time, for which they mocked and upbraided her. But the third time she told them she would do it if she should carry the corps on her back, and about Christmas he was taken up fresh, and carryd to his grave. This being very strange, thought it proper to acquaint you. She was never disturbed since. *c.* April *fol.* 1328.

A young gentleman of distinction mortally wounded lying on the ground was enquired at by Cumberland to who he belongd? To which he replyd, To the Prince. Then he orderd one of his great men to shoot him, which he refusd to do; and then another who said he would not, nor could not do it. Then he applyd to a common sogar, who obeyd him.

No doubt you have heard of a woman in the Highlands when in labour of child with 9 or 10 women. A party acquainted their commander of it, who orderd that the house should be burnt with all who were in it. This, when told by a Collonel, who was there but had not the command, cryed and shed tears that such a barbarous action should be committed by any who were called Christians.

M'Gillavry of Delcrombie, who was not ingag'd with the Prince, being at two miles distance from the field of battle without any arms, was attacked by dragoons, who oblidged him to cast of all his cloaths and give them to them to prevent their dismounting, his cloaths being too good for them to part with; and then they shot him dead. If they had had but swords and he one, he would have given 2 or 3 of them enough of it. *fol.* 1329.

The men of Glenmoristown and Urquhart[1] were advised to

[1] See ff. 1678, 1680.

c. April go to Inverness and deliver up their arms upon solemn promises that they should return safe with protection, which incourag'd also those who were not ingag'd to go. How soon they went there they were put into a church, keept there closs prisoners for a few dayes, and then put into ships for London. The few that liv'd with their sad treatment were sent to the Plantations. To whom the breach of this promise is owing lyes a secret betwixt the mercifull generall[1] and beloved knight,[2] for the one asserted he had allowance to do so, and the other refused, so that every body will be in a strait which of these good men's words they can doubt of.[3]

The horses, cowes, and calfs, ewes and lambs, goats and kids,
fol. 1330. were taken out of my Lord Lovat's country, the Aird and Glenmazerin,[4] and keept sterving and crying, which was not agreeable to hear or see. The common treatment they mett with was a stroak from the sogars, with D—m your soul, you rebells. These poor creatures deserv'd to suffer, being highly criminall, and if any of them were sent with the great flocks from the Highlands, they (like the ill-gotten penny) infected and consumed all their kind in England, and no wonder, for many innocent persons were deprived of their all.

Six or seven weeks after the battle of Culloden the party commanded by Major Lockart in Glenmoriston shot two old and one young man, a son of one of the former, when they were harrowing and expecting no harm.

Grant of Daldrigan, who took no concern with the Highland army, was ordered by Lockart (his house being surrounded by sogars) to gather his own and all the cattle in one part of the country while Lockart was herrying and burning the other part; which being impossible for him to do against the time that Lockart came back, he orderd him to be bound in hand and foot, erecting a gallows, stript him naked, and would not allow his nakedness to be coverd, and carried him to the foot
fol. 1331. of the gallows with the three corps of the men they had killed the day before, like sacks across on three horses, and hung the

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[1] Here, no doubt, Mr. Hay means the Duke of Cumberland.

[2] Here Mr. Hay certainly means the Laird of Grant, who is highly blamed in this particular affair. [See f. 312].—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] See f. 1489.

[4] See ff. 1680, 1682.

three bodies by the feet in the gallows, and they at the same time would have killed Daldrigan had not Captain Grant in Lowden's regiment prevented it. They would hardly allow his wife time to take her rings of her fingers, but were going to cutt of her fingers, having stript her of her cloaths, her house and effects being burnt. And in the braes of Glenmoriston a party there ravishd a gentlewoman big with child, and tenants' wives, and left them on the ground after they were ravishd by all the party. And Lockart on his way to Strathglass shot a man widing a water, with the Whig teacher's protection in his hand to shew him, without speaking one word. And the whole party ravishd there a woman big with child, and left her on the ground almost dead. All these are certain facts which may be depended upon, being known by a person of good credite. *c.* April

Campbell, an officer of militia, who was a chamberlain to Seaforth, with a party went to Fraser of Kilbokies,[1] who was not with the Highland army, and burnt all his houses and effects they could not take with them, and took 13 score of catle with many horses of the best kind. His loss was valued at 10,000 merks. And his wife being brought to bed 14 dayes before, they forc'd her to fly with a daughter in fever to the open fields where they lay that whole night being very cold. For severall days they killed man, wife, and child many miles from the field of batle. At 5 miles distance ane honest poor woman on the day of batle who was brought to bed Sunday before, flying with her infant, was attacked by 4 dragoons, who gave her seven wounds in the head thro one plaid which was eight fold and one in the arm. Then one of them took the infant by the thigh, threw it about his hand and at last to the ground. Her husband at the same time was chased into a moss so far that one of the horse could not come out where his rider shott him. The young infant who was so roughly maletreat is a fine boy, and the mother recovered and is living. *fol.* 1332.

Three days after the batle, at 4 miles distance, the sogers most barbarously cut a woman in many places of her body, particularly in the face.[2] *fol.* 1333.

[1] See f. 1682.

[2] This appears to be the same story with that in vol. v. f. 1089.

c. April I am promised some more facts in few dayes, but I did not incline to lose the opportunity of this bearer.

Tho the running naked[1] be commonly reported I have not got an account of the certainty. I beg you may let me know when this comes to your hands.

Here ends the 15 pages (4to) in the handwriting of the Rev. Mr. James Hay in Inverness.[2]

Here follows an exact copy of the 11 pages (folio) in the handwriting of some unknown person.[3]

Sir,—It was out of no disregard to your desire that I was so long wanting in performing my promise; butt to tell the truth, partly from laziness, but more from the reluctancey I hade to renew my memory with that part of the tragedy I *fol.* 1334. saw acted on the retreat from the batle of Culloden. Towards which place severalls as well as me were goeing to bee only spectators, and I am quite sure my innocencey would have brought me to that sudden death that many came by in the same way, not suspecting that there was a generall massacre appointed. For as I was not concernd on either side I was under no fear whither to meet the troops or Highlanders, and accordingly I was resolved to goe forward. Butt luckly Grant, on of the P——'s principall engineers, with whom I was well accquanted, beggd of me to returne, as the cheass was pretty near. And as it was by the speed of his horse he came off, that he made his observe when att some distance, and saw them distroy all and give no quarters, and as this is indisputably true, its as certain that those orders were only given by their generall when victory was determined on that side and mercey claimed on the other—ane unparalleld instance among the heroes of the wery heathens. And yet to shew that men in a low rank may be possessd with great soulls when dirt and mudd wear the starr, and that it was by such people of mag- *fol.* 1335. nanimity and clemency the few that were preserved owed their

[1] This refers to a story I have heard frequently reported, viz., that the soldiers' wives and other women in the camp at Fort Augustus should (quite naked) have run races, sometimes on foot, and sometimes mounted astraddle on Highland shelties, for the entertainment of Cumberland and his officers. See *Scots Magazine* for June 1746, p. 288, 1st col.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

[2] See f. 1425. [3] See f. 1315.

lives, I cannot butt mention on singular and particullar instance of it which I hade from one Mackenzie, serveing John Grant of Whitera in Strathspey, att least stayes in the family, where he has been for 12 or 14 years now, only fitt for herding or running errands, occasiond by ane imposthume in his hands, and as an idler followd the P——'s armie as they past that county, and stayd with them at Inverness till the day of the batle, att which time he was employd in takeing care of some people's horses or baggage; but in the retreate some of the dragoons came up with him to whom he cryd for mercey and protection, extending his hands, to which one of them answerd, I see, my friend, thou art more ane object than a fighting man, therefore I will preserve your life as my prisoner. So loose that belt that 's about your middle and runn it about your hand by the buckle, which when done, he took hold of the other end, and leading him in that way a good distance, some of his commrads came up with him in the time, calling him by name, which I might remember, as its Scotish, 'D——m, whey doe you preserve the life of a rebell contrair to orders?' And when some of them attempted the takeing of it he calld that non should, butt at the expense of his, seeing that he was his prisoner, and that he would account for his conduct; and at the same time telling that he committed no murder that day, for which he thanked his God, butt that when the affair was in dispute he fought as well as any of them, and that if he was the D—— of C——d hee would ashume more honour and glory in takeing no life butt what was killd on the field of batle. *c.* April *fol.* 1336.

Now, as to the generalls, thers a circumstance as odd with respect to their tyrrany which I hade from no worse author then a favourite of the generall, and a partizan in that cause, and quartermaster to Sempil's regiment, that as he hade a command that day upon horseback he was concernd in the cheass; that about two miles from the feild of batle he came with a gentleman staggaring in his wounds, to whom he spoke the language of his dress. On which the poor gentleman tooke hold of the skirt of his coat, wheer he shewd me his blood, and then earnestly beggd he would protect his life, which, in consequence of his wounds, could not last long, butt that he *fol.* 1337.

16 April would use that time in recommending his soull to God. Butt that a certain generall came up att the time, nameless as he termd him, cryd out,—'D——m you, Shaw, doe you mean to preserve the life of a rebell?' Upon which he found it necessarrie to give the spurr to his horse, and forsake his suplicant, whom he saw in ane instant cutt to pices. The
18 April third day after the batle I intended to have gone the lenth of the feild, butt on travvelling litle more than a mile I was so chockd with the dismall sight I saw in that distance of the carnage made on both sexes that I returned. And prety near
fol. 1338. Stonyfeild I saw a beggar,[1] with his meall pock about his neck, and att a half miles distance from that a woman stript and laid in a wery undecent poustour, some of the other sex and their privites placed in their hands. On my returne I came by the King's Milns and discoursd some of that people att whose doors there were 12 or 14 corpse lying all stript, and some of them laid in undecent powsters. And when I, under my breath, or with a low voice, said that it was an ugly sight, I was answerd that it was as much as their lives were worth to disaprove of it. Nor was it butt the smalest part of the crewell scenes their eys and ears were disturbd with for upwards of 24 hours. For as they were eywitnesses to the massacre made one these unlucky people, they were likewise unhappy in hearing their crys and groans for a whole night and a good part of the next day when they could not offer or give the assistance some of them wanted and called for, and that both officers and soldiers desird they should ly there and die in paine and
fol. 1339. missery. They at the same time told me that they hade a wounded woman in one of their housess, and ane infant whom they found at his mother's breast when she was dead, and when the soldiers killd her that they hade carried the infant severall yards from the dead body, butt that it hade crawld afterwards to it. I saw twixt the Kings Milns and John Clark's park a boy betwixt 10 and 12 years of age and his head clowen to his teeth. I was told by some of the Strathspey men, or Grant's militia, that on their way to Inverness, severall days after the battle, particularly by Grant of Miln-

[1] Some word must be omitted here. It was so in the original.—R. F., A.M.

town, that he observed ane old beggar, pretty near the Watter of Nairn, and not farr from the common road, his fingers chopt off, and severall cutts in his head, lying dead unstript, because all the cloaths he hade were not worth twopence for any use, and that he belived he was upwards of fourscore. As he hade neither tooth in his head, and litle or no hair on it, and that owing to his age as he belived. Hee likewise observed a dead woman, and according to the best of my memory, it was eight days after the batle he observed these corps. April *fol.* 1340.

I was committed to the D—— gaurd, where I lay eight days and even in that bounds I saw enough of tyrrany and oppression, a part of which was acted against a widow gentlewoman, a young lady sent from the country to her education and boarder with the woman, and the servant maid, all three lying in the common gaurd room for 12 or 14 dayes exsposd to all the ruddness these polite people inclind to shew, for they hade not as much as the benefite of a place for the ordinary private conveniency. I was from thence transported to their maine gaurd, and then to the Provo's, where I lay about four weeks on ane information that I was disaffected, and assisting the rebells. Butt bee the time I was committed to this last prison they were a good deall fallen from their raige and furry, so that the unluckie people that were quite stript hade gote some duds to cover a part of their nakedness, such as soldiers old vests and britches, which indeed made them very happy, particullarly one Linsay,[1] a young man from Perth, who was decked up in a wery odd dress, all of his own spinning, for he hade not a thread left on him either of wooll or linnen cloath, so that he very artificiely coverd himself with ropes wrought of straw, and indeed I can never think of it without laughing. And no wonder, for those in the most dejected condition coud not forbear smilling at the sight of this uncommon dress. *fol.* 1341.

No physician or surgeon were admitted for some weeks to any of the geoalls where the wounded lay,[2] and altho Lauther *fol.* 1342.

[1] I know this gentleman. His name is James, second son to Lindsay of Dowhill. He was a shoemaker in Perth, and joined Lord Strathallan's corps. He was carried to London, where he was condemned, but at last he obtained a remission, and is now living in London following the business he was bred to, and he meets with great encouragement.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See f. 1316.

May and Rattrie[1] of Edinburgh were prisoners in the same house with me where wee hade some gentlemen miserably wounded, particullarly on Cammron of Callard, yet these two gentlemen were at the perrill of their lives discharged to give the least assistance or direction about the dressing of any mans wound. I was at last sent on board one of the shipps where I saw every
fol. 1343. one in the most deploreable condition, particullarly the commoneality who amounted to about 4 score or 100, all confined to the hold, lying and sitting on the bare stones that were ballast, all of them in a most sickly condition, and some dieing every day. There was a ladder to carrie up such as were able to step and discharge nature in the common way that's used aboard, butt there were a great many that coud not attempt the ladder with weakness, and severalls that did come up hade greet defficulty to performe the journey, throw the same infir-

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[1] John Rattray, brother to Craighall, and surgeon in Edinburgh. After the fatiguing march towards Nairn and back again to Culloden, Mr. Rattray had gone to Inverness, and thrown himself upon the top of a bed, and was asleep when the action began. Some persons upon hearing the cannonading awaked Mr. Rattray, who made all the haste he could towards the field, but in his way he met Sir John MacDonald (an Irishman), to whom he said, 'Sir John, I need not ask you a question, for I see by your countenance how affairs have gone. If you think I can be of any use I will go forward to the field of battle.' To which Sir John answered, 'For God's sake, Mr. Rattray, go not, for they are hewing down all before them, and are giving no quarters, and it is not possible you can be safe. You had therefore best return with me to Inverness, for as I am a French officer I have nothing to fear, and I am to give myself up as their prisoner. And as you attended the army only as a surgeon, you have as little to fear, and therefore you may deliver yourself up with me.' Mr. Rattray did so, and when standing on the street of Inverness my Lord Cathcart (Mr. Rattray's acquaintance) passing by, looked at him, and wagging his head, said, 'Mr. Rattray, I am sorry to see you there; I am afraid it will go hard with you.' This made Mr. Rattray lay his account with the worst. Several of the officers came up to Mr. Rattray and upbraided him saying, 'By G—— Sir, or D——n, you, Sir, we know well what you are, the Pretender's physician. If any one hang, you shall.' At last he and Mr. George Lauder were put into the Church of Inverness where many wounded and naked prisoners were; but all their instruments and everything that could be useful to the wounded were carefully taken from them. This bore hard upon Rattray and Lauder, for they had the mortification to witness the groans and moaning of the wounded, who stared them in the face and cried for help from them when it was not in their power to give them the smallest relief. Mr. Rattray and Mr. Lauder were removed from the Church to some other prison in Inverness. When President Forbes came from Sky to Inverness he made his addresses to Cumberland on behalf of Mr. Rattray. At last with

mity. There was a century placed on deck att the mouth of the hold, and when any of the prisoners attempted to come upp the ladder to ask any necessarie without live ask'd and given or if as much as their nose appear'd for the benefite of the air, the centurie made use of his ropes, or rather terme it catt with nine tails, to such perfection, and with such crewelty that I have seen them fall from the topp on the bare stones, where they would ly for some time moaning, which gave fine diversion to the soldiers and commander, for I have often heard him cry out att the end of the tragedy: 'Well done, by G—d. Doe your duty.' *c.* June *fol.* 1344.

When I got aboard I was orderd to get down to the hold, which indeed frightnd me, butt upon strong solicitation I was indulgd the fore castle, where a few that were taken up on the same footing with me were indulgd too. And even there wee coud not keep ourselves free of the vermin that the poor

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much difficulty the President got a present of Mr. Rattray to do with him what he pleased; but Cumberland soon took his word again. Upon Rattray's liberation Lauder was in excessive distress to be left behind his companion, which affected Rattray so much that he would not leave Culloden house till he should see what could be done for Lauder. The President paid his levee a second time in the way of request and procured Lauder's liberation. *N.B.*—The liberation of Rattray and Lauder was the only favour the President ever received for his extraordinary services, and yet he was soon affronted even in this matter. Mr. Rattray came to Edinburgh on the 18th or 19th of May 1746, Mr. Lauder having come to it some days before him. When Mr. Rattray was in Culloden House, the President asked him many questions about the Prince, as to his person, his looks, his manner, etc. At last the President spoke these words, 'Well, John, say on, as to his courage.' Mr. Rattray in a surprise looked at the President and answered, 'Courage, my Lord, I never thought his courage could be called in question.' Soon after Rattray's and Lauder's arrival at Edinburgh, a messenger was dispatched by Cumberland to make them prisoners once more, and to carry them to London. Accordingly they set out for London on May 28th, 1746, and continued prisoners in a messenger's house till about January 7th thereafter. The President in his way to Edinburgh got notice of their being made prisoners a second time, which shock'd him not a little. After their coming to London they found they were to be set upon to become evidences and agreed between themselves that Rattray should speak all, Lauder being a very free commoner. However the courtiers happening to say it was necessary that there should be evidences, the Government could not be served without them, there was nothing in it, etc. George could not hold his tongue. He said, 'Ay! very true! it is necessary to have a hangman, but who the devil would be it?!' A most pat saying and much to the purpose.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1345. *c.* June people were overcome with. This and the dismall state they were in with respect to the want of health and even the necessaries of life, for they hade no more then half pound meall allowd each in the 24 hours for 4 or 5 weeks, which the master and mariners declared that they belived not a man of those poor people butt woud have died if they were keeptt 10 dayes longer on the same alloweance, and that accordingly he and some of the other shippmasters hade represented this, and that likewise they woud desert their own shippe rather then soe many die throw famine. Upon which there was half pound more meall allow'd. I assure you theres nothing of this represented by me worse then it was, nor woud I belive that they were soe wery ill if I hade not seen it with my eys. I was not many minutes aboard when I begann to informe myself about what treatment I might expect, and when I askd what they did with the bodies of those people that were dieing, they told me that I woud soon see that, for as there was one man in my *fol.* 1346. sight almost dead and some others dieing, that the dead body and liveing person woud probably be tyed together and thrown ower. I was accordingly askd that evening to see this peace of crewelty,[1] butt as I hade not the resolution to witness it I have taken that part on the testimonie of some wery honest men aboard, such as one John Hossack of Fochabers, etc., who were one board all the time the shipps lay here. I forget the masters name, butt the shipp where he and I was, was the Thaine of Fife.

Here end the 11 pages in folio.

N.B.—Both the original of the 15 pages in 4to and that of the 11 pages in folio are to be found among my papers. They have no date or subscription. Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1347. ## Copy of a Return to the Revd. Mr. James Hay in Inverness,[2] by post.

13 May 1749 My dear Sir,—It is now high time to acknowlege my obligations to you for the several repeated enquiries you have lately made about me and my concerns.

[1] See f. 1786.

[2] See f. 1425.

Your kind letter of March 14th by Sandie Leith I received 13 May
on April 7th and yesternight I was favoured with another singularly obliging instance of your friendship, for all which I return you my most hearty thanks, begging you may continue the same friendly way of corresponding with me as occasion offers. I can assure you it adds to my happiness to have the agreeable accounts of your own welfare and that of Mrs. Hay and of the young family, and therefore indulge me in this pleasure as frequently as you please.

Pray remember me in the kindest manner to all those with you who are pleased to remember me.

My wife heartily joins with me in wishing all things good and happy to you, Mrs. Hay, and the bonny bairns.

With much esteem and gratitude, I ever am, Reverend Dear Sir, your most affectionate brother and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, May 13th, 1749.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. MACPHERSON of Strathmashie.[1] *fol.* 1348.

DEAR SIR,—It gave me pleasure to hear by the gentleman[2] 29 May
who will put this into your hands of your welfare and that of 1749
all your worthy friends.

In my last to you,[3] if I rightly remember, I begged the favour of you to send me your account of the battle of Falkirk, and of anything else worth remarking that happened to come in your way. And now I renew my request, hoping you 'll comply with my desires by the first sure, private hand you meet with.

When Breackachie did me the honour of a visit last summer he was so good as to promise to give me a journal of a CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S abode in Badenoch for about fourteen days before his imbarkation for foreign parts. I flatter myself

[1] See f. 890.

[2] Mr. Duncan MacPherson at Laggan, a member of the General Assembly for a second time.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[3] See f. 936.

29 May with the hopes of having this from him at his own leisure, which I will look upon as a singular obligation. I wish Breackachie can call to mind the day on which the Young Gentleman came to Badenoch, and the day on which he left
fol. 1349. it, for I aim much at having dates fixed as precisely as possible. I could likewise wish to have the names of those who accompanied the Young Gentleman, and took care of him during the time he was in Badenoch; what different places he took up his quarters in from day to day; how he passed his time, what were the topicks of conversation, etc. etc. etc.; for a minute and circumstantial exactness ought to be carefully observed in a history so singular and surprizing, that justice may be done to every one, and that no part of the truth may be omitted.

Present my most respectful compliments to Breackachie and all other worthy friends; and believe me ever to be, with much sincerity and esteem, my dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend and very humble servant, Robert Forbes.

Leith, May 29th, 1749.

fol. 1350. Copy of a Letter to the Right Reverend Mr. Andrew Gerard, Aberdeen.[1]

3 June 1749 Right Reverend Dear Sir,[2]—There is a story that I have heard narrated (oftener than once) as a fact, the truth or falshood of which it is in your reverence's power to ascertain to me, and it is this, that the Duke of Cumberland during his abode in Aberdeen for six weeks lived in the house of Mr. Alexander Thomson, Advocate, and made use of every kind of provisions he found in the house, coals, candles, and the milk of the cow not excepted, that when he was about marching from Aberdeen he left two guineas of drink money to the servants of the house without paying one farthing to Mr. Thomson for the use of his house or for the provisions (the property of Mr. Thomson) which he and his followers had

[1] This is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 207.

[2] See f. 1380.

consumed; that upon his marching from Aberdeen the said Mr. Thomson should have found in one of his drawers a bag containing an hundred guineas which the Duke of Cumberland or some of his domesticks had forgot to take along; that immediately Mr. Thomson dispatched one of his own servants with the bag (express); that the servant delivered the bag safe and sound to a principal officer in presence of the Duke of Cumberland, and that the servant got not one farthing of drink money for his pains. 3 June *fol.* 1351.

Can your reverence give me any information about the poisoned bread, which (as common report would have it) was baked in Aberdeen?[1]

I want much to have an exact account of the skirmish at Inverury. I am persuaded that my old friend, Mr. Daunie (to whom and his wife I beg to be kindly remembred), is one of the fittest to gratifie me in this particular, as he was engaged in that action. It is my wish to have every narrative as minute and circumstantial as possible.

I have been for some time past making up a collection of facts within a certain memorable period of time, and have succeeded so well as to be already possessed of about one hundred sheets, and I hope still to increase my stock of materials. I never yet attempted a correspondence in any corner of the country but I happily (God be thanked) made it out and accomplished my design, and frequently too with persons whom I never looked in the face. *fol.* 1352.

My wife joins with me in best wishes to your reverence and Mrs. Gerard.

I beg to be favoured with your benediction and prayers, as I have the honour to be, right reverend Sir, Your reverence's most affectionate son and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, June 3d, 1749.

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[1] Aberdeen may have had an ill reputation for folk of this kind. There is a case on record of a Spanish ship captain, in 1623, complaining to the Scottish Privy Council of some of the inhabitants of this town endeavouring to bribe a baker to poison him and his crew.—[*Register of the Privy Council*, vol. xiii. p. 169.]

fol. 1353. ## Copy of a Letter from Dr. Burton at York, to me, Robert Forbes.

17 Sept. 1748 Dear Sir,—The favour of yours by our friend R.C.[1] came safe to hand, for which I think myself obliged to you. I am sorry I should be out of town the night our friend arrived, by which I lost the pleasure of his company, except a little in the evening before he went, when he did me the favour to sit about an hour with me at my house; and we were to have met next morning, which I fancy he forgot, and by this means was deprived of that opportunity of sending Mr. Carmichael the money for the gowns. I went to seek him, but he was just gone. I am sorry I lost that opportunity, because Mr. Carmichael will think me negligent; but shall take the first opportunity, or shall send to desire a person at Edinburgh to pay him. I have an order for three more of the finer sort; but they must each contain seven yards, which please desire him to send as soon as possible with the charge, which I shall
fol. 1354. faithfully remit with the other.

The history of my persecution is not yet published, the delay being occasion'd partly by the neglect, and partly by the absence from London, of the person to whom it was sent. But now I shall soon expect it, and shall directly send you some down into Scotland.

I have here sent you the only things I think there can be any, even the least, dispute of the truth off as mention'd in the Prince's escape.

The facts mention'd from the last battle till the Prince's return to the continent of Scotland I take to be all true as represented, coming from the very persons concerned. What happen'd from that time till the Reverend Mr. John Cameron's Journal (I mean that part of it from his own knowledge) begins, are the only facts to be disputed. I have therefore herein mention'd the material facts, and if they be not true

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[1] See f. 1066.

shall be glad to be set right, because I would not give the enemies *to justice* cause to find fault. 17 Sept.

The first material thing which happen'd the Prince after his return to the continent was the story told me by Mrs. C——n while the Prince was conducted by Glenpane, and had like to have fallen down the precipice in the fog. *fol.* 1355.

The 2d is where Glenaladale lost the purse, etc.

The 3d is when the Prince got into Glenmoriston when he went into the hut wherein were the six thieves, etc.

The 4th is when Roderick M'Kenzie was murdered.

The 5th is where one of the Glenmoriston men shot the hart in Lochabar.

If any of these vary from truth as stated when I had the pleasure of being with you, I shall be oblidged to you to be set right. At the same time I shall be oblidged to you for the heads of the 30 sheets you have received since I came south, *i.e.*, whether they relate to any particular action, battle or the like; or whether they give accounts of what pass'd after the battle of Culloden.

From the materials I already have met with I have drawn as full an account of things as could not but by my means have been got together. I have shewn it to three friends of learning and judgement, who are so pleased with it that they have set a croud of persons upon my back to have it publish'd out offhand, because it show'd things in their proper colours, and was so much a fuller relation of facts than what had yet appear'd. A printer is agreed with, and we shall begin to work very soon in order to have it publish'd as soon as possible. And if you have got anything worth mentioning, tho' I durst not print it, yet it will answer for that copy which is to go abroad, and to be translated into French and be there published, and then it will find a way into Brittain in that language. *fol.* 1356.

We are all heartily sorry for poor Flora's fright, but rejoice much that she is safe. Pray as soon as she shall arrive at Edinburgh desire her to let me know.

I am affraid poor Malcolm is ill or dead; or else he would certainly have wrote to you or me before this time. I was glad to hear Dr. D——d was well. I wonder what is become of Mr. Boyd.

fol. 1357. 17 Sept. I am obliged to you for the copy of the paragraph [1] of the letter from the north. I have taken care to propagate the contents to several different parts of the country, as well as this city, and I hope to good effect. The inclosed, I think, well done, and is much approved by others.

. . . . . .

I shall be glad to know in your next whether the picture of the Prince which was drawn by a young man in Edinburgh, and was very like, be yet done on a copper plate. If it be finished, and like the original, pray send me some, with the charge.

. . . . . .

Please to give my grateful acknowledgements to Lady Bruce, to whom and the other ladies, my wife joins in respects, as well as to you, with, Dear Sir, Your sincere friend and well-wisher, *Sic subscribitur*, J. Burton.

York, September 17, 1748.

N.B.—The original of the preceding letter is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1358. ## Copy of a Return to the preceding Letter.

5 Nov. 1748 Dear Sir,—Your kind letter of September 17th I gladly received, and would have writ you a return before this time, but that I don't chuse to correspond with any one by post, as a practice prevails of opening letters in post-offices, and therefore I beg not to receive letters by post. Mr. Carmichael's gowns were all sold off before your letter came to hand, and the season being gone he had not time to answer your commission, which he is sorry for. However, if the ladies will

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[1] Here begins volume seventh of Bishop Forbes's Manuscript Collection. It is entitled The Lyon in Mourning, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Letters, Journals, etc., . . . relative to the affairs, but more particularly, the dangers and distresses of. . . . Vol. 7th, 1749.

Talia si patimur, cives, majora feremus
Principis ibit iners in mala multa timor.

have patience till next summer he will provide them. He desires to know if the ladies will have them next season. 5 Nov.

Pray let us have the history of your persecution. It is not in my power to gratifie you in your request for some time before receipt of yours. I was obliged to secret my collection, having been threatened with a search for papers. I have therefore put my collection out of my own custody into the keeping of a friend where I cannot have access to it without some difficulty, and I resolve to keep it so, that so I may defie the Devil and the Dutch. However, I am still collecting in scrapes as fast as ever. Being in haste, I am obliged to have done sooner than I incline. All here remember you and yours kindly. *fol.* 1359.

The copper plates you mention were all sold off long before you writ me. One cannot be had for any price.

FAREWELL.

November 5th, 1748.

COPY of a LETTER from Dr. BURTON in York to me, ROBERT FORBES.

DEAR SIR,—Your favour I receiv'd by the young lady[1] who was so obliging as to stay two nights at my house. She got well up to London. 26 Jan. 1748-9

I have sent some of my pamphlets, which my lawyer has alter'd and curtail'd in the shape it now appears in on account of the King's Bench; for according to them you are to submitt to every thing and not tell it, and its being true is the greater crime. *O tempora! O mores!* *fol.* 1360.

I beg the favour of your acceptance of one of 'em, and to whom else you think proper to give any to, pray do, because you are a better judge than me. Mr. Gordon will let you have 'em.

I have got a most minute account of the Prince being seiz'd at Paris, etc., from that place. If you have not had one, I'll

[1] Miss Flora MacDonald, by whom I sent my letter of November 5th.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

26 Jan. send you a copy. It is very particular and long. I would have sent it now, but have not time to write it, as the carrier is just going out.

Pray give my best compliments to the good ladies.

If any more of the copperplates be struck off I shall be glad to have 6.

I can now add no more than that I am, Your sincere friend and wellwisher, *Sic subcribitur*, J. Burton.

York, January 26, 1748-9.

fol. 1361. *P.S.*—My pamphlet has answered my end in making those here mad, whom I would not please.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Gordon, Bookseller, Edinburgh, to me, Robert Forbes.

13 June Reverend dear Sir,—The inclosed came to hand by last post; yours opened while I was unsealing the cover adressed to me. I make no doubt but you will approve of the intention of reprinting, and likewise you will think amendements and alterations necessary. The sooner they can be done the better, and as it will take you some time I would be content to have sheets as you correct them, that the printing may be going on.

. . . . . .

I am, Reverend Dear Sir, Yours to command,

Sic subscribitur, Wm. Gordon.

Edinburgh, June 13*th.*

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1362. ## Copy of an Answer to the preceeding Letter.

16 June 1749 Sir,—Long ago I writ to Dr. Burton[1] not to be rash in appearing in print on a subject of so much delicacy and

[1] See ff. 837, 1062, 1358.

danger, intreating him patiently to wait for a more seasonable opportunity when severe truths might be told with safety to the worthies concerned, and plainly informing him that he was far from having a sufficient stock of materials for writing such a singular and interesting history. Now that I have seen his performance I can assure you that not one half (I might venture to say not a third) is told; so that there is not so much need of amendments and alterations as of additions. 16 June

I decline having any hand in this affair for reasons obvious enough to Scotsmen, whatever Englishmen may think, though not one would be more ready to throw in his mite than I, were a seasonable opportunity offering. However, I should not do justice to the honest Doctor did I not remark that there is not a single fact (as to the escape) that can be called in question, *fol.* 1363. though the circumstances are not narrated so fully and exactly as they might have been, and even some are altogether omitted, which I am sure the Doctor has in his Collection, and such too as are exceedingly curious, and have no danger attending the publication of them. This indeed surprizes me not a little. But I am afraid there has been too much hurry in preparing for the press. There are many wrong spellings of proper names, both of persons and places, and there is one wrong date.

If you intend to reprint (about which I chuse not to give any opinion), pray mind me with a copy. I am persuaded there will be a great run upon it. If you have not a copy acquaint me, and I shall send you the one I have.

Were I to see you I could say much more, and condescend upon particulars. I am to write to the Doctor soon, and shall use him with freedom, as I have frequently done. In haste, I am, Sir, your humble servant, R. F.

June 16*th*, 1749.

Copy of the Letters from Dr. Burton (mentioned in Mr. Gordon's Letter), to me, Robert Forbes. *fol.* 1364.

Dear Sir,—In January last, by the carrier, I sent a few books of my Persecution to Mr. Gordon, Bookseller, to be 10 June 1749

10 June given to you, and to whom you thought proper, etc., but I never heard whether he got 'em or not. I now send you the Journal of the Prince's Escape, which is printed, and will soon be published at London, where a few particular good judges have approved it. I fancy Mr. Gordon will think it worth while to have it reprinted with you, which will be a great advantage, as you can amend it, and make some material additions.

The history of the whole affair has been perused by the eminent Mr. Cart, the historian, and some other of the best judges, who have paid me no small compliments upon the exactness and true account I have given, which they insist upon publishing as soon as it can be done.

I heard of Miss Flora lately. She was very well but thin. She intends for Scotland in this month, and goes to Spring-
fol. 1365. kell to Sir William Maxwell's; promises to let me have the pleasure of her company here for ten days.

We have had no farther account of the Prince than that he is or was in Poland. Our Court seems to be affraid of a plot from the north, for they are going to send a fleet to the Baltick.

. . . .

When it suits your convenience I shall be glad to hear from you, which I assure you will always give the greatest pleasure to, Dear Sir, Your very obliged humble servant,

Sic subscribitur, J. Burton.

York, *June* 10*th*, 1649.

P.S.—Pray send me Mr. Frazier's printed account of the usage he met with.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of an Answer to the preceding Letter.

Dear Sir,—Your kind letters, the one of January 26th,
19 June 1749 the other of the tenth instant, I received in due course, and
fol. 1366. am not a little surprised that Mr. G. had never advised you of

the receipt of the copies you sent him of your Persecution. 19 June
Had I thought he would have been so negligent I can assure you I would not have failed to acknowledge your favours with thanks, but I depended upon him to inform you in every point about them. I received 7 copies, one for myself, and the other 6 I gave in presents to Clanranald, Boisdale, Glenaladale, Kingsborrow, Bellfinlay, and Malcolm Macleod. As Bellfinlay was to take care of the copies for his friends I could not fail giving him one for himself.

I have perused your late performance and must own that there is not a single fact (as to the escape) that can be called in question; but then the circumstances are not so fully and exactly narrated as they might have been. For instance, how have you happened to omit Donald MacLeod's comical answer to General Campbell about the priest's praying for the Prince when in danger of being drowned; Kingsborrow's noble and heroic return to Sir Everard Faukener at Fort Augustus about the £30,000; the Prince's falling so deep into a bogue that Malcolm MacLeod had much ado to help him out of the *fol.* 1367.
mire, which made them stand in much need of the washing bout, etc. etc. etc.? There are several wrong spellings of the proper names both of persons and places, and there is one wrong date; for (upon strict enquiry) I have at last found that the day of parting with Malcolm MacLeod was Friday the 4th of July in the evening when the Prince embarked with old Nestor, etc., for the continent. The wrong spellings and the mistaken date are to be corrected in the reprinted copies, one of which you are to have (as Mr. G. assures me) in a frank by post immediately from the press without any loss of time, so that you may happen to have it once this week and then you'll see the few alterations that are made. I have not made any material additions as indeed it would have required too much time (more than I can well spare) to make up all the omissions. Besides, to be free and plain with you I am still far from being satisfied as to the seasonableness of such a publication, and therefore I did not chuse to have any hand in the matter at all. It may do well enough in England, but it cannot fail to breed ill blood among severals in Scotland. To *fol.* 1368.
omit other instances at present which might be pointed out,

19 June How much will it expose honest old Palinurus to the utmost rage and fury of the Laird who already entertains no small grudge against the old Trojan? However, though I have the misfortune to differ from you in my own opinion as to this particular I am persuaded there will be a very great run upon your performance, as indeed it is the only valuable piece that has ever yet appeared upon the subject, and wants not anything else to recommend it (Forgive my freedom, Dear Sir,) but a seasonable opportunity to render the whole narrative as safe and well-timed as it is true and indisputable. All this I mean of the Escape and of those concerned in it; for I pretend not to be judge of the other particulars insisted upon in the pamphlet.

As I esteem your person and revere your honest zeal for truth, so I am sorry (Dear Sir) that our correspondence should be so unfrequent. And yet I know not well how this can be remedied, seeing I am unwilling to correspond by post, because a custom still prevails of opening letters now and then at post offices, and I chuse not to have my trifles exposed at
fol. 1369. any rate: for I am not afraid of anything I write, as I abhor the very thoughts of treason. You have for once made me get the better of this backwardness by your kindness in sending me a frank, which I have made the proper use of as speedily as possible. May we not correspond by your carriers from York?

Just now a limner is busy about an original picture at my desire upon which he is to draw the following description:

Ranaldus MacDonald de Bellfinlay in Benbecula in prœlio Cullodino (Ætat: suæ 18) multo vulnere saucius, nudatus, sub dio circiter horas 22 restabat; sed tandem humanitate (tunc temporis admodum singulari) cujusdam Hamiltonij, vicarij de legione Cholmondlyacâ salvus evasit dum vulneratos commilitones (referens tremisco) consultò mactatos, miserrime jugulatos undique videbat; adeò ut contaminata esset terra cædibus.

Monstrum!—Horrendum!—Ingens!

The limner assures me he is determined to work off a plate of it with the same inscription not to cost above a shilling sterling per copy. As it is an historical and undeniable proof of
fol. 1370. a certain barbarous and shocking scene, so I doubt not but

it may circulate far and near. Pray, Dear Sir, be at pains to count noses and see what demand may be for such a commodity in your corner. You may have as many copies as you please and you are sure there can be counterfeit when the plate is to done instantly from the original picture. 19 June

Herewith you have a copy of Fraser's Escape which I was afraid it would not be in my power to procure for you.

All your friends here are glad to hear of your welfare, and make a return to your compliments with much kindness. I ever am, Dear Sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.[1]

Tartanhall, 19*th June* 1749.

COPY of a LETTER.[2]

fol. 1371.

Inverness, 24 *March* 1749.

SIR,—When at the same time I indulge you with an answer to your letter concerning the particulars you mention therein, I hope neither you or your friends, who may have seen the account I am now to give of these particulars, will impute my conduct to disaffection to the Government, or out of resentment to particular persons. I assure you the case is otherwise. I do it to satisfie your curiosity, and furnish you with indisputable facts, which I find are greatly aggravated in your good town to the disadvantage of our army in generall, and to the reputation of persons of distinction in particular. At the same time every person who wishes well to our happy constitution must, with regret, think the proceedings of our army in this country schocking and unprecedented. I think so myself, and as my station and employment under the Government, and my endeavours to support it in the late times of danger puts it out of the reach of malice to traduce me in the modern way with the name of a Jacobite, which appellation the wrong heads and bad hearts never miss to bestow on those that dare speak truth and differ from them, and give their dissent to all that's oppressive and illegall, I shall therefore proceed and give you a brief account of what you desire to be informed of, so 24 March 1749

fol. 1372.

[1] See f. 1418.

[2] Printed at p. 270 of *Jacobite Memoirs*.

April far as consists with my knowledge, and shall begin with the remarkable escape of John (Alexander) Fraser, commonly called M'Iver.[1] This man was an officer of the Master of Lovats regiment. He was very early shott through the knee at the battle of Culloden. He was carried off in the heat of the action, and left at a dike side pointing towards Culloden House. Some hours after the defeat of the Highland army, he with other seventeen wounded officers of that army (who were either carried or made their escape towards a little plantation
fol. 1373. of wood near to the place where Fraser lay) were carried to the closs and office houses of Culloden, where they remained for two days wallowing in their blood and in great torture, without any aid from a doctor or surgeon, tho' otherwise kindly entertained by Mr. Thomas Stewart, chamberlain and chief housekeeper to the late Lord President, and this he did to some at the hazzard of his life. The third day Fraser and the other sevinteen wounded officers were by a party of soldiers, under the command of a certain officer, put on carts tyed with ropes, and carried a little distance from the house to a park dike, and there placed against the wall or park dike, when the officer who commanded the party ordered Fraser and the other prisoners to prepare for death, and all who were able bended their knees, and began to pray to God for mercy to their souls. In a minute the soldiers who conducted them were ordered to
fol. 1374. fire, which they did, and being at the distance only of two yards from the breasts of the unhappy prisoners most of them all expired in an instant. But such was the humanity of the commanding officer, as thinking it right to put an end to so many miserable lives, that he gave orders to the soldiers to club their musketts and dash out the brains of such of them as he observed with life, which accordingly they did. And one of the soldiers observing John Fraser to have the signs of life after receiving a shott, he struck him on the face with the butt of his muskett, broke the upper part of his nose and cheek-bone, and dashed out one of his eyes, and left him for dead. In this miserable situation a certain young nobleman riding out by the house of Culloden and park dike, he observed some

[1] See ff. 1239, 1326, 1603, 1642.

life in Fraser, and calling out to him asked what he was. He told him that he was an officer in the Master of Lovat's regiment. This young Lord offered him money, saying he had been acquainted with his Collonel. Upon which Fraser told him he had no use for money, but begged for God's sake either to cause his servant put an end to his miserable life or carry him to a coat house which he mentioned at a little distance. This the young Lord had the humanity to do, and Fraser being put in a corn kilnlogie, where he remained for three months, and with the assistance of his landlord is so far cured as to be able to step upon two crutches, and is now a living object and witness of what I here relate to you. There is something further remarkable in this man's case. Upon his return to his country he found his wife and children stript of all their means and effects by the army, and preparing to beg from house to house. He received a letter that his wife's brother, who was a surgeon to his trade, had dyed in France, and by his will, which he had left in the hands of his trustees at London, he, Fraser, in right of his wife, was entitled to upwards of four hundred pounds sterling as her share of her brother's effects, and which sum he accordingly received in the month of May 1748, and which you may easily believe in some measure supports him in his present miserable state of body, deprived of the use of his limbs, his arm, and one of his eyes.

April

fol. 1375.

fol. 1376.

And with respect to what you want to be informed of concerning the crueltys used the first and second days after the battle of Culloden on the field of battle, I find there are several things aggravated even in that particular. It is certain that a resolution was taken that it was not proper to load or crowd this little town with a multitude of wounded and incurable men of our enemys,[1] and therefore a party was ordered to the field of battle, who gathered all the wounded men from the different corners of the field to one or two parts, and there on a little rising hillock or ground properly planted they were finished with great dispatch. And this you and every body else must own was as to them performing the greatest act of humanity, as it put an end to many miserable lives remaining

fol. 1377.

[1] See ff. 375, 421, 707, 1087, 3231.

April in the outmost torture without any hopes of relief. The house you mention was no other than a little coat house where goats or sheep used to shelter in cold nights, and to this hut, which is about a quarter of a mile's distance from the field of battle, many of the wounded men crawled in the night time, and being there found by the soldiers, the door of the hut was shutt, and a fire put to the different corners of the hut, and every person there to the number of thirty-two, including some beggars, who flocked to the field of battle for plunder, perished in the flames.

I find you have a just account of the usage our two provosts
fol. 1378. mett with.[1] The one received kicks upon kicks, and the other was forced to execute the servile office of mucking his own stable for the conveniency of the dragoon horses. And the waggs of our town distinguish them by the names of the Kick, the Muck or Dirt Provosts. I am, etc.

17 June 1749 *N.B.*—Saturday afternoon, June 17th, 1749.—Mr. William Gordon, Bookseller in Edinburgh, called for me, when he received from me Dr. Burton's performance (page [f.] 1364), in which I pointed out several omissions of circumstances which the Doctor actually has in his Collection; but I refused to fill them up. At the same time Mr. Gordon delivered to me a copy of the preceeding letter from Inverness, he allowing me to take a transcript of it for my own use, and I promising to return his copy as soon as possible, which accordingly I did on Friday, June 23, by the hands of James Mackay, servant to
fol. 1379. my Lady Bruce. I know not as yet who is the author of the letter, for Mr. Gordon did not mention him to me, and I did not ask him about the author of it.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1380. ## COPY of a LETTER[2] from the RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP GERARD in Aberdeen to me, R. F.

20 June 1749 REVEREND DEAR SIR,—In answer to your last, please know that the truth of the story you have often heard is, that the

[1] See ff. 380, 1320.

[2] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 209; see also f. 1350 of this Collection.

Duke of C——d, during his six weeks stay here, lived in the March
house of Mr. Thomsone, Advocate; that his retinue or servants made use of every kind of provisions they found in the house, coals, candles, ale or other liquors in the cellars, and the milk of his cow, bed and table linnen, which were (you may be sure) very much spoil'd and abused; that they broke up a press in which Mrs. Thomsone had lodg'd a considerable quantity of sugars, and wherof they took every grain weight; that when about to march from Aberdeen, he left six guineas to the three servants of the house, a boy and two women, one wherof had wash'd and dress'd the D——'s linen while he stay'd; but did not make the least compliment or requital to Mr. Thomsone for the so long and free use of his house, furniture, and provisions, nor so much as call for his landlord or landlady to give them thanks. This you may depend on as the true matter of *fol.* 1381.
fact known to every body in Aberdeen. The story of the bag with an hundred guineas is, that it was left in one of the drawers in Sir Everard Falkner's room, which he had the use of whilst he stay'd, and after his going away, found there by one of Mr. Thomsone's maids, which she gave to her master, and he immediately sent her with it to Judge-Advocate Bruce, to carry and deliver it to Sir Everard, whom he was about to follow; and the maid got two guineas from Bruce for her honesty and care. Upon missing the money, the Under Secretary wrote back from Bamf to Mr. Thomsone about it, who in answer inform'd how his servant had found the bag, and by his order given it to Bruce. This is the true fact.

As to the other story of the p. b——d [poisoned bread], I can give no certain information about it, having heard nothing but the common report. Before they left Aberdeen, above a hundred portable copper ovens were wrought and prepared by all the workmen in and about the town; but what use was made of them I can't tell. I have not yet seen Jo. Dounie, but when he comes to town shall acquaint him of *fol.* 1382.
what you desire and expect from him. I'm persuaded there are several persons in or about Leith or Edinburgh who can informe you sufficiently about the Inverury affair. However, I shall put John upon gratifying you how soon I can see him. It is lucky that Providence has so favoured you in your laudable

June design, wherin, and in all your publick spirited attempts, I heartily wish you the most desirable success. . . . I am, Reverend Dear Sir, very affectionately yours, etc.

Aberdeen, June 20th, 1749.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

The treatment Mr. Thomson and his wife met with is the more remarkable as Mr. Thomson is a Whig, and was always firmly attached to the present Establishment. —Robert Forbes, A.M.

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jamdudum
perpetuò

fol. 1383. Anglia *continuò* famulis vexata scelestis
Ancillam, dixit, des mihi, Flora, tuam.
Accipe, Flora inquit, ne me mea Burka fefellit,
Restituet cito res illa puella tuas.

Vex'd with bad servants, thus old England said,
Prithee, dear Flora! let me have thy maid.
Take her, says Flora, If I know my Burk,
She is the girl to do Old England's work.

Or rather thus—

Long with bad servants vex'd, Old England said, etc.

fol. 1384. To the Author of the *Caledonian Mercury*
and
To the Author of the *Evening Courant*,
July 5th, 1749.

Ære perennius.

Some time last month died at Gualtergill, in the Isle of Sky, aged 72, Donald MacLeod, of late so well known to the world by the name of the Faithful Palinurus. In the decline of life he gave a strong proof how much he despised the gilded dust, that idol of the times.

O had I Virgil's or great Homer's pen, 5 July
I 'd sing the praises of the wondrous man.
Firm as a rock he stood the shocks of fate,
And bravely scorn'd to be a tool of state.

N.B.—The publishers of the *Evening Courant* (Kincaid and Fleming) refused to insert the above character unless half a crown should be given; but the publishers of the *Caledonian Mercury* did insert it without any hire or bribe.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

N.B.—Wednesday, September 6th, 1749.—Mr. MacLeod, younger of Rasay, was with me, and assured me that the above Donald MacLeod, Palinurus, was alive and in good health.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Robert Stewart[1] to me, Robert Forbes. *fol.* 1385.

Reverent Sir,—I acknowledge myself to be much out of my dutie in not writing sooner to you, but you may believe I am not unmindfull of any service wou'd lay in my road that wou'd be usefull to you. The following is a summary of certain desolations made betwixt the rivers of Spey and Dee in the year 1746. In Badenoch was burnt Clunie M'Phersons house and Garvamores; in Strathdown, Glenbuckits; at Cambetel bredgit, Donald Pharqurson's of Auchriachans; at Glenconlass his house, and John Grant in Innerlochies; James Grant, miller in Inchnachape, and Lachland Dooll in Easter Jaslick, their dwelling houses; in Glenlivet, Bowchel Hall, and Scallan, the whole houses; John Gordons in Clasnoir his dwelling house, the house and Chapple at Tombae, and Blairphinie his house, and a poor mans house at Upper Downen; in Skuirdustan, —— Gordon, younger of Aberloure's at Culquich; in Glenrinas, the whole toun of Bragach; *fol.* 1386. 27 June 1749

[1] This letter is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 346. See other notices of Captain Robert Stewart in this Collection, ff. 1138, 1153, 1163.

27 June in Cabrach, John Roy, innkeeper, his house; in Strath Diveran, the Chappel at Shanvel and parson's house; in Dumbenan, Mr. Tulloch's, the whole toun; in Kineathmont, the miller's house of Miln a Smiston all burnt; the Chapples of Robiston and Rossary thrown down; the Chapples of Tullochs, Hornie, Cleenhill, Newdurn, and one near Kinmundie, all burnt, that one by order of Lady Kinmundie; on Dee side, Gordon of Blellacks house. As for the plunderings and herships committed in the countrys, etc., it is impossible to give a discription of them. . . . I remain, Reverent Sir, Your most affectionate and humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) Robt. Stewart.

Crooks mill, 27 June 1749.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers—Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1387. ## *Advertisement taken out of the London Evening Post* —— 1749.

1749 This day is publish'd—Standing armies standing evils, and proved to be foreign to the nature, spirit, and genius of the old English constitution, and absolutely contrary to the principles of the famous Revolution and the liberties of Mankind. Written by that divine patriot, John Trenchard, Esqr. To which is added The Englishman's Prayer, addressed to that worthy patriot prince whose name and fame will shine throughout the Earth. What are we to expect, if in a future age an ambitious prince should arise with a dissolute and debauched army, a flattering clergy, a prostitute Ministry, a bankrupt house of Lords, a pensioner House of Commons, and a slavish and corrupt nation?

fol. 1388. ## Copy of a Letter to Mr. Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale.

10 July 1749 My dear Sir,—I gladly embrace the opportunity of Bellfinlay's returning home, to write you some few lines, and to tender you my best wishes.

There are two particulars relative to a certain YOUNG GENTLEMAN's singular distresses, about the truth of which I have some doubts, as they happen not to be mentioned in that excellent and accurate Journal drawn up by young Clanranald and you, with the help of honest Allastar MacDonald (Dalely's brother), from whom I had the favour of the Journal.[1] 10 July

The first particular is this, that Donald Cameron of Glenpean informed the Prince 'that there was a pass with a hollow to go down over a high rock, which was exceeding hazardous, but was the only place he could advise the Prince to attempt. Upon this they went to the said precipice, being then dark night, and Donald Cameron went first over the pass, and the Prince followed; but as he was coming down the hill to the top of the rock where the pass was, his foot slipped, and the hill being so steep, he tumbled to the very top of the rock; and would certainly have fallen one hundred fathoms perpendicular *fol.* 1389. over the rock, had he not catched hold of a tree on the very top of the rock with one of his legs after his body passed the same, and which he kept hold of betwixt his leg and his thigh, till the next person that was following him catched hold of him by the breast, and held him till the said Donald Cameron returned back and came to them, and recovered both. At last they got over this so dangerous pass, by which they passed the first line of the troops, and different nights after this they passed the other four lines of the troops, creeping on their hands and feet betwixt the sentries.'

The other particular is the story of 'Ha! Dougal MacCullony, I am glad to see thee!'[2] as narrated in Dr. Burton's late performance, page 51 and 52.

Now, Dear Sir, as you certainly was with the Prince when these things should have happened, so you can best tell what truth there is in them. I beg therefore you may let me know the truth or falsity of them by any sure private hand that comes in your way. Favour me likewise with the number and names of the faithful Glenmoriston men who proved so serviceable to the Prince and you. Perhaps they used to call the *fol.* 1390. Prince, Dougal MacCullony, which might give rise to the story

[1] See ff. 571, 576.

[2] See ff. 547, 624.

10 July in Burton's pamphlet.[1] In your Journal you mention 'the pursuing your way (Donald Cameron being guide) through roads almost impassible even in daylight,' which indeed makes it very probable that the Prince has slipt a foot, and thereby has been in danger of loosing his life over the precipice. But then I want much to have it affirmed in plain terms by you under your hand if true. For my great desire is to have everything as well vouched as possible.

Is it possible to get any certain account of the way and manner in which Mr. Mackenzie suffered death in his skulking?[2] This affair you 'll find likewise narrated in Dr. Burton's pamphlet, but How? truly is the great point. There is indeed a great degree of probability in the matter, but then that can never amount to an evidence requisite for ascertaining a matter of fact.

Whatever plunderings and pillagings, burnings and murders you can have well vouched after the memorable 16th of April 1746, you will oblige me much by transmitting to me true and
fol. 1391. exact narratives of them.

After perusing the inclosed please seal it, and (with your conveniency) deliver it to my good friend honest Allastar, to whom I heartily wish better days, for I sympathize with him in all his distresses.

That all things good and happy may ever attend you, your lady and family, is the sincere and earnest prayer of, My Dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 10th, 1749.

See Glenalledell's return to the foregoing letter in this same volume, f. 1447, etc.

fol. 1392. COPY of a LETTER to Mr. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, brother to DALELY.

10 July 1749 MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday your son did me the favour to call for me and to dine with me. I was much pleased to hear

[1] See f. 611.

[2] See f. 146.

from him that by the last accounts he had from you he was informed that you and your family had got safe to Glenco. I hope before this time you are safely arrived at the place where you intend to take up your residence. 10 July

You know well how I employ much of my time, and how anxious I am to make up as compleat and exact a collection as possible of some certain memorable events, etc. And therefore I hope I need not to use many words to prevail with you to give me all the assistance in your power. You told me you intended to take up your abode in Egg or Canna, which if you do, then it will be in your power to make up an exact account of the severe pillaging and plunderings that were committed in these islands. You know I like much to have everything minutely and circumstantially narrated. Forget not then to give the names of those who were principally concerned in pillaging Egg and Canna, such as officers of sogers, commanders of ships, sloops, or yachts. Be mindful likewise to make as exact a calculation as you can of the damages sustaind by the inhabitants of these two islands. In a word, send me an account of everything you can have well vouched. I need not point out particulars to you; for well do you know what I want and what will suit my taste. *fol.* 1393.

Remember me to Dalely and Laig when you happen to see them. It will at all times add to my happiness to hear of your welfare and that of your family, to whom I wish everything that is good. I ever am, Honest Allaster, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 10th, 1749.

Saturday afternoon, July 8th, 1749.—Mr. John Goodwillie called for me and delivered to me a copy of letters and orders about burning Clesteron's house in 1746, which he had promised to procure for my Lady Stewart. Here follows an exact copy of letters and orders anent burning Clesteron's house in 1746. *fol.* 1394. 8 July 1749

SIR,—I have just now received intelligence from John Riddoch, stewart-deputy of the Orkneys, that twelve persons 1746

disguised and masked and in sailors habit[1] did last night cross over from the mainland or Pomona to the island of the Shapinshire, supposed to be some chiefs of the rebel army, who are designed to make their escape from the northern isles of Orkney to some place beyond sea. I hereby require and direct you to take under your command the boats belonging to his
fol. 1395. Majesty's ships, sloops, and armed vessels, *Glasgow*, *Tryall* sloop, *Salamander* and *Happy Janet*, armed vessels, and to proceed to Alwick in the island of Shapinshire, and to take and destroy any person you can find who have been in rebellion against his Majesty's person or government, or their abettors, and likewise to destroy by fire, etc., the house of James Fea of Clesteron in the said Island of Shapinshire, he being a notorious rebel[2] against the present government; and to do all other acts of hostility to annoy any traitorous persons, and to proceed under the direction of Mr. Doos, according to Commodore Smith's order.

Addressed to Captain Jeffreys of his Majesty's ship *Scarborough*, Orkneys.

Wrote on the back thus:—

5 May 1749 Westminster, May 5th, 1749.—This is the copy of the order to which my oath of this date relates (signed), CHA. MEADER.

JA. FRASER, J.P.

fol. 1396. 10 May 1746 SIR,—I have inclosed you a copy of a letter I received last night. Captain Haldane and Captain Millbank was then with me. I sent for Mr. Doos. We all thought it proper to send our boats mann'd and armed, as it was very thick weather and could not go to sea. I gave the command of boats to Captain Haldane. They put off about ten and returned this morning at eight. They were told at Mr. Fea's house that such people as described was landed, but they did not hear of there being come to that island. As that Fea is a NOTORIOUS REBELL, Captains Haldane and Millbank and Mr. Doos with my con-

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[1] This was a downright and manifest falsehood, as I myself heard Clesteron and my Lady Stewart both declare in one and the same company.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] It is worth remarking here that Clesteron was not out with the Prince, nor did he make any publick appearance at all. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

sent, before they went on that duty, thought it our duty to destroy the said Fea's house, which would not only alarm the country, but hinder the rebells from attempting to come this way, which was accordingly done by burning it to the ground. It is now a thick fog and calm. We lye short, and will sail the first opportunity and join the *Scarborough* at Stromness, according to Captain Jeffreys' order, which I received yesterday afternoon. So soon as I join Captain Jeffreys, and should the wind be out of the way or calm, I hope we shall be able to serve Sir James Stewart the same trick. Had Mr. Doos been here before they would all been demolished long before now. It is a great way by water from hence to Sir James's house, but little way from Stromness. I had account that Sir James Stewart wants to take up two men which he ordered on board a Spanish ship in January last as pilots from hence to Peterhead, who had men, money, and arms for the rebells, with an intent to send them out of the way or destroy them in some shape or other that they may not appear as evidence against him should he be taken up. I have wrote to Captain Jeffreys, and likewise to the Sheriff to apprehend the said men if possible and put them on board any of his Majesty's ships, where they may be found when wanted to condemn the said Sir James. He is reckoned a very cunning man and keeps a sharp look-out; but I hope to have him or at least destroy what he has, if time will permitt. I remain, with great respect, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, (Signed) J. Loyde. 10 May *fol.* 1397. *fol.* 1398.

Glasgow, Deer Sound, May the 10*th*, 1746.

N.B.—The way that the preceeding letters and orders anent burning Clesteron's house came ever to appear, is as follows:—Mr. Fea of Clesteron commenced a process before the Lords of Session against those concerned in the burning of his house in 1746. After attending several sessions, at last Clesteron in the Summer session, 1749, made out a clear proof against those who burnt his house, who in their own defence did plead that what they did was by express orders from a superiour officer, and therefore that the said orders were sufficient to make out their exculpation. Accordingly the defendants were obliged to produce the said orders or an authentic copy of them upon

fol. 1399. oath, and to lay them before the Court of Session in Scotland, and an authentic copy upon oath, as above, was at last transmitted from London to Edinburgh some time in Summer 1749. The letter signed J. Loyde was addressed to Commodore Smith. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1400. ## Copy of a LETTER to Mr. JOHN GOODWILLIE, Writer in Edinburgh.

12 July 1749 DEAR SIR,—My Lady Stewart thanks you kindly for the favour in procuring for her a copy of the letters and orders anent burning Clesteron's house in 1746. But in order to make the favour compleat her ladyship begs you 'll be so good as to procure for her a copy of Commodore Smith's letters and orders relative to the same affair which (she says) are still more full and express as to Sir James Stewart and his concerns. Your compliance in this will likewise be a singular favour done to, Dear Sir, Your friend and servant, ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 12th, 1749.

fol. 1401. ## COPY of a LETTER to Bellfinlay, directed thus: To Mr. RANALD MACDONALD off Belffinlay, to the care of Mr. RANALD M'DONALD, mer^tt^, opiside to the Tron Kirk, Ednb^r^.

14 July 1749 DEAR SIR,—I was much surprized when your freind Valay told me of your being at Edenburgh since you were expected home at May. I am verie glade to hear you are turning strong, and hopes to have the pleasure to see you soon in Uist. Please let me know if you heard latly from the countrie, and how soon you intend to leave that citty; lickways how your freinds does in the Castle, and when sett at liberty. The news worth while; or if you shall go along with me by sea, who expectes to leave Clide nixt weeke.

fol. 1402. I have nothing new, but your freinds in the Long Isle are still well, and that I have drunk severall times with one of your saviours, who drank your health preetty oftne.

From whom you have the inclos'd, and on the receipt hereof send me the answer inclos'd with your commands for the countrie. Since I am short of money, and cant go there with empty pockets, and much afraide youll not come this rod, and beleive that I am with the greatest reguard, Dear Sir, Your most affectionat servantt, 14 July

(*Sic subscribitur*) DONALD MACNEILL.

Glasgow, the 14*th July* 1749.

Please remember my complement to Ranald M'Donald to hows care I direct this, and let him know I am much surprized he hase not sent me a return of my letter, and wants it on the receipt of this. Direct to the care of Mr. George Black, merchantt here.

COPY of the LETTER (mentioned in the preceeding letter) to Bellfinlay, directed thus: To Mr. RANALD MACDONALD of Beulffinlay, by Inverness. *fol.* 1403.

Newry in the north of Ireland, 1749.

DEAR SIR,—The bearer, Mr. M'Neile, tells me that your alive and well. I assure you that I never did anything in all my life that gives me more pleasure then the thoughts I have of beeing a mains of saveing your life. I hope you never will bee consernd in another rebellion. 1749

I have maid an exchange with a halfpay officer, and am on half pay, and I have got a sume of money diference. I have not had good success in the army. I intend settleing within two mills of Antrim. One Mr. ONeile, a gentleman of a good fortune and a friend of mine, has promis'd me a lace,[1] and I hope on good terms, and I must do my best tho' I cant say I under[2] much of farming. So I now must turn my sword into a plougshare. *fol.* 1404.

[1] Lease.

[2] So it was in the original letter, but no doubt Mr. Hamilton designed 'understand.'—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

After the battle of Colledon I was orderd on a party, which was the reason I did not see you after I tuck you out of the field. Poore Captain Trapound is ded, which gave me great concern. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you in Ireland. Pray favour me with a letter. Direct to me here as I belive I shall not be able to get in to the farm befor next January as I have some things to provide to stock it. I am, Dear Sir, very truly, Your most humble,

(*Sic subscribitur*) JAMES HAMILTON.

fol. 1405. 21 July 1749

N.B.—Friday, July 21st, 1749.—Bellfinlay gave me the two original letters from which I faithfully transcribed the two preceding copies. I returned the two original letters (according to promise) to Bellfinlay on Saturday, July 22d, 1749. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1406.

COPY of a LETTER to Dr. JOHN BURTON at his house in York.

24 July 1749

MY DEAR SIR,—To your kind favours of June 10th[1] I writ a long and particular return on the 19th, which I hope you received in due course, as I dispatched it by post in the frank you sent me.

This will be put into your hands by my Lady Gask, sister to Lord Nairn, who goes for London about business of no small importance that very nearly concerns herself and the family she is connected with. I leave it altogether to her ladyship to give you her own history, which indeed is interesting enough to every heart that is not proof against all the tender feelings of sympathy and compassion. I know you too well to imagine that I need to use any arguments to prevail

fol. 1407. with you to tender her Ladyship all the good offices in your power, either by recommending her to proper persons in London who are capable of putting her business in the right channel of application (as in this point alone lies the delicacy of her case), or by giving her ladyship your best advice as to the

[1] See f. 1365.

method she ought to use in making good her intention, which indeed will require no small degrees of dexterity and address. As you are a person much versant in the active part of life, and as you have gone through the fiery trial in more shapes than one, so you are the better fitted for being useful to this good lady in laying a right scheme to bring her design to a happy period. If it shall so happen that her ladyship must pass through York in haste, I beg you 'll give her the convoy of a stage or so that you may have the more time to discourse over her business fully, and to think maturely upon it. In a word whatever friendly office you do to this Lady I will take it as done to myself. 24 July *fol.* 1408.

The pamphlet upon the Escape is much run upon here, and has made some converts to the Cause of Truth.

My Lady Bruce and her companions, Mr. Stewart Carmichael, etc., remember you, your lady and young master with much kindness. I will be glad to hear frequently from you.

Wishing all things good and happy to you, and all your concerns, I ever am, with much sincerity and esteem, Dear Doctor, Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 24th, 1749.

P.S.—Pray what is become of Miss Flora? Adieu.

COPY of a LETTER from the Right Reverend Bishop GERARD of Aberdeen to me, ROBERT FORBES. *fol.* 1409.

REVEREND DEAR BROTHER,—I hope my last by John Taylor came safe to you. What you desired of our friend Jo. D-n-e you have inclosed, and in his own handwrit. I wish these accounts may serve your purpose in any measure. There is, we see, as advertised in the English prints, a history of the like nature lately publish'd at London, and recommended by a specious title-page. If you have seen it, let me have your thoughts of it; for if it goes upon hearsay stories as I suspect, or be otherwise defective in answering the right and true design of such a work, I 'le endeavour to disswade some 12 July 1749

12 July friends, as I have hitherto done, from calling for it till I hope a better pennyworth (whereof I have given some general remote hints) comes in their way, and which I have told them may be soon expected. I was affected with the accounts of honest Pal-nu-us death by the last newspaper. His chief I 'm affraid
fol. 1410. will go with less honour and less lamented to his grave. . . . I continue, Reverend Dear Sir, very affectionately yours,

(*Sic subscribitur*) A. G.

July 12*th*, /49.

Copy of John Daunies Account of the Skirmish at Inverury.

20 Dec. 1745 Upon Friday the 20th of December 1745 the Laird of MacLeod marched from Old Meldrum to Inverurie with 500 men, was joined nixt day by Culkern with 200 Minroos who were quarterd upon the farmers neerest to that village. They continowed there in great security untill Munday about four in the afternoon that there centrie in the south end of the town was surprized with the white flag turning the firpark of Kethhall in forward march upon the village, upon which he fir'd his pice to give the alarm, whereupon as the townsmen say they turn'd out in great conffusion. (This firpark was
fol. 1411. within half a mile of the village.) The reason of this security of theirs might proceed from their freinds at Aberdeen making them belive they had nothing to fear from Lord Lewis, as he was preparing to march south. But therein were they deceived. For upon Saturday came two companies of L[ord] J[ohn] D[rummond]'s men from Minrose with Elsick's men from the Mearns, so that he might have have numbered about 900 men, part of which were left to keep guard at Aberdeen; and upon Munday about ten did he march by the bridge of Don with Stonnywood's regiment, Minaltrie's, Elsick's men and a few Mr. Crichton had raised with the two companies of Drumond's. Abichie marched his men the Kintore road, and by that means had Don to cross in sight of the enimie, as Lord Lewis had Urie. About 60 of the Macleods kept firing upon

them crossing Urie, wherby two men were wounded. The Macleods were drawn up upon the east side of the town, against whom was sent Colonel Culbert and Stonnywood. Minaltrie and Blelack entered the town; Abichie went up the west side to scour the yards from which they fired, and galled Lord Lewis men in their coming up from Urie to form agenst the enemie. The action lasted but a few minutes after the men were formed, and the loss inconsiderable on both sides, night coming on apace; they could not be supposed they could see to levell their pices. Upon the Macleods side was taken Gordon of Ardoch and 60 private men; on both sides 14 killed and 20 wounded. 20 Dec. *fol.* 1412.

N.B.—The original of Bishop Gerard's letter, and the original of Mr. Daunie's Account as above are to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a RETURN to Bishop GERARD of Aberdeen. *fol.* 1413.

RIGHT REVEREND DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly much obliged to your reverence for your repeated favours. I heartily thank my good friend Mr. Daunie for the exact narrative he has given me of the skirmish at Inverury. It answers the purpose very well. 2 Aug. 1749

I can assure your reverence the pamphlet you mention is well worth your attention and encouragement. It is done by a correspondent of mine in England, who was long a prisoner with Miss MacDonald, Malcolm MacLeod, etc., and who came to Scotland on purpose to make inquiry about some certain facts. His performance indeed contains scarce a third of what might be told. But then there is not a single fact in it that can be called in question, only the circumstances of the facts are not so exactly and fully narrated as they might have been. Your reverence mistakes the matter as to my design, for the late performance has made its appearance contrary to my earnest and repeated remonstrances. I have resisted many solicitations, as I am well aware that this is far from being a proper time for the publication of truths of so much delicacy *fol.* 1414.

2 Aug. and danger, and therefore (for my own part) I am resolved to wait for a more seasonable opportunity, and when that may happen, God only knows.

The death of the faithful Palinurus must affect every honest heart.

In great haste but with much sincerity, I ever am, right reverend Dear Sir, Your, etc., ROBERT FORBES.

August 2d, 1749.

fol. 1415. COPY of a LETTER from Mr. THOMAS FORBES in London to me, ROBERT FORBES, which Letter came by shipping, and was inclosed in a blank cover directed to Mr. THOMAS WATSON, Vintner on the Shore of Leith.

28 July 1749 DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on your marriage, and I assure you it is not in your power to desire more felicity than I wish you and your spouse. If you can spare me the small black edg'd manuscript volumes to help to compleat a work undertaken by a very honest and sufficient person that will be of use, you will do a publick good, and shall have what satisfaction you demand; and I hope that my haveing a concern in it will be no stop to your compliance.

Next week I will have a small thing printed with which I can promise you 'll be pleased, and by the first opurtunity I shall send you some copies of it. If you agree to let me have the books, pray send them by the first opurtunity; and write me by post at Mrs. Harriss's, near King's Gate Street, Holbourn,
fol. 1416. London, so I shall know where to call for them. My wife and I join in our good wishes to you and Mrs. Forbes; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) THOS. FORBES.

London, 28th July 1749.

N.B.—The following words were written on the forepart of the said letter after sealing :—

Pray by the first post, after receipt of this send me the

Exchequer List from the Supplement to the *Scots Magazine* of those there enroll'd as attainted for their behaviour in 1745 and 1746. Their names are on two leaves, which take out and inclose in a letter to me, for I shall want them before you can send them. The last I had from you were stoln from me.

N.B.—The original of the above letter is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of an ANSWER to the preceding LETTER. *fol.* 1417.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter gave me relief after what I had heard about you. I was obliged to buy a supplement in order to serve you with the inclosed leaves. Your other request is such that I would not grant it to my father, were he in life. What you saw me possessed of is very little in comparison of what I have now; for I am come to the seventh. I am sure you cannot have a sufficient stock of materials for your design, and therefore I wish you would not meddle with it. I chuse not to give you in this any particular reasons for my refusal, but had I the happiness of seeing you I could give you plenty of them. Pray what is become of your old friend? I will be glad to hear from you at all times. You are much in my debt, so you and yours I heartily wish well. Farewel. 8 Aug. 1749

August 8th, 1749.

COPY of a LETTER from Dr. JOHN BURTON of York to me, ROBERT FORBES, addressed thus (within a cover)—For DONALD HATEBREEKS, Esqr., at Tartanhall, this.[1] *fol.* 1418.

DEAR SIR,—This comes by my friend, Mr. John Graham, who, having business at Edinburgh, has taken my wife along with him that they may once see your famous capital, which 3 Aug. 1749

[1] See ff. 1365-1370.

3 Aug. my wife never had the least curiosity to go to untill the Prince's arrival. If it suits your convenience I shall be obliged to you to go along with 'em to the Castle, where, pray, give my best compliments to the worthy gentlemen therein confined, and tell 'em they have my hearty prayers for a speedy deliverance from all their troubles.

I am glad you received the copies of my Persecution, and that you gave yourself the trouble to dispose of 'em in the manner you did.

As to the other pamphlet, the omissions you mention were *fol.* 1419. left out in my MSS., or otherways I should have put 'em in. I assure you there was a thorough consultation both here and in London by the best and ablest heads amongst friends, wherein everything was seriously considered before it was determined to have it publishd, and it was thought THAT to be as proper a time as any, and that no person could be injur'd by it, because altho' the world were strangers in general to the facts, yet those more particularly interested were not, having by one means or another had all the intelligence they could wish for, and which they wanted to have suppress'd. Mr. G. sent me the Edinburgh edition, which pleased me very well.

I am equally sorry we cannot correspond oftner nor so freely as we would; but I think we should be little better by the carriers, because there would be no small danger of loosing sometimes a letter, as one and the same carrier does not go quite thorough. We have indeed opportunities by the return *fol.* 1420. of by-coaches sometimes, and also now and then by some friend. But I fancy by inclosing a letter under cover to a friend at Newcastle he might see it delivered to the other carrier, and then it might come safe.

I had spoke to our bookseller about the picture you mention, and he said he would take any number the proprietor would send upon (what the trade calls) return: that is, they will be accountable for all they receive, except what they return to the proprietor, for which they have a fourth part of the profits. But the poor fellow was killed about ten days ago. However, if the proprietor has a mind he may send 100, and such as I dispose off shall remit him 1s. for each, and such as the booksellers take 9d. each for what is not returned.

Had I the 100 now I could dispose of 'em all this week, it being our races. The sooner they come the better. 3 Aug.

I thank you for F. escape, which I take care to show to all sides of the question. There is a pamphlet publish'd at Edinburgh which please to get for me. It was wrote by one Haddon or some such names. It gives an account of many cruelties, etc.

I expect some good pamphlets daily from Dublin, and if they be not relative to local affairs and will be of public use, may send you a copy. *fol.* 1421.

My wife will go with Mr. Graham to see my Lady Balmerino, whom they know; and if Lady Bruce be well, will give her a call to thank her for the civilities shown me at the Citadel, to whom pray make my best compliments, as also to all other friends. I am, Dear Sir, Your obliged friend and humble servant, (*Sic subscribitur*) J. B.

August 3, 1749.

P.S.—I have just now received a letter from Sir William Grierson giveing me an account of the death of the faithfull Palinurus, which I am sorry for. I think a copper plate from your picture of him would be very acceptable to the world, and I am certain he deserves it. But if such a thing be done instead of his buff belt, he ought to have something alluding to his own proper business.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of an Answer to the preceding Letter. *fol.* 1422.

Dear Sir,—I was favoured with your kind and obliging letter by the hands of your worthy friend, Mr. Graham, whom and the fellow-traveller I highly value. O that all Old England were of their sentiments! Then indeed the golden age would once more return to poor mortals and fair Astræa would gently guide the reins of government. You may be thankful that ever the fellow-traveller returned to York. You know love begets love; and as the fellow-traveller loves Scotland, so I can assure you, Scotland is much in love with the fellow-traveller. 19 Aug. 1749

19 Aug. You could not fail to be pleased with the Scots edition of the Journal, etc., as indeed it was more neatly done than the English impression. How much the performance is valued here I leave you to judge from the following lines :—

By a gentleman in Aberdeen on reading the Journal, etc.

'When rancour, malice, envy all are dead,
And future ages shall thy story read,
Ten thousand pens shall celebrate thy fame,
And latest ages shall thy worth proclaim.
fol. 1423. Nor shall the faithful Flora's mem'ry die,
Till the last trump rend the empyreal sky.'

If another edition of the Journal should ever make its appearance, I humbly think the above lines should be printed as a preface to it.

Mr. Robertson, limner, has promised to pack up a hundred of the prints and send them to you (with a letter from his own hand) by Mr. Graham, upon the conditions you mention. I hope you shall have no difficulty in disposing of them, especially considering the historical part of the print. It ought to circulate far and near as a glaring proof of the singular, amazing fact.

Mr. Graham tells me he has already sent you a copy of Haldane's extraordinary performance, so that he has prevented me in giving a chearful compliance to your desires which I would have gladly done.

If you have not already seen the following lines, I know they will prove an acceptable present to you.

'Anglia, perpetuò,' etc. [as in page (f.) 1383 of this vol.].

I would be as glad as any one to have a copper-plate of old Palinurus and have spoke to Mr. Robertson about it. But then the difficulty is in such a case to procure purchasers in order, at least, to defray the charges; for a plate, paper and working off will cost about 5 or 6 £ Sterling. The following
fol. 1424. character of him was printed in the *Caledonian Mercury*, and I wish it could make its appearance in any one of your English papers as a lesson to the venal age we live in.

'*July 5th*, 1749.

Ære perennius.

'Sometime last,' etc., [as in f. 1384 of this volume]. 5 July 1749

If your pamphlets from Dublin be any way valuable or curious, pray mind me with some of them as you promise. With much sincerity and esteem I ever am, Dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend and very humble servant, Duncan Philibeg.

Floradale, August 19th, 1749.

Copy of a Letter[1] to the Revd. Mr. James Hay in Inverness, by the hands of the Revd. Mr. George Innes,[2] returning from Leith to Forres. *fol.* 1425.

Reverend Dear Brother,—To your extraordinary favours I made a return upon the 13th of May last by post which I hope you received in due course. I now gladly embrace the opportunity of a gentleman travelling north, who lives within twenty miles of you, and who promises to have this letter carefully delivered into your hands. In my former letter I used cautious and general expressions such as I hoped you would easily understand; but now, being sure of my bearer, I am to write plainly and openly without any manner of reserve. I return you my most hearty thanks for the several sheets you transmitted to me by the hands of honest Mr. Baillie, who observed great care in delivering them to me. I earnestly beg you 'll be mindful of the promise you are so good as to make of sending me more of the same kind, for I am exceedingly anxious to make my collection as full and compleat as possible. 28 Aug. 1749

As I highly value your narratives, they being the most important and of an extraordinary nature, so I could wish they were most minute and circumstantial. In the sheets I have already received, you have omitted giving the names of some persons which, in the event of a history, are necessary to be had in *fol.* 1426.

[1] Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 302, *et seq.*

[2] See ff. 1278, 1314-1347.

28 Aug. order to strengthen and fix the facts against all contradiction and cavilling; for in a point of fact, one can never be too strict and nice. Suffer me then, Dear Sir, to point out your several omissions under separate heads in the way of questions, to which I beg plain and distinct answers, if in your power to give them. To make you easy where giving of names may be a point of delicacy and danger, I do assure you of the utmost secrecy, and that they shall not be mentioned by me in any shape till a safe and proper opportunity appears of publishing dangerous truths—and when that may happen—God only knows. I hope you 'll take my meaning well enough. I keep my collection in a concealment always, so that I am not afraid of its being seized by enemies, and it is not every friend I allow to see only the bulk and outside of my favourite papers. I wish I had the happiness of conversing with you face to face,
fol. 1427. and then indeed I could fully satisfie myself as to every single circumstance and ace of the never to be forgotten transactions in and about your place. But I must even content myself with a conversation now and then in the epistolary way.

To come to the purpose in hand.

1. Can you give me the name of that servant-maid that held a dragoon's horse in a close in Inverness till the said dragoon murdered two low country men? Can you procure me the name of the said dragoon and the names of the said two low country men thus murdered?

2. Can you give me the name of that gentleman who, confined to bed in a high fever, had his throat cut by some dragoons, and who the said dragoons were? This happened in Inverness.

3. Ewan M'Kay (as you write the name) has been written to me by another thus 'Mackvee *alias* Cameron.' Which of these is right, or are both in the right, as Highlanders use frequently to have different names? If he was really a Cameron, of what tribe of the Camerons was he? And what is his father's name; who now, you say, is reduced to be a common beggar? I am the more particular about this Ewan,

[1] See ff. 1122, 1318.

because it plainly appears he has been one of the greatest of heroes. 28 Aug.

4. What is the name of that one of a considerable character who gave Provost Hossack such a severe kick or toss at the head of the stair? *fol.* 1428.

5. When your meeting-house was burnt[1] were any bibles and prayer-books burned with it? This I have had affirmed by some, but how true you must best know.

6. In one paragraph you write thus: 'I was told by a person of credit that a woman in great want saw them burying bread,' etc. Pray, Good Sir, what is the name of that person of credit, your informer in this particular point? In the same paragraph you say, 'That both one of C——s sogers, and a gentleman belonging to his army did tell, there were some waggons of poysoned bread.' Now can you find out the names of the said soger and of the said gentleman, and to whom they made any such declaration and acknowledgment? A discovery of these particulars would prove of no small use.

7. In another paragraph you write thus: 'A gentleman who was long prisoner in Inverness told me that he saw an officer, Winter '46, when it was excessively cold, etc., give half a crown to the sogers to go in a very cold night and extinguish the prisoners fire, etc. What is the name of the said gentleman who told you this, and the name of the officer who hired the sogers to do such a hardship?

8. You inform me 'that all the officers of Blakeney's regiment, except three, were extremely cruel,' etc. Pray let me have the names of the three that were so singular and courageous in being good? *fol.* 1429.

9. You write 'that an officer was heard more than once say that he saw that day (Friday) 72 killed or, as he term'd it, knocked in the head. He was a young captain.' Pray, can this young captain's name be given, and what regiment he belonged to?

10. I suppose the beautyful young man, quite naked and mortally wounded, who received the dram from the officer[2] . . . and who at last was carried to Anna M'Kay's house, to be

[1] See ff. 380, 1456, 1576.

[2] See f. 1324.

28 Aug. Ranald MacDonald of Bellfinlay, fellow-prisoner with Mr. Nairn. Am I right in my supposition or not?

11. What is the name of that wounded man who crawled in the night on his fours (as you word it) an incredible distance, by which means he escaped?

12. You blank one's name whom you mention to have been disabled in both legs and sadly wounded, that a soger struck him on the face with the butt of his gun, etc., that he still lives and is now going on crutches. This person so disabled and wounded I take to be one John (Alexander interlined) Fraser,[1] whose particular history was lately printed at Edinburgh. Am I right or not? The said John Fraser was taken
fol. 1430. out of Culloden House with eighteen or nineteen more and were all set up at a park dyke and shot at by a party of sogers, etc., and none survived the massacre but the said John Fraser only. *N.B.*—Can the said John Fraser give the names of all or of any of the 18 or 19 that were set up with him at the park dyke, etc.? Can he give any account of the party that performed the execrable deed, as to the regiment they belonged to, and the names of the officers who commanded the party?

13. Can you give me the name of that man whose body was taken up twenty days after being covered, and the name of that man whose body was taken up twenty-eight days after being covered, both which bodies were without any corruption or smell in the least?

14. Can you give me the name of that man who at his own door two miles from the field was shot dead, though he had no concern with the Prince, and whose body was buried at the said door, and was taken up fresh about Christmas at the importunity of his wife? I hope you will have no difficulty to find out the name of this man, and likewise the name of his wife, both which I am very desirous to have, as also the name of the place of their abode at the door of which the poor man was shot?

fol. 1431. 15. Can you give me the name of that young gentleman of distinction, who being mortally wounded, lying on the ground was inquired at by C——d to whom he belonged, and upon his

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[1] See ff. 1239 1326, 1352. 1603.

answering 'to the Prince,' C——d ordered the said young gentleman to be shot, which accordingly was done by a common soger? 28 Aug.

16. Can you name the place where the woman was in labour, nine or ten women attending her, who were all burnt alive in the house by orders? Can you give the name of the said woman in labour, and the name of her husband? Can you find out the party and the name of their commander who perpetrated the execrable deed?

17. Can you name the two old men and the young man (a son of one of the said old men) in Glenmoriston who six or seven weeks after the battle were (when harrowing) shot by Major Lockheart's party? As Grant of Daldrigan was forced in a naked condition to witness the hanging up the corpses of the said three men by the feet on a gallows, so no doubt he can give their names.

18. Can you give me the name of that gentlewoman in the Braes of Glenmoriston who, being big with child, was ravished by a party? You likewise mentioned tenants' wives ravished at the same time with the said gentlewoman by all the party. Can you find out the names of any of the said tenants' wives and the party who did the monstrous, shocking facts, and the names of the officers who headed the party? *fol.* 1432.

19. You say 'Lockheart in his way to Strathglass shot a man wading a water with the Whig teacher's protection in his hand to shew him.' Now, what was the name of the said man thus shot? You end this paragraph thus, 'And the whole party ravished there a woman big with child and left her on the ground almost dead. All these are certain facts which may be depended upon, being known by a person of good credit.' Now, Dear Sir, Can you procure me the name of the said woman who was ravished when big with child? What is the name of the said person of good credit to whom the said certain facts which may be depended upon are known?

20. What is the name of that woman who being brought to bed on Sunday before the battle fled on the day of battle with her infant, and was attacked by four dragoons, who gave her seven wounds on the head, etc. You mention that one of the dragoons took the infant by the thigh and threw it about his *fol.* 1433.

28 Aug. head, and that the husband of the said woman was chased into a moss, etc. Now, what is the name of the said husband, and what is the name of the place of his abode?

21. You mention that three days after the battle at four miles distance the sogers most barbarously cut a woman in many places of her body particularly in the face. What is the name of the said woman? To what regiment did the sogers belong, and by what officer or officers commanded, when they so cut said woman?

I have now done with the paper in your own handwriting which is in quarto, and I come to the other paper in folio, which is in the handwriting of some other person.[1]

22. What is the name of the person who writ the said paper in folio? This I want to know because the said writer (from his own words) appears to have been an eyewitness of some facts.

23. The said writer says he might remember the name of the dragoon, as it is Scottish, who saved the life of the poor lame man (Mackenzie) by causing the poor man take hold of *fol.* 1434. one end of a belt and he (the dragoon) taking hold of the other end of the belt, and so leading the poor man on, etc. Now, I wish I had the name of the said dragoon, for 'tis pity the few good should not be recorded.

24. The said writer of the folio paper mentions one Shaw, quartermaster to Semple's regiment, who appears to have been a generous, human gentleman. I could wish to have the said Shaw's Christian name.

25. The said writer tells that when at the King's Milns, the third day after the battle, discourssing the people there, in one of their houses they had a wounded woman. Can you give me the name of the said wounded woman? At the same time the people of King's Milns told the said writer that they had likewise in one of their houses an infant whom they found at his mother's breast (*horresco referens!*) when she was dead, etc. Pray is it possible to get the names of the said murdered mother, and of her poor infant, which infant it seems is still alive? I heartily wish I had their names.

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[1] See f. 1463.

26. The said writer mentions a widow gentlewoman, a young lady (boarder with the said widow) and a servant maid, all three lying in the common guardroom for twelve or fourteen days, exposed to all the rudeness, etc. Now, can you give me the names of the said three women? for their treatment was an offence to nature and a violation of common decency. 28 Aug. *fol.* 1435.

Thus, Dear Sir, have I with the utmost freedom cut out work in plenty for you, and I hope you will not grudge your labour in giving me full and satisfying answers where you can possibly make them out. I keep a copy of this letter that I may compare it with your return, which you may write (for the greater exactness) in the same order of heads as you find herein observed. You will be heartily tired in reading this scribble, which I have been obliged to write in some hurry rather than to miss so good an opportunity of conveyance. Fail not to gratifie me in all my requests, for in so doing you 'll do remarkable services to the cause of Truth, and lay me under particular obligations to you. With best wishes to you and yours, I ever am, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, My Dear Sir, Your most affectionate brother and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, August 28th, 1749.[1]

COPY of a LETTER (inclosed in the Letter to Mr. Hay) to MRS. LEITH[2] at her house in Inverness. *fol.* 1436.

MADAM,—You may be justly surprized at my not writing you sooner and acknowledging your favours. But, to tell the truth, I did not chuse to write to you by post, and till now, I could never meet with a sure bearer whom I could trust. I received all the papers you sent me, and I heartily thank you for them. I assure you I will carefully preserve them, as they may prove useful in a future history. 30 Aug. 1749

I would gladly know the name of that officer, your friend, who suffered so much upon your account, and because he

[1] See ff. 1442, 1456, 1463, 1482, 1573-1575.

[2] See ff. 1284-1312.

30 Aug. demeaned himself with so much humanity and compassion towards the gentlemen in distress. I assure you of the utmost secrecy, and that I shall make no imprudent use of what you are pleased to inform me about. 'Tis pity that his name should not be known who had so much courage and resolution to do good when it exposed him to the utmost malice and resentment, that so he may be recorded in history at a time
fol. 1437. when it may be safe to publish to the world dangerous truths. You mention that Dunlop was his enemy and bore him a great spite, and that he stood a trial and was in no small danger of losing his commission.

I earnestly beg you 'll favour me by some sure private hand with more narratives of facts that you can have well vouched.

I will be glad to hear frequently from you, and with much sincerity am, Madam, your friend and servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, August 30th, 1749.

fol. 1438. COPY of a PARAGRAPH to me, ROBERT FORBES, from the REVD. MR. WILLIAM ABERNETHY,[1] at Stretton in Bedfordshire, August 28th, 1749.

28 Aug. 1749 The security of our property was one glorious motive that brought about the late happy Revolution. As an instance how far it has answer'd that end, take this for an example. Before November 1688 an estate in this county paid to the Government £3, 14s. Sterling, and the same estate, without the least augmentation of rent pays now only the trifling sum of £600, 6s. This I had from the proprietor and factor, *i.e.* steward of the estate, who at the same time told me that their case was not singular, but that everybody was tax'd in the same proportion.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

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[1] See f. 1282.

Copy of a Return to the preceeding Paragraph. September 11th, 1749.

11 Sept. 1749

Your paragraph about the taxes of a certain estate is truly surprizing. The odds between £3, 14s. Sterling and £600, 6s. (per annum, no doubt, you mean) is so very great that I am afraid you may have committed a mistake, and therefore I beg you may inform me once more about this extraordinary piece of history. Pray forget not to gratifie me in this request. . . . *fol.* 1439.

Copy of a Reply to the above from said Mr. Abernethie, October 28th, 1749.

The story of the £600 per annum is literally true.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. *fol.* 1440.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

By a Gentleman on seeing the Prince's Picture.

The Christian heroe's looks here shine,
Mixt with the sweetness of the Stewart's line.
Courage with mercy, wit with virtue join'd,
A beautous person with more beautous mind.
How wise! how good when great! when low, how brave!
Who knows to suffer, conquer, and to save.
Such grace, such virtues, are by Heav'n design'd,
To save Britannia and bless mankind.

Copy of part of a Letter from Malcolm MacLeod (Rasay, September 18, 1749) to me, Robert Forbes.

I have no news to tell you. Only poor Donald M'Leod is dead about ten days ago.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. 18 Sept. 1749

Robert Forbes, A.M.

fol. 1441. COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from DR. MACDONALD, one of Kenloch Moydart's brothers, and stepfather to Bellfinlay.

DEAR SIR,—I had noe opportunity before now to let you know of our arrivall in the country. We had a most severe
21 Sept. 1749 journey off it with most excessive winds and rains which has cast poor Bellfinlay soe low that alas! I fear he has not manie dayes to pass in this world, otherwise you might be sure he had embraced so fair an opportunity of letting you hear from him. His illness puts me and whole family in very great confusion, for I've quit despaired of his recovery.

. . . . . .

There is noe countrey news, but a prodigious bad seasone, and plenty of redcoat pairties, both very bad articles.—I am, Dear Sir, Your affectionate humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) JNO. MACDONALD.

Kenlochmoydart, September 21st, 1749.

fol. 1442. *N.B.*—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. I received Dr. MacDonald's letter from Neil MacDonald, MacKechan's eldest brother, John MacDonald MacKechan, who, and Angus MacDonald of Milton (Miss Flora MacDonald's full brother) made me a visit. They afterwards told me that they had got notice from the Highlands that Bellfinlay died on September 28th.[1]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from the Revd. Mr. JAMES HAY in Inverness.[2]

20 Oct. 1749 REVEREND DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter, August 28th, came only to hand last week in Forress, when the bearer was much

[1] See f. 1453.

[2] See ff. 1436.

distressed with the ague. As soon as possible I'll answer the contents of the inclosed in the best way I can ; for with pleasure I'll most frankly embrace any opportunity of doing what may be agreeable to you. Mrs. Leith is in London, therefore have returned your letter . . . I ever am, yours most affectionately, 20 Oct. *fol.* 1443.

(*Sic subscribitur*) PHILALETHES.

October 20th, 1749.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers, ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Leith, November 15th, 1749.

Nota Bene.—When Mr. John Rattray, surgeon, came to Culloden House, after his liberation at Inverness, President Forbes told the said Mr. Rattray that he had obtained his liberation from the Duke of Cumberland upon condition that he (Mr. Rattray) should become evidence. This surprised Mr. Rattray not a little, insomuch that he spoke with some heat against complying with any such condition. President Forbes began to reason the matter with him and among other things was pleased to say 'that there was nothing in being an evidence.' This provoked Mr. Rattray so much that he told the President in a passion that he would far rather chuse to give himself up a second time, and to return to the miserable situation of a prisoner once more than to become an evidence. In a word Mr. Rattray insisted upon going instantly into Inverness, and giving himself up. But the President desired Mr. Rattray not to think of giving himself up again for that he would use his interest to make things easy for Mr. Rattray by endeavouring to ward off his being tampered with to be an evidence. But the issue explained that his Lordship had very little to say with those at the helm of affairs, notwithstanding the many great and remarkable services he had done for this Government. 15 Nov. 1749 *fol.* 1444.

When Mr. Rattray returned to Edinburgh from the north he communicated this affair to Mr. Wachope of Niddery in confidence. Mr. Wachope was so much pleased with Mr. Rattray's behaviour in the matter, and had such an indignation at the President for offering to propose any such thing to *fol.* 1445.

15 Nov. Mr. Rattray that he [Mr. Wachope] could not forbear talking to the President upon the subject the first time he met with the President in Edinburgh; which so affected the President (he not imagining that anybody knew anything of that matter but only Mr. Rattray and himself) that (as Mr. Rattray much fears) it had bad effects upon the President's health, and even hastened his death. It is, indeed, a prevailing opinion that the President died of heart-break.

This narrative is known to very few, as Mr. Rattray chuses not to mention it even to his best friends, considering the great friendship that was between the President and him. It gave Mr. Rattray much concern that Mr. Wachope of Niddery should have even attempted to touch upon the subject with the President.

I am as much persuaded of the truth of all this as if I had had it from Mr. Rattray's own mouth, for my information proceeds from good Mrs. Rattray.

fol. 1446. It is truly matter of great surprise that a party spirit should have had such an influence upon the mind of the sagacious Duncan, as to blind the eyes of his understanding and to get the ascendant of his superior judgment, for certain it is that President Forbes was a gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon parts, and had an extensive knowledge both of men and books.[1]

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1447. 4 Dec. December 4th (Monday) 1749.—I, Robert Forbes, was favoured with a visit of Ranald MacDonald, Boradale's son, when he delivered to me a letter from Major MacDonald of Glenalledell,[2] an exact copy of which is as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I receaved your favour by Balfinlay, which was most acceptable and agreeable to me, whereby I was singularly obliged to you for your good wishes tendered therein; and I intreat you will be pleased to accept of mine in the most unfeigned manner in return.

With regard to the particulars relative to the young gentleman's distresses, about the truth of which you want to be

[1] See ff. 883-889, 963, 1342-1347.

[2] See ff. 1108, 1388.

satisfyed, you judged very right in doubting them on the score of not being mentioned in my Journall as I would be very unjust and negligent in either adding to or pareing anything from the truth of matters of fact, particularly in anything I was eyewitness to; and I hope that when your performance will make its appearance it will in some thing make anything of the kind that was said yett blush; which I impute more to *fol.* 1448. the partiall misrepresentations of those who enclined to value themselves on having a great deall to say that way than to any fault in the publishers. For my part it was merely to avoid disobligding a young lady who desired the favour of me that I thought on setting pen to paper to relate anything of the matter, and as I was not well att the time, was obliged to make our freind honest Alister, Dallile's brother, my clerk, and he keept a double of what he wrott. Dr. Burton himself seems to be in some measure sensible of this as he did me the favour latly to send me one of his pamphlets by a friend of mine, intreating I would correct anything I saw amiss in it, as he has a mind to make up a second edition, and send it to him.

The first particular you want the truth of is his escape of falling over the precipice, which I remember very well, and it was the very night we passed the guards; and it was in climbing up that hill you 'l find in your Journal called Drymchossey,[1] immediatly after passing by a small camp pitched in the *fol.* 1449. bottom of the valley or glen of that name, viz., Glen Chosey, att the foot of the hill we were then ascending, and the night being very dark, we passed so near that little camp as to see the soldiers passing betwixt us and the fires, and to hear the sound of their talk, but not to distinguish what they spoke. As I said we were climbing up the hill immediatly above the camp, the night being very dark and the hill very steep. Donald Cameron being guide was foremost, the Prince was after him, and I followed in his rear, and my brother and cousine after me, and crossing a small rivulet that gushed out of a spring, as I think, and glyded over a precipis att the very place we crossed it, Donald Cameron crossed first, the Prince

[1] See ff. 615, 1494-1497.

next, and in crossing, missed a step, and 'tis altogether probable he would fall down the precipis, which we took to be very high,
fol. 1450. if he had not been very full of life, and that I caught hold of one arm and Donald Cameron of the other and recovered him in a tryce. But the hight of the precipis we could not discern, being very dark. But that there was a tree or anything elss in it is very groundless, for it is so near the tope of the hill that the winter snowes and frostes would starve any wood growing there. There was but one line of the troops in our front, but were planted in little camps pitched in a line from the head of Loch Uirn to the head of Loch Eil, being 27 in all, so that once we crossed the one line of these little camps we had none more near us to cross.[1] But as the next morning we were obliged to travell along that line after crossing it, we inadvertently next day lodged all day very near the wing of that line, but we were under no necessity to creep, but when Donald Cameron and I exposed ourselves to the Ennemys view when they drove the sheep to the fold to choose out some for slaughter that we were obliged to creep back again till we got out of their view.

fol. 1451. The other particular is the story of, 'Ha! Dougald Maccullonny,' which is altogether fabelous, as there was no such thing; for the place where the Glenmorison people joined us was att the Cave where the fine spring glyded by our bed sides,[2] whereto (upon my sending my brother and our then guide to them to bring them to ane interview with me, in order to guide me to Pollieu in Seaforth's country) they directed us to come to, for Donald Cameron parted with us three days before[3] to take care of his wife and means. And when the first three of them came up to us we resolved not to comitt the secret of the Prince's person to them unless we found that they would know him. Yett upon seeing him they all knew him. For my part, if Mr. Cameron[4] was the author of that paragraph, I think, if there should be something of it, whereas I have not the least grounds to suspect their honesty, I think he should, for the sake of their honesty

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[1] See f. 616. [2] See f. 623. [3] See ff. 618, 1661.
[4] *i.e.* Mr. John Cameron, I suppose.—ROBERT FORBES, M.A.

and fidelity to a cause he seems so much to sett a value upon, refrain from stigmatizing the poor people with the appellation of noted theeves[1] when of the Glenmorison people's neighbours, *fol.* 1452. even Camerons, there might be found those that deserved it as well. The names of the Glenmorison people are as follows: viz., John M'Donald,[2] Alexander M'Donald, Alexander Chissolm, Donald Chissolm, his brother, Hugh Chissolm, another brother, Gregor M'Gregor, Patrick Grant, and Hugh M'Millan, who came one day accidentally upon us a little before we left the Chissolm's country; and knowing us all, we kept him with us and proved very faithfull.[3]

As for the manner of Mr. M'Kenzie's death it is what I can never gett the certainty of, as I gett so many accounts of it, which I perfectly know to be palpable untruths, which makes me give the less credit to any I hear of it, except that he dyed. But I will be on the search, and if I gett anything worth transmitting to you, depend upon it I shall send it. As for plundering, pillaging, burning, and murders, I know certainly a great deall well vouch'd. But I am just now hurryed with other business, and I must begg to be excuised till the next occasion. But, my friend, the bearer, knows a good deall, *fol.* 1453. and he'll tell you a good many things, especially what happened in his own country where everything that was portable or drivable was carryed of. 'Tis true I saved everything I had till the young gentleman's return to the continent when, as good luck would have it, my wounds were not three days closed when I had a call to attend, and leaving everything never saw another sight of anything but my poor wife and babies.

I have sealled up Alister's letter,[4] and forwarded it to him.

I am heartily sorry to have the account of your reall well-wisher, Balfinlay's death to give you,[5] having departed on the 27th September last, much regrated by his friends, among whom he depended on you as a firm one. I conclude with wishing you, lady and family, all manner of health and happiness both here and hereafter, and am in all sincerity, with

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[1] See f. 547.
[2] MackDonell *alias* Campbell.
[3] See ff. 1477, 1660, 1777, 1871.
[4] See f. 1392.
[5] See f. 1442.

esteem and affection, My dear Sir, Your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) ALEXR. M'DONALD.

P.S.—You judged very right as to the story of Dougald
fol. 1454. Macculloney, for there is nothing I remember better than that some of the party called the Prince 'Dougald,' but without a sirname, merely to avoid calling him by his own tittle, which was the ground of that story for certain.[1] That Mr. Cameron,[2] who is Dr. Burton's author of that part of the pamphlet after the Prince's return to the continent, came only along with Dr. Cameron, Lochiel's brother, to visit us only after our return from Glenmorison, when the guards were removed, and the heall of the danger was over, so that his part of that history is prodigious uncorrect, knowing only what we told our friends by way of discourse when we mett again. Adieu.

N.B.—The original of the preceeding letter is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1455. ## COPY of a RETURN to the foregoing LETTER.

4 Dec. 1749 MY DEAR SIR,—I have the honour of yours by your worthy friend the bearer, who is in such a haste that I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your singular favours. I beg you may transmit to me (as you have promised) a faithful and exact account of all the plunderings, pillagings, burnings, and murders that you can have well vouched. I have importuned the bearer to draw up a narrative in his own handwriting of all he knows of these matters, and to send it to me. Pray be so good as to keep him in mind of my request, and to determine him to a speedy compliance with my earnest desires.

Woes me for the death of the worthy Bellfinlay, whose memory I revere.

With my best wishes to your lady and all your concerns, I

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[1] See f. 1661.

[2] *i.e.* Mr. John Cameron, who (in his own Journal) gives the same account of his going along with Dr. Cameron. [See f. 173.].—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

ever am, my Dear Sir, Your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant, ROBERT FORBES. 4 Dec.

Leith, December 4th, 1749.

P.S.—I heartily wish you a happy Christmass and a good New Year, with large amends. Adieu.

COPY of some parts of a LETTER from the Revd. Mr. JAMES HAY in Inverness to me, ROBERT FORBES.[1] *fol.* 1456.

REVEREND DEAR SIR,—I return'd an answer to your kind favours which I had from Mr. Innes. . . . The reason why I have not answered yours fully is because the gentleman mention'd by you hase not yet been in town. . . . I ever am, Your most obliged affectionate servant, 8 Dec. 1749

(*Sic subscribitur*) PHILALETHES.

December 8th, 1749.

Tho' orders were given by one generall to burn the Meeting-house, an other answer'd that as the firing was scarce it should be taken down, and the timber given for the ovens, which was accordingly done. No book was burnt here.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a RETURN to the preceding, etc. *fol.* 1457.

REVEREND DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of the 8th instant came to hand just now. I likewise received in due course your short note, acknowledging the receipt of my long epistle by Mr. Innes, and though you have not yet had time to make out a full and particular return to all my queries, I have confidence in your good and laudable intentions that you will 13 Dec.

[1] See ff. 1433, 1442.

13 Dec. spare no pains to comply with my earnest requests (if it be in your power) in every single article I have mentioned to you. As it affords me a real pleasure to receive the smallest information about these particulars, so I return you my hearty thanks for the paragraph you have given me about pulling down your Meeting-house, etc. I am truly anxious to have all the well-vouched accounts you can give me. . . . Pray remember me kindly to Baillie Stewart, Mr. Shaw, etc., and believe me ever to be, Your very much obliged friend, and most humble servant, PHILANTHROPOS.

December 13th, 9 o'clock, night.

fol. 1458. ## COPY of a LETTER from a Gentleman in London, November 1st, 1749, to his friend in Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—I was sent a ticket to Lord Mayors Ball last Monday. It was held at Guildhall, and there was the greatest crowd of people there I ever saw at any publick place. There is one room where the Mayor and Aldermen sit and dine, and where they invite gentlemen of their acquaintance. I happened to be asked, and had a place accordingly, where I expected to hear such healths given as are toasted by the Magistrates of Edinburgh on the Kings birthday, which this was, but indeed it was quite otherwise. I neither heard king, prince, princess nor duke toasted, but there was the Duke of Beaufort, Earl of Orrory, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and some others; after which they went to general toasts, such as More friends and less need of them; Success to good intentions, Every one his own, Oppression to all oppressors; and the like. At last one Alderman Benn (lately Mayor) rose up and called out he could drink no longer, but before he went
fol. 1459. off he would give a toast he loved as his soul, and that he might be heard he stood upon a chair, made all the company fill bumpers (and I am sure there were some hundreds in the room), then he roared out, Here is prosperity to the Tory interest in the City of London. The toast was not only drank, but they clapt and hussaed for a great while. I was

struck, and expected some squabble would follow; but nothing happened except that (soon after the huzza ceased) a man whom none there knew, and is said to be a spy jumped upon the table, snatched a glass, and called out, Here is damnation to all Jacobites! He had scarce spoke it when there was a general cry, Kick him out, which (I assure you) was done in a moment. He was tumbled from the table, and not only kicked out of the room we sat in, but (what is more), without either hat or wig, and his cloaths all tore, without any one appearing on his side. If such a thing had happened with you on his Majesty's birthday, the loyal cavalier would rather have been kiss'd than kick'd for damning Jacobites. And indeed I am very much surprised he was so treated here. *fol.* 1460. But I assure you it is as true as strange, for I was a witness to every word I have written. 1 Nov.

What I write you of the Ball gives great umbrage at Court. Parties begin to run mighty high, and both sides speak with great courage.

I supp'd with a gentleman last night who left the Prince the 8th of October. He would not say where he was, but is come here with his leave and says he knows where to find him on the 20th of December. He is very well and safe, wanting for nothing. This you may believe as the gentleman I speak of is a man of consequence.

N.B.—Very many copies of the above were handed about through Edinburgh and other places, so that it became very common. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

1749. The Rape of the Devil. *fol.* 1461.

A full, true, and particular account of a most horrid and barbarous rape committed by the Devil and his imps on the 14th of this instant August in Windsor Park upon the body of a certain ladys maid, as is well attested and affirmed by severals that saw, looked on, and beheld the dreadfull apparition. So bold is that enemy to mankind (the Devil) grown that, contrary to custom, he appears in open daylight to perpetrate the dreadfullest vision that ever was seen or heard of by mortals, and will be (doubtless) the wonder of this and future ages.

August On the 14th of the instant August, about six o'clock in the evening, as a young woman and her sweetheart were walking out to take the air in Windsor Park, a devil of a monstrous size, with about five or six lewd fiends like himself, though not of so enormous a bulk, came out of the earth suddenly seizing upon them, and offering the most shocking violence to the *fol.* 1462. young woman that tongues can express. The young man, to be sure, resented such usage, for he really loved her. But, alas! what could he do against the devil? who with his fiends fell on him and beat him most unmercifully, for to be sure no mercy is to be expected from devils. After they had used him in a most inhuman manner, and left him on the ground almost bleeding to death, they then at the command of Beelzebub, their master, began to perpetrate their brutish lust on the poor maid. The grand devil being too bulky for the work himself, was content with holding her down in the most obscene manner, while the rest executed their most villainous designs on her. After which, when she was fainting and almost breathless on the ground, the grand devil with the rest of the devils incarnate took her and the young man in that miserable condition, and flew with them to the water-side, and seemed to put them into a boat and so vanished.

This dismal, sad, and true relation will, I hope, deter all good Christians, and make them pray that their daughters and all modest young women and maid-servants may have the *fol.* 1463. grace to keep out of the way and be delivered from this devil of devils; and the Lord will look down upon this land, and particularly Windsor Park, and the adjacent parts thereunto belonging. So help us God. For without his help we are all undone.

Printed by F. Jones, near St. Pauls, 1749.

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. James Hay in Inverness to me, Robert Forbes.

29 Dec. 1749 Reverend Dear Sir,—Yesternight I was inform'd that James Grant, merchant in Inverness, is at Edinburgh, who

was the person who sent me the letter that I sent you. Peter Baillie, our acquaintance, may find him out; and if you shew him his own letter he 'll deal with you frankly and answer your queries as far as he can. He hase not been here this long time. Lose no time for fear he leave the town, and he may not be here for some time. . . . I ever am, My dear Sir, Your most oblidg'd friend and servant, 29 Dec. *fol.* 1464.

(*Sic subscribitur*) PHILALETHES.

December 29th, 1749.

P.S.—If you get acquainted with the old Lady Inches, who now stays at Edinburgh, she can tell some things if she hase not forgot them. Mr. Harper is well acquainted with her. She is a sensible well-accomplished lady.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Upon Receipt of the foregoing LETTER from Mr. HAY, I writ a Letter to Mr. PATRICK BAILLIE, Writer in Edinburgh, an exact copy of which is as follows :—

DEAR SIR,—As you are backward in visiting a friend who entertains a sincere regard for you, I find I must give you an errand to come and see me. 5 Jan. 1750

I am well informed that one Mr. James Grant (merchant in Inverness) is just now in Edinburgh, whom I am very desirous to see in my house, as he is a gentleman (though I have not the honour of his acquaintance) to whose character and tenderheartedness I am not a stranger, of which I can shew him a convincing proof when I have the happiness of seeing him. Pray then (Dear Sir) be so good as to present my best wishes to Mr. Grant, and endeavour to prevail upon him to come along with you to-morrow to dine with me. I know your zeal to serve a friend too well to deem it needful to say any more. At any rate, let me have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow against one o'clock. *fol.* 1465.

5 Jan. I heartily wish this may turn out to be the best year to you that ever we have seen; and am, Dear Sir, Your affectionate friend and humble servant, ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, January 5th, 1750.

COPY of an ANSWER from the foresaid Mr. BAILLIE.

5 Jan. 1750 REVEREND SIR,—I received your kind letter from our freind, Mr. Mitchel. Mr. James Grant, whom you have so much in *fol.* 1466. your eye, has taken his Christmass diner at Inverness. He's an excellent good lad, and one that merites the character you gote of him. It would not be in my power (tho' Mr. Grant was here) to wait of you to-morrow, or on any Saturday in time of Session, when anything is to doe; and to-morrow there is to doe, and therefore those who are bound must obey. Am in dutie bound to wait of you, and shall doe it without invitation when at freedome. I offer my best respects to Mrs. Forbes and you, with the compliments of the season in their full extent; and am, Reverend Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, PATRICK BAILLIE.

Edinburgh, 5th January 1750.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1467. COPY of a LETTER from TAM FORBES, to me, ROBERT FORBES.

29 Dec. 1749 DEAR SIR,—The bearer[1] is the man who has been longer in prison than any other for the default of Britons. You know I

[1] Alexander MacGrowther at Dalchruin, in Glenarkney, in the Duke of Perth's estate, who delivered the letter to me on Friday, January 12th, 1750. Mr. MacGrowther was made prisoner in Carlisle on December 31st, 1745, and was (with the other prisoners) carried up to London, where he stood his trial, and was condemned. After several reprieves he was at last doom'd to be banished. When the ships were making ready to sail with those that were sentenced to banishment for life, Mr. MacGrowther was in such a low dangerous condition with rheumatism, etc., that he could not be moved, and therefore he was let alone as a dying man. However, when he began to recover, one Smith

am *piger scribendi*, and as I recommend him to you, I hope, I should have said am certain, that you 'll treat him as an honest man, and use your interest for him. Many less deserving have been more taken notice of when our Tavern heroes were in spirit than he has been now at the end of his captivity, which he would not in all probability have seen had it not been for a gentleman[1] discharged at the same time with himself. I never recommended a wrong man to you; and upon conversing with the bearer you 'll find him AN HONEST MAN, and me not yet a bad judge. The good wishes of me and my concerns attend you and yours. 29 Dec. *fol.* 1468.

(*Sic subscribitur*) THOM. PHILO. MANLIUS.[2]

London at large, December 29, 1749.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of part of a LETTER from London, $17\frac{4}{5}\frac{9}{0}$. *fol.* 1469.

The most remarkable public news is the reception the House of Commons gave to the Mutiny-desertion Bill, as it 1749-50

(the undertaker for transporting the banished) was not slow in asking questions about him, and desiring to know if he was ready to set out. But old MacGrowther always answered, He was not yet ready. By this time honest MacGrowther was much talked of over all London; and friends (particularly Mrs. Cheap and Mrs. Magdalene Clerk, daughters of Captain Hugh Clerk in Edinburgh) began to bestir themselves for him, and having collected a purse of about ten guineas they gave it to Smith, who kindly accepted of the present, and became so complaisant as to forget MacGrowther altogether. Some great personages (the Sardinian Ambassador, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Newburgh, etc. etc. etc., at length interested themselves for MacGrowther in order to procure his releasement, which accordingly was accomplished without the common form of a remission, by an order from the Duke of Bedford's office upon December 11th, 1749, MacGrowther being then seventy-six years of age, but so healthy and well-look'd that people imagined him not to be sixty. He was likewise made prisoner at Preston in England in 1715, and endured at that time a confinement of two full years.

[1] Æneas MacDonald, banker (brother to Kenlochmoydart), whose company and facetious conversation contributed much to keep up the spirits of honest old MacGrowther after all the other prisoners were gone. The banker (tho' a young man) contracted such a swelling in his legs that immediately after his releasement he was obliged to go to Bath. But old MacGrowther was of so healthy and robust a constitution that he had no swellings in his body at all.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

[2] See f. 1415.

is called; and what will be the only circumstance perhaps that will make it agreeable to a person of your loyal principles is that few, I believe, will venture to communicate it.

Take it then in substance as follows from one who was an ear-witness to some of the debates on that occasion.

This Bill put it into the power of the Duke not only to arrest any officer for taking a few days pleasure out of town without leave asked and obtained, but also to order him at any time (whether member of Parliament or not) to his respective regiment; and at the same time to appoint any persons whom he pleased to name (as being Commander in Chief) to examine into the procedure of a court-martial and to try a man anew,
fol. 1470. though before acquitted by the said Court. These were the principall articles which hindered it to pass.

The speaker himself was hardly able to preserve his usual temper. Some of his expressions were: 'that it was the most insolent and barefaced attempt that ever was made to destroy British spirit and policy, and to confine our liberties within the narrow limits of a German government. I repeat it again (said he), a German Government.' 'While I have the honour to fill this chair, I will contend for the privileges of the House. None upon the throne shall with my consent ever stretch the prerogatives of it to such a length. Nor do I think any minister that is not stupidly ignorant or monstrously wicked will exert his influence to favour such an inclination, till he has as much power at least in this house as he has, I am afraid, already got in the other.'

In short the Court, though the most numerous, were obliged to give it up. The Duke, who had arrested an officer, a member of Parliament, was ashamed of his conduct, and not
fol. 1471. daring to own it, begged another officer to take the matter upon him.

The House found that to try a man twice over was a piece of tyranny and arbitrary power, and that they had a right in themselves indispensible of the Crown to command the attendance of their own members.

God save the King, and bless the land.

Copy of part of a Letter to the Revd. Mr. James Hay in Inverness.[1]

fol. 1472.

My dear Sir,—I gladly embrace this opportunity, and acknowledge your favours of December 29th, upon receipt of which I immediately wrote to Mr. Baillie, begging him to bring Mr. Grant to my house, which I would value as a particular favour. Mr. Baillie in return writ me that the said Mr. Grant had returned to Inverness before Christmass. This indeed proved a great disappointment to me, as I was not a little anxious to have an interview with Mr. Grant, to whom I beg you may present my best wishes, and tell him I will deem it a singular obligation if he will favour me with a visit any time he happens to be in or about Edinburgh. By this you see that the whole burden lies upon you yet, which I am sorry for; but I rely upon your goodness to procure all the satisfying answers you can to my queries, which will prove very useful. 19 Feb.

I got acquainted with old Lady Inches long ago, who told me all she could remember.—With best wishes to you and yours, most kindly Adieu.

February 19*th.*

fol. 1473.

February 23d, Friday, 1750.—I dined in Edinburgh with John Macpherson of Benchar and Donald Macpherson, younger of Breackachie in Badenoch. The said Mr. Macpherson of Breackachie having been provisor for the Prince during the time of his skulking in Badenoch (which was between two and three weeks), he narrated several remarkable particulars about the Prince while in Badenoch. Breakachie said that the Prince came to Badenoch about the end of August or beginning of September, and skulked there in three different huts, which were about two miles from one another and six Highland miles (that is, ten English miles) from Loudon's camp, and yet there was not the smallest surmise or suspicion of the Prince's skulking in Badenoch till after his arrival in France. What 23 Feb. 1750

[1] See ff. 1463-1466.

23 Feb. contributed much to the Prince's safety in Badenoch (said Breackachie) was this. Lochiel had [illegible]n crippling about in his wounds for several months in Badenoch, and it was known to several Macphersons that Cluny, Lochiel, Dr. Cameron, etc., were together in Badenoch, but then these Macphersons never once hinted to any person that they knew of any such thing; and when the Prince came to Cluny and Lochiel in Badenoch, it was known to none but to themselves and those that were with them; even the foresaid Macphersons never once suspect-
fol. 1474. ing that the Prince had ever come down the country to Cluny, Lochiel, etc. None were admitted to see Cluny, Lochiel, etc., but young Breackachie, and any such as they themselves ordered or allowed him to introduce to them. This strictness continued still to be observed (rather more and more) after the Prince had come to them, and then none were admitted to them even by young Breackachie himself till a council was held to consider the necessity or usefulness of having an interview with this or the other person that Breackachie might happen to bring them notice of. So that it was scarce possible that a discovery could be made of the Prince's being in Badenoch.

Breackachie said that the Prince used to tell his attendants in Badenoch, that when Donald Cameron was about guiding him through the guards, Donald would fall a rubbing his nose, and would say to the Prince, 'O Sir, my nose is yuicking, which is a sign to me that we have great hazards and dangers to go through.' When they had passed through the guards, the Prince merrily said to Donald Cameron, 'Well, Donald, how does your nose now?' 'It is better now,' answered Donald, 'but it still yuicks a little.' 'Ay, Donald,' replied the Prince, 'have we still more guards to go through?' This plainly shews how well the Prince kept up his spirits, even when surrounded with the greatest dangers, of which indeed many instances can be given.[1]

fol. 1475. When the Prince was in Badenoch, Cluny and others were employed in making out a subterraneous house for winter quarters to the Prince, lest an opportunity should not offer to take him off to France. In this house they had contriv'd a

[1] See ff. 615, 1448.

particular room for the Prince, which was to be floored with boards, lined with boa ds and covered within the roof with the same; which room w s almost finished when intelligence was brought to the Prince about the two ships on the West Coast that were ready to take him off; to which ships the Prince travelled on foot, being about 100 English miles, even though at that very time he was troubled with a looseness or flux. In walking to the ships, the Prince and his attendants were frequently obliged to go out of the direct way, and to travell about to keep themselves as much as possible from being seen, and to avoid those places where the Prince might happen to be known, which served to make their journey considerably longer. 23 Feb.

There are no woods in Badenoch (as Benchar and Breackachie told me), but there are mountains, braes, and rocks, among which, with the help of the three foresaid huts, the Prince and his then attendants made a shift to keep themselves very private and safe.

I took an opportunity of telling Breackachie that I was very desirous to find out the precise day on which the Prince imbarked for France,[1] for that the several accounts about it differed. The *Scots Magazine* and Dr. Burton's pamphlet made it on September 20th.[2] Some maps of the Prince's whole expedition (said to be done by the Prince own orders), lately published in France, had it on September 21st, and Glenalladale's Journal fixes it to September 28th.[3] Upon this I asked Breackachie if he could name the day of the week when the Prince imbarked, and then I would find out the day of the month. After thinking a little, Breackachie said, 'To the best of my remembrance we came to the place where the ships lay at anchor upon a Friday, when Cluny and I took leave of the Prince, and set out on our return to Badenoch. 'But then' (said Breackachie) 'the Prince did not imbark till the day after (Saturday), having waited at least a whole day for the coming of such as were desirous to seek for safety in a foreign country. However,' added he, 'it is in my power to give you the date of his imbarkation beyond all dispute; for the Prince, immediately after *fol.* 147*b*.

[1] See ff. 1559, 1572. [2] See ff. 522, 640. [3] See f. 639.

23 Feb. his going on board, writ a letter with his own hand, notifying his having imbarked, which he dispatched by express to Cluny. This original letter in the Prince's own handwriting,' said Breackachie, 'I have in my custody, and when I return home I shall transmit to you a copy of the date of the letter.'

fol. 1477. I thanked him for his promise, and told him that his performance would be a singular favour. I then importuned Breackachie (in which Benchar assisted me) to be at some pains, by consulting with others, to draw out a minute and circumstantial account of the Prince's abode in Badenoch, as to what passed in conversation, etc. etc. Breackachie frankly complied with my request, and promised to do his best when once he were at home again.

Benchar told me he was very desirous to see my collection of papers, and to hear some of them read. For this end an

1 March appointment was made on Thursday (March 1st), when Benchar and Breackachie came to Leith in the afternoon and spent some hours with me. I read in their hearing some of the most material papers, with which they were much pleased. At this meeting Breackachie told me that the Prince (when in Badenoch) used to tell his attendants that when he was with the faithfull Glenmoriston men, he observed them frequently to

fol. 1478. make use of the expression Ho, Sian,[1] which he took to be the name of one of them, and that certainly he behoved to be the principal one among them, as they called so often upon him, whereas Ho, Sian, signifies *Hark you, John*, or *Hear you, John*, which expression they had used when discoursing upon this or the other subject they happened to refer anything to the one of their number named John, who from this deference paid to him appears to have been the principal man amongst them.

Breackachie likewise told me at this time that Cluny and he had taken leave of the Prince without any the smallest notion of ever receiving any letter or note from the Prince's own hand about his imbarkation; for that the Prince of his own inclination and goodwill had, after being on board, writ the foresaid letter to satisfie friends about his being happily appointed in two stout ships, well provided in everything

[1] Rather, Hose, Ian, or (according to the true spelling of Erse) Aos Eain.

necessary and fit to be had, particularly a sufficient number of good and able sailors. 1 March

Breackachie again renewed his promise to me of drawing up a particular account of what passed during the Prince's abode in Badenoch.

I enquired at Breackachie about the time of Lochiel's recovering of his wounds. Breackachie informed me that Lochiel was quite out of all danger as to his wounds when Sir Stewart Thriepland (*alias* Dr. Threpland) left Badenoch, which was some time in the month of July 1746. 'But then,' added Breackachie, 'Lochiel's wounds were not entirely closed up, neither was he free of pain, when the Prince came to Badenoch,[1] at which very time Lochiel was not able to walk well about, but behoved to be removed about from place to place on horseback. However, before notice came of the two ships on the west coast, Lochiel's wounds were quite closed up and skinned over, and he was then fit for travell.' *fol.* 1479.

The above account serves to confirm an assertion of MacDonald of Glenalladale in his Journal,[2] and to rectifie a mistake of mine in a marginal note, which I was led into by an expression in Mr. John Cameron's Journal,[3] which expression of Mr. John Cameron (it would appear) imports only that Lochiel was in health and out of danger as to his wounds, but not that he was altogether sound or quite well recovered.

The foresaid Dr. Threpland (as Breackachie assured me), waited on Lochiel after the battle of Culloden, and dressed his wounds for him, so that when the Doctor left Badenoch, Lochiel needed only to keep his wounds clean, and to apply dry dressings to them. *fol.* 1480.

Moreover, Breackachie informed me that Lochiel, after the battle of Culloden, was very anxious to be out of Lochabar, and to be in Badenoch, not only for ease and safety to his own person, but likewise because he was not able to stand the melancholy accounts that were ever reaching his ears about the cruelties and severities committed by the military upon the people round about him in Lochabar. And even when Lochiel

[1] See a particular and circumstantial account of the Prince's abode in Badenoch, etc., in this vol. f. 1544, *et seq.*

[2] See f. 634.

[3] See f. 174.

23 Feb. was in Badenoch, such moving narratives were told him of the sufferings of his own people and of others in Lochabar, as bore very hard upon him. One day, when accounts were brought to Lochiel in Badenoch that the poor people in Lochabar had been so pillaged and harrassed, that they had not really necessaries to keep in their lives, Lochiel took out his purse and gave all the money he could well spare to be distributed among such in Lochabar. 'And,' said Breackachie, 'I remember nothing better than that Sir Stewart Threpland at that time took out his purse and gave five guineas, expressing himself in these words, "I am sure," said Sir Stewart, "I have not so much *fol.* 1481. to myself. But then, if I be spared, I know where to get more, whereas these poor people know not where to get the smallest assistance."'

Both Benchar and Breackachie joined in affirming it to be their opinion that the Camerons (Lochiel's following) had suffered the loss of at least three hundred good men from first to last. For it was remarkable (said they) that the Camerons had suffered considerably in every action they happened to be engaged in—Gladsmuir, Falkirk, Culloden, and in the cruelties committed after the battle of Culloden.—Robert Forbes, A.M.

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RULES

1. The object of the Society is the discovery and printing, under selected editorship, of unpublished documents illustrative of the civil, religious, and social history of Scotland. The Society will also undertake, in exceptional cases, to issue translations of printed works of a similar nature, which have not hitherto been accessible in English.

2. The number of Members of the Society shall be limited to 400.

3. The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a Council, consisting of a Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, and twelve elected Members, five to make a quorum. Three of the twelve elected Members shall retire annually by ballot, but they shall be eligible for re-election.

4. The Annual Subscription to the Society shall be One Guinea. The publications of the Society shall not be delivered to any Member whose Subscription is in arrear, and no Member shall be permitted to receive more than one copy of the Society's publications.

5. The Society will undertake the issue of its own publications, *i.e.* without the intervention of a publisher or any other paid agent.

6. The Society will issue yearly two octavo volumes of about 320 pages each.

7. An Annual General Meeting of the Society shall be held on the last Tuesday in October.

8. Two stated Meetings of the Council shall be held each year, one on the last Tuesday of May, the other on the Tuesday preceding the day upon which the Annual General Meeting shall be held. The Secretary, on the request of three Members of the Council, shall call a special meeting of the Council.

9. Editors shall receive 20 copies of each volume they edit for the Society.

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11. The Annual Balance-Sheet, Rules, and List of Members shall be printed.

12. No alteration shall be made in these Rules except at a General Meeting of the Society. A fortnight's notice of any alteration to be proposed shall be given to the Members of the Council.

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2. Diary of and General Expenditure Book of William Cunningham of Craigends, 1673-1680. Edited by the Rev. James Dodds, D.D. (Oct. 1887.)

For the year 1887-1888.

3. Panurgi Philo-caballi Scoti Grameidos libri sex. — The Grameid: an heroic poem descriptive of the Campaign of Viscount Dundee in 1689, by James Philip of Almerieclose. Translated and Edited by the Rev. A. D. Murdoch. (Oct. 1888.)

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